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The Strange True-Life Adventures of Orphan Annie

ONE DOLLAR

APRIL 25, 1977

NEW YORK

Inside the New Gambling Dens

From Beekman Place to Brooklyn

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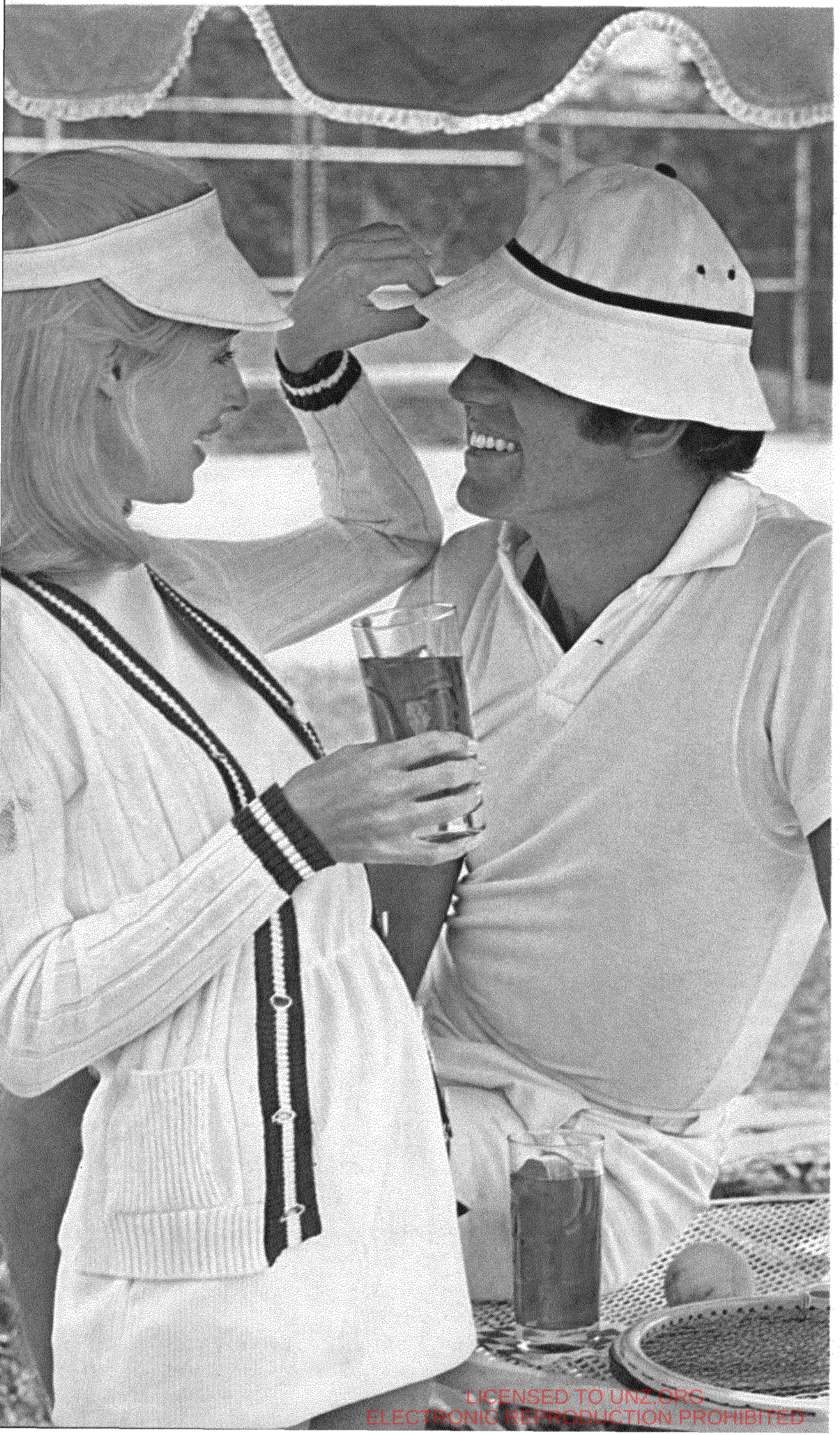

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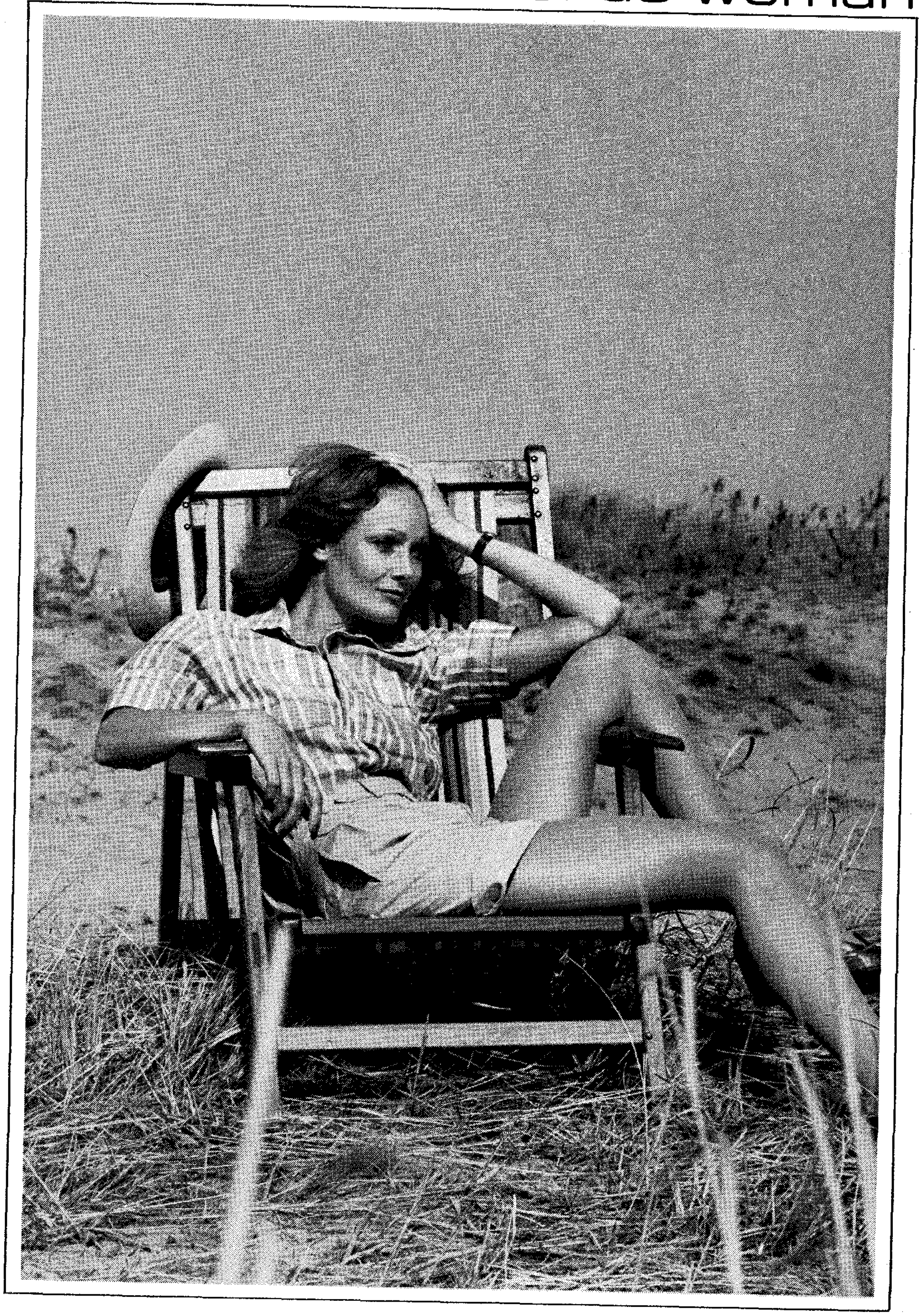

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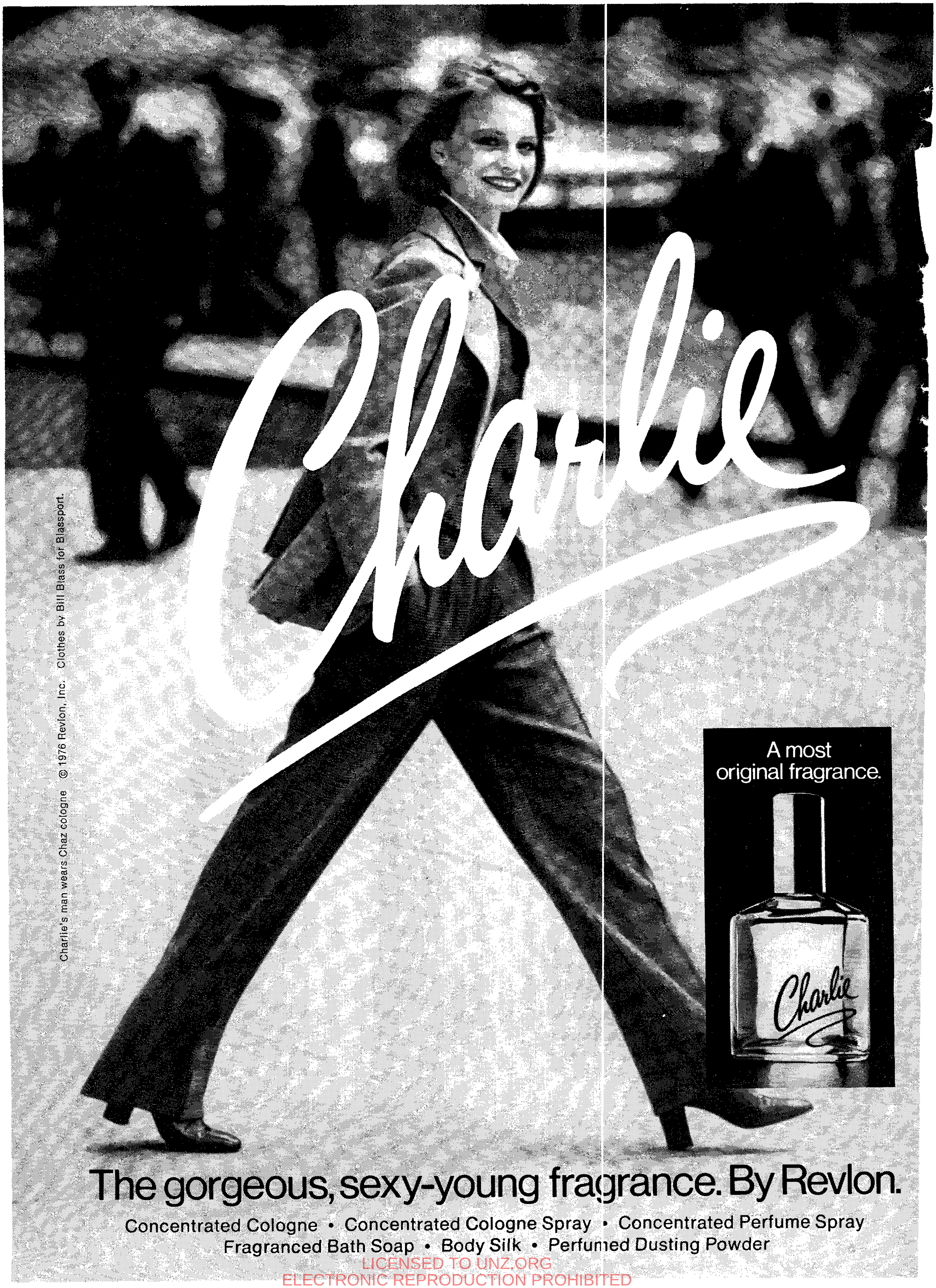
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Leapin' Lizards! Has Annie Gone Pinko?!?
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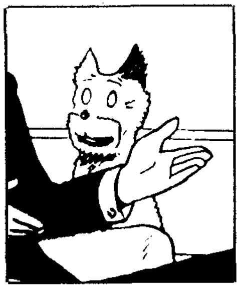
The cute little kid with her faithful dog, Sandy, and her fabulously wealthy protector, Daddy Warbucks, is coming to the Broadway stage this week. But advance reports imply that the show's political viewpoint has moved Daddy's ultra-right-wing philosophy so far to the left that cartoonist Harold Gray is doubtless spinning clockwise in his grave. Here, then, is the strange but true-blue tale of the original Little Orphan Annie.



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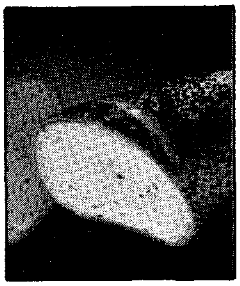

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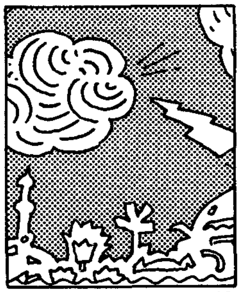

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LETTERS

The Debut of "Savvy"

Congratulations on your new *Savvy* [April 4]. We look forward to future editions. We do, however, have one suggestion which received support at a recent luncheon of top businesswomen. That is, we are the "New *Woman* Network." Boys will be boys, but working females are women. "New *Girl* Network" does not convey the clout that "Old *Boy* Network" does. Moreover, the emerging network truly consists of women, not girls.

Currently concerned women are attempting to abolish the use of the term "girl" in cases where the appropriate term is "woman." It appears to be a step backward to reinstate "girl" in a new form.

In addition, the abbreviation NGN includes NG (*no good*)! Let's be *positive* about how good we really are.

Betsy Jaffe and Anita Lands
Directors, Catalyst
Manhattan

Savvy holds out real promise for us ladies who play the game and do/don't have the name. Its frontal approach—nondefensive, nonpetulant, but positive and constructive—has that savoir-faire that's been lacking up to now. Looks like a real winner.

Bessie Pine
Brooklyn

I am an "ambitious professional woman." I have recently completed my requirements for my M.D. at Northwestern University Medical School.

There is a definite need for such an excellent magazine as *Savvy* among my peers. We are embarking on many firsts—first career paycheck, first apartment, first car, and even first marriage. I am lucky in having strong family role models to follow, with a mother who as an elementary-school principal earns more than my father and an aunt who as a corporation lawyer and officer is the sole support of her family. However, sound advice such as that afforded by *Savvy* will help me achieve more of my objectives. Good luck and may your venture meet with much success.

Christine D. Berg
Chicago, Ill.

Never has a magazine excited me so much as *Savvy*. After eagerly devouring each article of the special issue in *New York*, I felt a new career vitality! I find *Savvy*'s encouraging but realistic approach to the life-styles of executive women refreshing, and look forward to each successive issue.

Susanne Vindekilde
Manhattan

Has the name of Judith Daniels's new magazine, *Savvy*, been carved in stone? If there is still time, and if the articles in the pilot issue are any indication of things to come, might a disinterested—though, admittedly, male—reader suggest another title, a bit more descriptive of the magazine's editorial scope and content? Try "Wailing Wall."

Lucien R. Greif
Chappaqua, N.Y.

At last, finally a magazine for us! Bless you for initiating a medium which undoubtedly will aid women in running their lives. I have never before read a magazine which dedicated itself to women's career problems, and if ever there was a need, that time is now! I eagerly await the first issue!

Joan M. Alboum
Manhattan

Giving the "Times" the Business

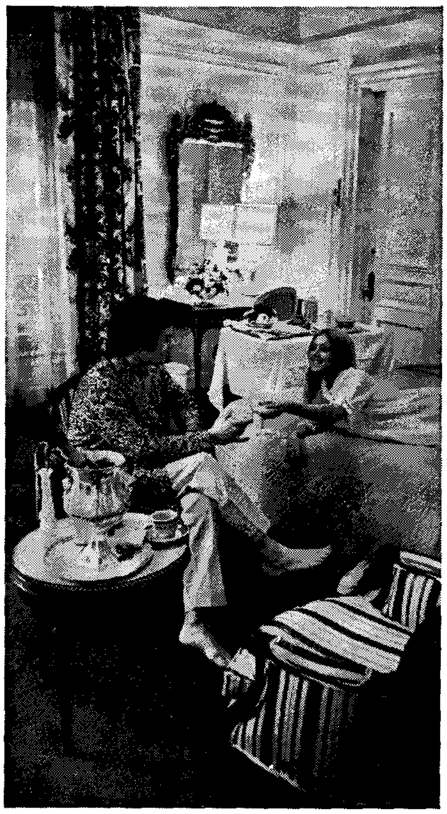
Shame on you. Of course we at the *Times* can't object to your needling us ("New York Intelligencer," April 11), but we might ask that you quote us correctly. The memo you excerpted and sniffed at actually noted that the Wall Street *Journal* reporter can assume a "reasonably sophisticated *business* readership." Somehow the word *business* got lost in your amusing little item.

It indeed may come as news to Fred Taylor, the *Journal*'s managing editor, that our job is harder than theirs. But Mr. Taylor would never quarrel with the absolute need to explain complicated things to one's readers. To the contrary, a constant readiness to do precisely that has long been the *Journal*'s hallmark. If that's "writing down" to our readership, so be it.

Of course, I might find solace in the P.R. dictum, "Say anything you want to, as long as you spell my name right." Alas, you didn't even spell it at all.

Frederick Andrews
Deputy financial editor
The New York *Times*
Manhattan

Editor's note: The word *business* was inadvertently dropped from the copy. The omission was not intentional.



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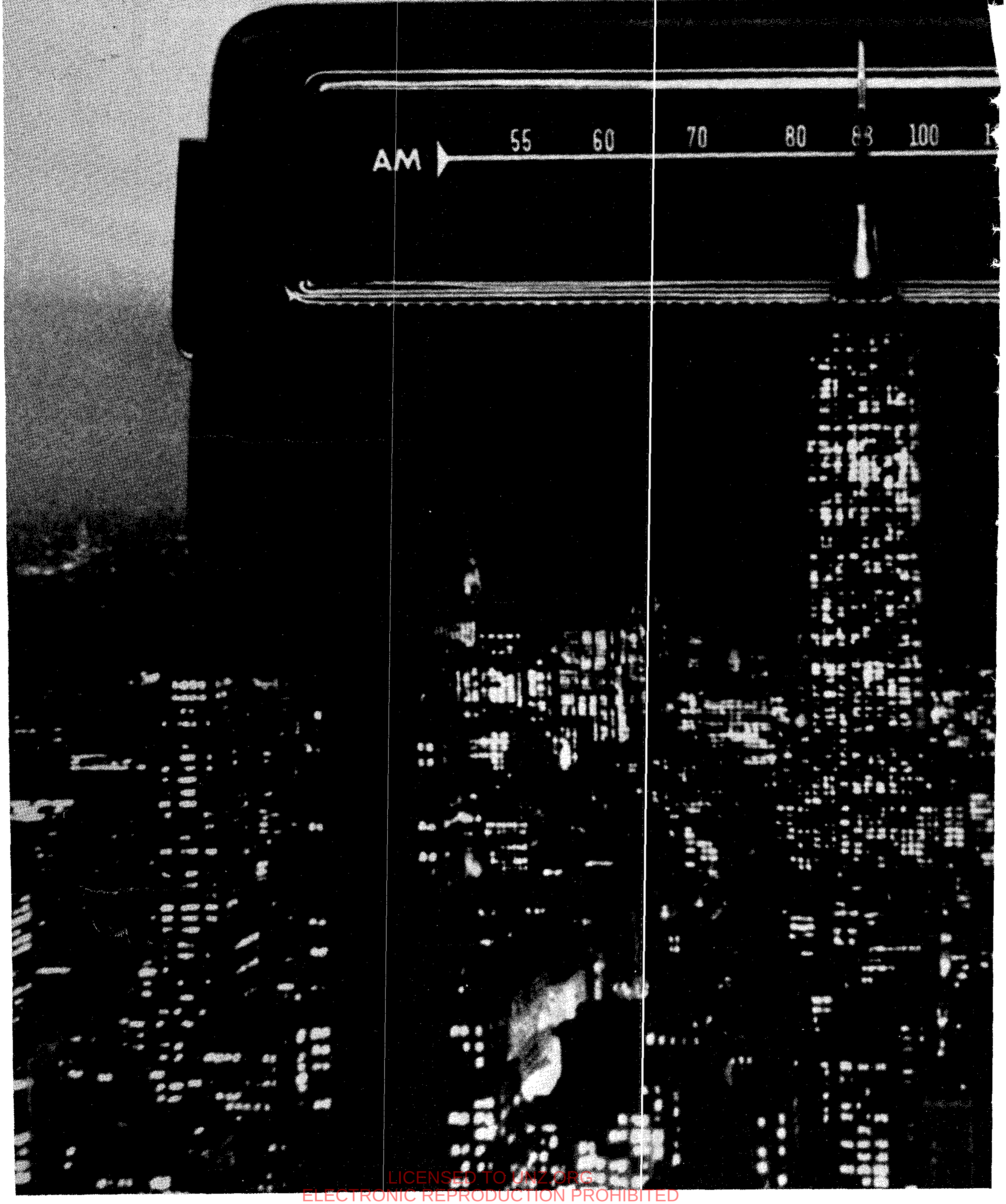
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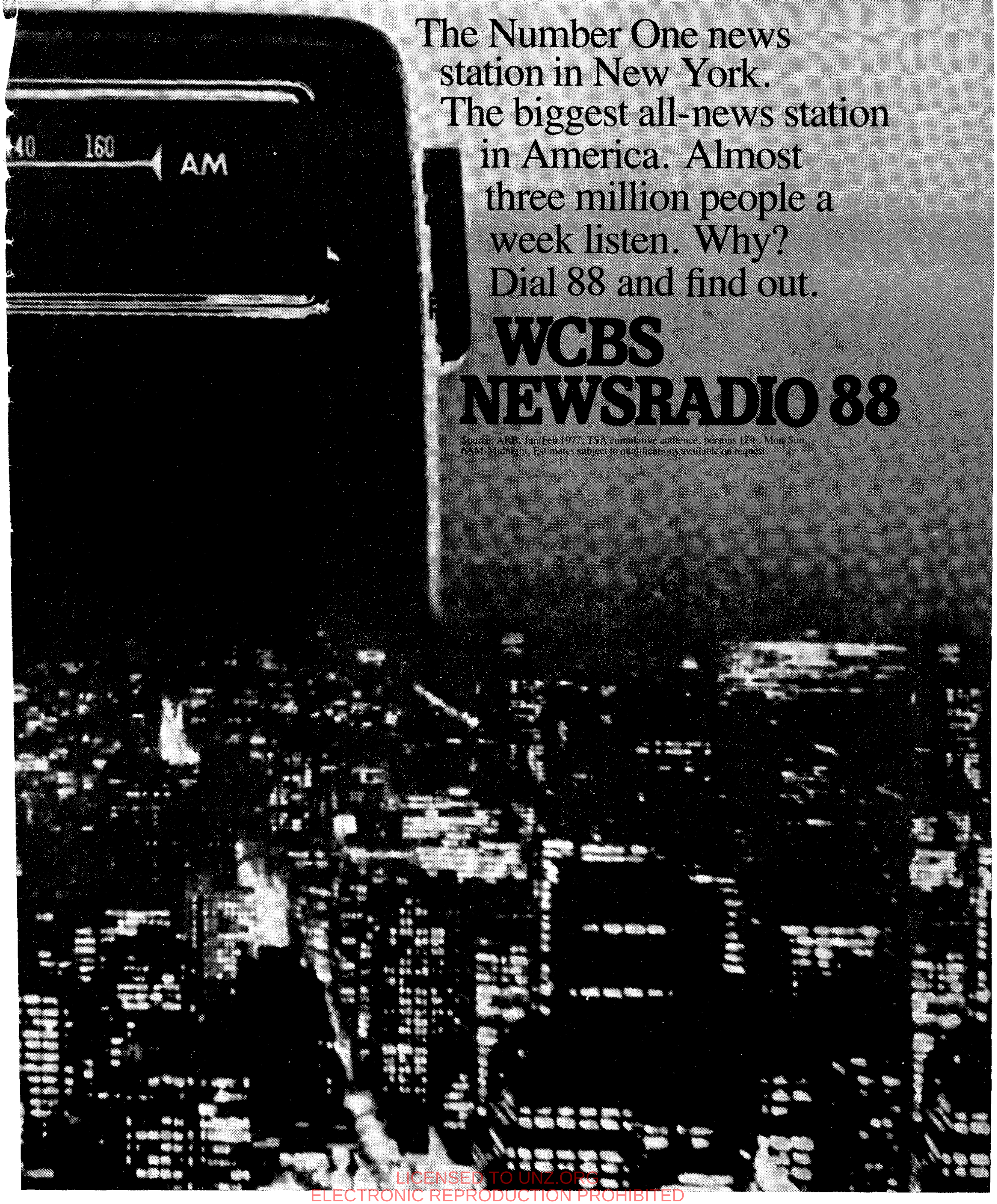
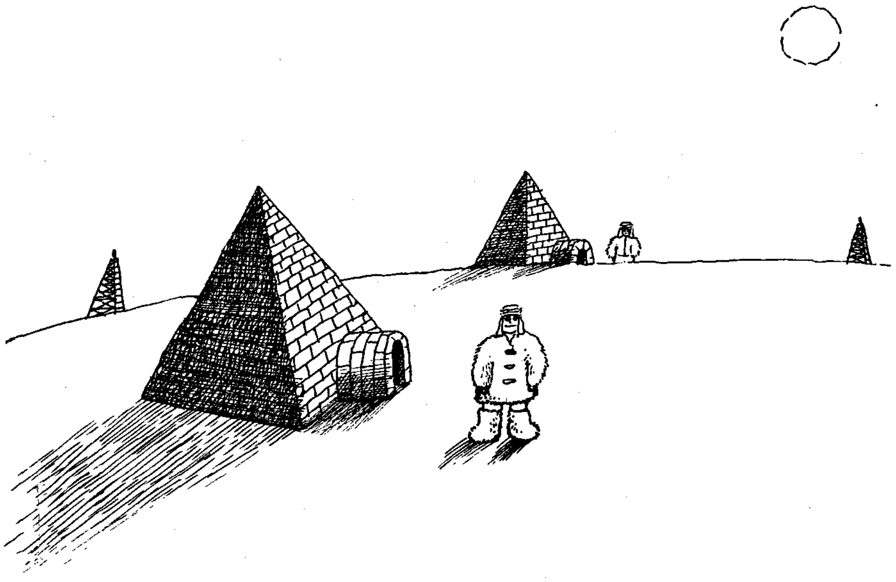


The Capitol Letter/Amitai Etzioni

THE AMERICAN OPEC VERSUS NEW YORK



New York finds itself squeezed, this time, by an *American* OPEC. A coalition of energy-producing states is about to reap enormous fortunes, while energy-consuming states will pay through the nose. The point, hidden by the recent focus on the coming increases in the costs of all the main sources of energy, is that not all parts of America will be hit equally. President Carter is about to unveil to the public and send to Congress his energy policy, already heralded as his administration's single most important item of domestic policy, one which will affect every facet of American life. While the details of the policy will not be known until Congress is through tinkering with the legislative aspects of the program and until its impact works its way through the economy, much attention is focused on its key features: the higher costs of oil, gas, and electricity to be generated in order to encourage individuals and corporations to conserve energy and rely more heavily on coal; a negative view of autos and a favorable view of mass transit; a reluctant acceptance of nuclear energy as a measure of last resort; and a long succession of increases in the energy costs in the future, rather than one big jump.

The point, though, is to repeat that these "nationwide" changes will be much harder on some parts of the nation than on others—indeed, some will swim in money all the way to the bank. Quite simply, any societal change of the magnitude of President Carter's energy policies will mean a "reallocation" of wealth. New York is on the allotted "from" end, while quite a few other states are on the allotted "to" end. And what we are paying for is not just the oil, gas, or coal but, in effect, the tax bill of our fellow citizens who happen to reside in states which float on energy resources.

Leading the group is the American Saudi Arabia—rich in oil, thinly populated—the cold deserts of Alaska. The state already has banked $900 million for the sales of oil leases in 1969. This would not go very far in New York City, but it amounts to $2,250 per Alaskan. Notice we are dealing here not with personal income generated for the citizens but moneys set aside for the state to spend on various public services or to use to replace taxes. Next, Alaska expects to collect almost 20 percent on top of the $8 or so per barrel to flow into the soon to be completed pipeline. At the estimated rate of 1.2 million barrels a day, this amounts to an annual gush of nearly $700 million. This compares to $287 million, the state revenues before the oil "crisis" rained its black gold on Alaska.

Texas, Louisiana, and Oklahoma make up the other main oil sheikhdoms of the American OPEC. Not only do royalties and tax revenues flood into the coffers, but the intensified oil drilling, pumping, refining, and shipping make for more jobs and more local expenditures, which in turn spur all other local businesses. True, some of this largess trickles over into other states and regions, but the first and foremost benefits are local. Indeed, a recent study, "Southern Growth Trends and Future Growth Issues," shows that while the rest of the country suffered a recession, the South suffered much less, and the oil-rich states within it actually prospered. They experienced rapid growth of population, income, and employment, while New York languished. For example, between June, 1975, and June, 1976, the whole Northeast added a net 7,000 new jobs, compared to 521,000 in the South.

As for the future, the American oil sheikhs will attract industry by lower local costs of gas and oil, secure uninterrupted supplies, and lower taxes. Already the energy costs in the Northeast are a staggering 97 percent above the national average. A million BTU's of heat created by natural gas cost $1.23 in New England, compared to 33 cents in the Southwest. With oil revenues flooding in, Texas imposes no tax on personal income or corporate profits, and other taxes are comparatively low.

The American OPEC differs from the foreign one in that the states to benefit from the rising energy prices include not just those states which pump oil and gas, but also those that mine coal. Take Montana: It makes the coal it exports dearer by 30 percent by imposing a "severance" tax on it. This will yield an estimated $39-million in 1977, a hefty sum for a state which is also getting 50 percent of the royalties obtained for all coal extracted on huge federal lands in the state. With a population of only 730,000, the state faces an embarrassment of riches. Funds are flowing everywhere—school improvements, better parks, and so on. Other coal states—such as those in Appalachia—are still poverty-stricken, partly because in the past they let the corporations carry away their coal with little or no local taxes. But they, too, are catching on.

Still other states, now hit by escalat-

Amitai Etzioni is professor of sociology at Columbia and director of the Center for Policy Research. His most recent book is Social Problems *(Prentice-Hall, 1976).*

Illustrated by Steven Guarnaccia

ing energy costs, have at least a glowing future. South Carolina is touted as a leader in nuclear-power development. Florida, Arizona, and other Sunbelt states can bask in the hope of becoming major beneficiaries of the least polluting, least labor-intensive, and most nearly inexhaustible energy source: the sun.

By contrast, New York—together with New England—is stuck for the foreseeable future with high dependency on oil and gas, costliest of the energy sources. For this and other reasons, New York electricity rates are among the highest in the nation. If scarcity requires converting utility plants to coal, an expensive undertaking, New York will have to bear more of the expense than states already relying heavily on coal or those which have their own supplies of gas and oil. There simply is no equal national sharing of these bounties. Sure, New York may benefit from a few oil leases off Long Island, and it may try to recycle its garbage—even set up windmills. But by and large, our energy future is one of costs which will be higher than those paid by many states, and continued pressure from industries and individuals who will threaten to move unless we offer them this or that concession.

Those of us who wish to stick around will have to work longer for whatever we buy. Instead of paying these higher prices to the Arabs, Norwegians, Scots, and Canadians, we shall be paying them to some of our fellow Americans to keep their taxes low and services high.

What can we do? One school of thought urges us, albeit not exactly in these words, to breathe less. If we would just lower our clean-air code a few notches, we are told, Con Edison could burn a lower-grade (higher in sulfur) oil, or even use coal, and we would save millions. Similarly, if we accept the risks and build more nuclear reactors, we may bring energy costs under control one day. (However, according to Con Ed, even sites now under consideration will not be ready before mid-1990 or so.)

The principal alternative is to tighten our personal and public energy belts. It is not a question of just giving up candy but of truly cutting calories in our energy consumption. Turning off the pilot light, using lower-intensity bulbs, or turning off the lights in rooms you are not in—and damn the electric toothbrush—will save but a relatively few kilowatts per hour. More consequential: Drive less, and slower; walk more; insulate homes and apartments better; close schools in December and January; set thermostats lower; check each appliance for its BTU use; note the differences between self-defrosting refrigerators and the old type, between clothes driers which run for set periods and those which stop once the clothes are dry, between smooth-top and "open" ranges, between dishwashers which have a power dry-cycle and those which do not.

But even if we were to accept higher pollution, take more risks, *and* use less energy, we ought also to have a good long talk with our fellow states. Subject: the meaning of union. Object lesson: You have for years let us pick up the tab on your poor, sick, old, and many of the nation's immigrants. We have long shouldered an unequally high share of the nation's welfare bill. Why, even the Arabs put some of their riches into an inter-Arab welfare fund. Now that you can afford it, why not help us out by supporting the federalization of welfare and Medicaid, thereby reducing our burden immensely? While you're at it, why don't you support equal national standards for welfare payments? This way, if we must put up with your luring away our industries and middle classes, you'll also get to keep your share of the poor.

And if you are so inclined, you could buy for all families whose income is below, say, $7,500 a year a book full of energy stamps, to be used for purchases of electricity or heating fuel. This would ensure that at the least the poor and near-poor would not be set back too badly by the new energy costs.

We could back up our requests with some political muscle by getting together with the other Northeast states, all in similar predicaments. This might entail turning the Coalition of Northeastern Governors into something more potent than a set of initials which read CONEG, roughly the present status of the group. We would be ill-advised, though, to escalate things to a point where we speak, like *Business Week*, of the Second War Between the States, let alone call them the "American OPEC" to their faces. Governor David Boren of Oklahoma has already warned us that this phrase gives him a "complex." We are not exactly in a good position to aggravate the American energy-rich.

Finally, while we had better not mention our position as the nation's financial and cultural capital lest the energy-rich seek to buy and cart away those institutions, let us just ask them how they would feel were we to charge extra for *our* natural resources, such as they are or may one day be? Is not the purpose of union to share and share alike? ■

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The Bottom Line/Dan Dorfman

THE COLOMBO CONNECTION AT BANKERS TRUST

Strange Bedfellows

New York Magazine has come into possession of a deposition that clearly links reputed underworld figure Joe Colombo to Sackman-Gilliland Corporation, the mortgage-banking arm of Bankers Trust New York Corporation (the bank's parent company).

The deposition, taken shortly after June 11, 1969, the date of a fire of unknown origin at the Queens Terrace Catering Corporation, Queens, centered on the testimony of Frank J. Caputo, president of the catering concern and one of its principal owners. The deposition was prompted by the death in that fire of another of the firm's owners, Francine Dempsey.

Caputo testified that Colombo had personally interceded on Caputo's behalf in his attempt to obtain mortgage financing from Sackman-Gilliland. Another bank had previously turned Caputo down.

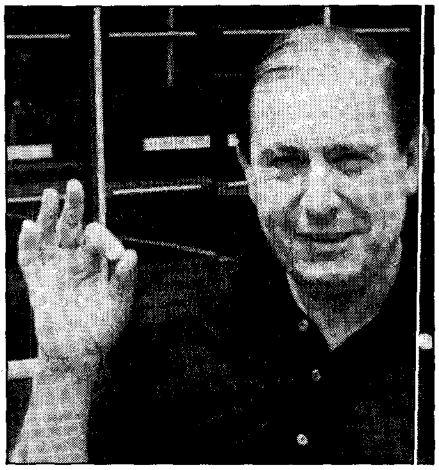
Caputo described in his testimony how he had first met Colombo four years earlier:

> When I was trying to buy this business, I put up a $50,000 deposit, and I had a commitment from a bank for a larger mortgage. The bank refused to give me the mortgage and my $50,000 was in jeopardy. At this time, a couple of musicians whom I knew had bought a catering business called The Willow. I went to see them and one of them referred me to the Cantelupo Realty Corp. on 86th Street, Brooklyn. [Law officers describe Cantelupo Realty as "mob-controlled."] I went there and met Colombo. Colombo set up the mortgage with Sackman-Gilliland, which was for $250,000 at the time of the original purchase in 1964.

Caputo was also asked, "Is Colombo a member of Sackman-Gilliland Corporation?" His reply: "To my knowledge, he is."

Whether Caputo was correct in this assumption is anybody's guess. He may have assumed Colombo was involved because of his ability to arrange the financing through Sackman-Gilliland. In any event, Colombo is not involved now. He has been incapacitated ever since an assassination attempt in 1971. Further, Bankers Trust, in June of 1969, didn't own Sackman-Gilliland. It acquired Sackman—whose current assets exceed $40 million—in September of 1969.

UPI



Colombo: *A pro in arranging financing.*

Subsequent testimony on the fire disclosed that at the time members of the Colombo family were also involved in the Queens Terrace Catering Corporation. Anthony Colombo, Joe Colombo's son, was personnel manager, and Michael Savino, a relative, owned 12½ percent of the firm.

In December of 1971, Warren A. "Turk" Sackman Jr., current chairman of Sackman-Gilliland, and Frank Caputo worked out a deal for the joint operations of Colonie Hill, a major catering concern in Hauppauge, New York. The deal, however, never came off.

But all of this occurred years ago. What is the relevance now? Investigators from Suffolk County District Attorney Henry O'Brien's office will be taking a new look at Sackman-Gilliland for possible organized-crime influence in its real-estate activities. One source close to the D.A.'s office told me that the Sackman-Gilliland probe would include such issues as possible laundering of money through catering concerns and the possibility of political payoffs. He said the activities and relationships of Warren Sackman would also be probed.

I was unable to reach Sackman at his offices in Garden City, New York. A bank spokesman said, "Sackman isn't going to talk to anyone."

Some allegations about Sackman-Gilliland are related to Ronald Parr, a developer who's trying to open a quarter-horse racetrack in Yaphank, New York. Parr, though, may well have an ax to grind. He has been indicted by Attorney General Louis Lefkowitz's office on four counts of grand larceny and several misdemeanor counts of violations of the state condominium law. Parr charged that the action was politically motivated to block the opening of a track clear of political corruption and of organized-crime infiltration.

He's not alone in this thought. *Newsday,* Long Island's largest newspaper, questioned in a February 11 editorial whether Parr's indictment was facilitated by people interested in preventing him from completing the track.

Parr told me last week that he had laid out his allegations about Sackman-Gilliland to District Attorney O'Brien and several investigators in his office. At least one member of the D.A.'s staff is convinced a full-scale investigation of Sackman-Gilliland is called for.

Parr also was recently contacted by the SEC to get his (Parr's) thinking on Sackman-Gilliland and also for any evidence he might have indicating organized-crime influence in Bankers Trust's mortgage arm. The material, Parr told me, is on the way.

Slipping Carey a Mickie

Muriel "Mickie" Siebert, the first woman member of the New York Stock Exchange, is Governor Carey's choice to be the new superintendent of banks of New York State—one of the state's top financial jobs. But she's not qualified. How do I know? Because she told me.

MORRIS WARMAN

Muriel Siebert: *"I'm not qualified."*

About two weeks ago, I heard solid reports that Siebert, who runs a discount brokerage house bearing her name, had been offered the bank superintendent's job. I gave her a buzz, and she scoffed at the idea. She admitted she had gotten a "feeler" about three months ago—from a Carey aide—but she told me: "It's a joke. Every time someone's looking for a woman, these dumb jokers [an obvious reference to Carey's staff] walk into this office. I'm not qualified [for the job]. I have no background in banking . . . and I wouldn't do anything that would result in my diverting myself from my business." Siebert also said she had never even discussed the matter with Carey.

She lied. Carey's press secretary, James Vlasto, told me Siebert met with the governor a few weeks ago and expressed interest in the job.

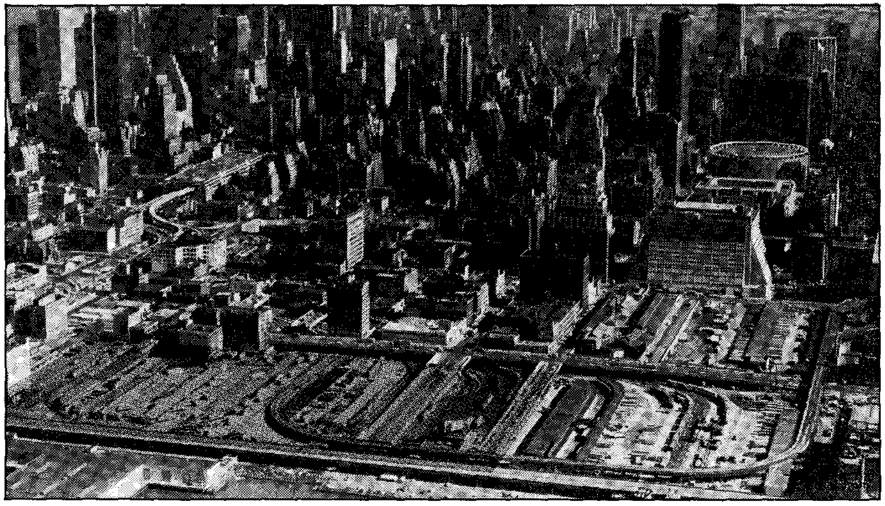
Nearly a week after my chat with Siebert (whom I've known for about eight years), the New York *Times* ran a story of her impending appointment to the banking job.

I caught up with Siebert last week and asked her why she had lied. At first she explained that the *Times* story prompted her to take the job. That absurd comment obviously struck even her as being pretty damn farfetched. So she quickly changed stories: "I wouldn't want to embarrass Carter [the president] or Carey . . . because they've been elected by a lot of people," she said. "But would you also have lied if I had asked you a question about the New York Stock Exchange?" I asked. Astonishingly, she explained she wouldn't have "because I don't hold the Exchange in the same esteem I hold Carter and Carey." The NYSE, no doubt, will be pleased to hear that.

I'm no expert on what constitutes proper credentials for a bank superintendent. Carey, however, is a stickler for honest government. But if the governor is now willing to accept a policy of vacillation, duplicity, and admitted incompetence, he could hardly make a better appointment than Mickie Siebert.

Miracle on 34th Street

The agonizing question of where to build a convention and exhibition center in New York City apparently has been resolved. The winning site—smack in midtown Manhattan—is the West 34th Street area. The precise location, part of a Penn Central railroad yard, covers some 25 acres that are bounded by West 34th and 39th streets between Eleventh and Twelfth avenues.


SKYVIEWS

Revitalizing the city: *Shaded area indicates proposed site of new convention center.*

The go-ahead for the project—which will reportedly cost about $100 million—must still be approved. But considering the huge economic benefits to be derived from such a center, approval could come swiftly, sources suggest. Sources say a new convention center—which could open in about two years—could add $1 billion a year in revenues, or some $90 million annually in new taxes. On the theory that the operations of the center and the maintenance of the debt would run about $15-million a year, that would leave a balance of some $75 million in new tax moneys (which might be divided up between the city and the state).

Where's money coming from to build the center? Well, that's already being worked on. I hear a new financing agency is being considered as part of a plan that would call for one of three existing agencies to assist in raising the needed $100 million through the sale of convention-center bonds. The three are the Off-Track Betting Corporation, the Triborough Bridge and Tunnel Authority, and the Port Authority. A 34th Street center was originally proposed by developer Donald Trump. ▬

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MOVIES AROUND TOWN

EDITED BY RUTH GILBERT

OPENINGS AND CURRENT ATTRACTIONS ON THE NEW YORK SCREEN

April 19 through 26

(Listings subject to last-minute change)

Wednesday, April 20

Annie Hall–Woody Allen's latest film, written and directed by him, and starring him, with Diane Keaton, Tony Roberts, Paul Simon, Carol Kane, Janet Margolin, Shelley Duvall, Colleen Dewhurst, and Christopher Walken. Baronet; Little Carnegie; 34th St E.

Wizards–Ralph Bakshi's animated film takes place in a fantastic world and is termed an "adventure epic." Trans-Lux East.

Sunday, April 24

Ankur–Shyam Benegal wrote and directed this Indian film set in a village background in Hyderabad, and Shabana Azmi is the star. Bombay Cinema.

Jacob the Liar–Based on Jurek Becker's novel, directed by Frank Beyer, starring Vlastimil Brodsky, tragicomedy set in a Polish ghetto near the close of WW II centers on an artless, but heroic figure of a man who continues to provide his people with a cause for hope. Plaza.

THE MOVIES

Aguirre, Wrath of God–A 1973 film by the German director Werner Herzog about a 1560 expedition by Spanish conquistadors in search of El Dorado. The trouble with the film is not the excesses but the insufficiencies of Herzog's imagination. We never get inside anyone's mind, and come to understand neither Aguirre and his madness, nor why the others trusted him so long. D. W. Griffith.

Airport '77–A disaster movie that suffers from arrested development. It concerns a privately-owned Boeing 747 that has been converted into a flying clubhouse and is now conveying guests to Florida by its millionaire owner. If you expect a spectacular crash, forget it. The plane luckily turns out to be as airtight as the movie's plot is far from being; yet it is not quite watertight, a condition resembling that of the filmmaker's head. Forum; Columbia I; 86th St E.

Audrey Rose–There is a little girl, Ivy, in whom the soul of a previous little girl who dies in flames is prematurely reincarnated, and poor Ivy is now a mess. Her parents and Audrey Rose's father get together to pray for the errant soul. Robert Wise, the director, and Frank De Felitta, the writer, clearly share—not the same soul, but the same mind. And half a mind proves insufficient for either job. Loews State II; Loews Cine; Eastside.

The Beast–Walerian Borowczyk's erotic fairy tale of beauty and the beast, starring Sirpa Lane, and weaving between reality and the supernatural. E. 59th St Theater; RKO Cinerama I.

Bittersweet Love–Lana Turner, Robert Lansing, Celeste Holm, Robert Alda, Scott Hylands and Meredith Baxter in the story of a newly married couple who discover that they are half-brother and half-sister. Thru 4/19, Olympia.

Black Sunday–John Frankenheimer's latest is a sound commercial film, the basic stuff of cinema, and an oasis in the current American movie output. As the Israeli mastermind of an assassination attempt, the lately often irresponsible Robert Shaw gives a genuinely affecting performance, and there is very solid work from other actors as well, notably the craggily dependable Fritz Weaver, the pervasively slimy Michael V. Gazzo, and the ominously controlled Walter Gotell. Loews State I; Loews Tower East.

Bound for Glory–David Carradine portrays Woody Guthrie in an autobiographical film about the legendary folksinger. It deals mostly with the Depression, the Dust Bowl, and the desperate people traveling to California where new horrors await them. Seeing this film, directed by Hal Ashby, is the nearest thing to leafing through the album of a great photographer (Haskell Wexler). Quad.

Brothers–Bernie Casey, Vonetta McGee, and Ron O'Neal star in a film, directed by Arthur Barron, about a man persuaded to plead guilty to robbery in exchange for a light sentence, who fell in love with a radical professor with whom he was corresponding from jail. National; Fine Arts.

La Chinoise–Jean-Luc Godard at his most pretentious and inane. A group of snotty Paris kids start a Maoist cell and play at political assassination. There are some truly appalling performances (notably from Anne Wiazemsky), and some fine camera work from Raoul Coutard. The film did in a sense foreshadow the events of May, 1968, but only because Godard has the typical mind of a disheveled student activist. As usual with Godard: no story and no characters. 4/27, Bleecker St Cinema.

Cousin, Cousine–A charming and droll film by Jean-Charles Tacchella that goes a long way toward restoring the good name of the wayward French cinema. It is about family relations, children growing up, and, mostly, two adults finding themselves in a truly fulfilling relationship, adultery be damned. Very unassumingly it says a good deal, and is beautifully written, directed, and acted, with fine photography and catchy music. Paris.

Demon Seed–Donald Cammell's film takes place in the proximate future when a giant computer with a hypertrophic brain outwits the human beings running it, and turns Julie Christie into a captive in her own house. The computer half rapes and half seduces her, and after much terror, murder, and kinky bondage sex, she bears what appears to be his child. The direction contributes some fairly slick scare effects and a great deal of overarching unwholesomeness. Trans-Lux 85th; Greenwich; Loews Triplex; Criterion.

The Domino Principle–Very little need or can be said about Stanley Kramer's latest. Terrible movies tend to start with a preposterous premise and then laboriously work their way to an impossible conclusion. This one starts with an arrant impossibility and works its way to whatever lies beyond and below that. However, Richard Widmark is a joy to watch; even when he is doing nothing, as here, he exudes credibility, authenticity, flesh-and-blood presence. RKO Cinerama II; Thru 4/19, 34th St E.

Elvira Madigan–Bo Widerberg's beautiful film is, unfortunately, quite hollow. A simplistic love story, not particularly well-acted, this bit of watery romanticism is nonetheless a feast for the eye, and, if you like Mozart, ear. Jorgen Persson's cinematography is as intoxicating as anything this side of a Nolde painting. 4/19, Cinema Village.

The Exterminating Angel–One of Luis Bunuel's crazier films in which the private obsessions preponderate at the expense of universal truths. A symbolic rendering of people's imprisonment within their manias or conventions, but with many loose ends that do not fit into the allegorical patterns. Still, for those who like the direction Bunuel has taken lately this would be a seminal work. Made on a low budget in Mexico, the film rather looks it. No great performances, but some interesting faces. 4/20, 21, Bleecker Street Cinema.

Farewell, My Lovely–Dick Richards has directed a remake of *Murder, My Sweet* (1945). By either name, the film smells unsweet. The plot remains hard to follow and less than persuasive. But ingenious cinematography by John *(Chinatown, The Fortune)* A. Alonzo conveys period atmosphere through his very palette, and seediness or menace through superb lighting. And those wishing to feel nostalgia for 1941, can, through Dean Tavoularis's production design, get all they want here. Thru 4/19, Playboy.

Fun with Dick and Jane–Even if the film were a good deal worse it would still deserve to be seen for the greatly gifted Jane Fonda who is the only all-purpose actress we've got in Hollywood today. She is by far the most irresistibly smart-alecky wife since Myrna Loy in the *Thin Man* series. Theme concerns a couple, living beyond their means, who turn to a life of genteel crime. E 59 I; Loews Triplex.

Harlan County, U.S.A.–Barbara Kopple's well-intentioned piece of work about a coal miners' strike in Kentucky that lasted thirteen months and led to, after the brutal shooting of a miner, the mine owners' acceding to the miners' demands, which were nothing more than the right to unionize. Art.

The Hour of the Wolf–Ingmar Bergman at his second- or third best, but still full of arresting bits and pieces. The plot, a murky bow to the great German romantic E.T.A. Hoffmann, concerns a tormented artist, haunted by people who seem to be evil spirits, who finally goes to his ruin. Much great acting as usual, and dazzling black-and-white photography by Sven Nykvist. 4/22, 23, Bleecker Street Cinema.

Islands in the Stream–Can best be defined as senescent adolescent fantasy, about Hemingway's great sculptor on the far side of middle age whose marriages have failed, but what the hell—he has three sons, an island in the sun, a good, blowsy whore. George C. Scott's solid craftsmanship has enough gusto to keep the movie at least half alive, in plodding Book-of-the-Month style. Franklin J. Schaffner directs. Quad; Loews Orpheum; Loews Triplex; thru 4/19, Little Carnegie.

Jabberwocky–A film directed by Terry Gilliam starring Palon, two of the original Monty Python. Cinema I.

The Late Show–If you like latter-day variations on the private-eye movie—variations that consist chiefly of tongue-in-cheek deflations of the genre, you may find this film just your thing. Though its plotting is rudimentary and its illogic gigantic, it has oodles of atmosphere and a likeable way of not taking itself too seriously. Lily Tomlin is totally winning. Sutton; Paramount; Embassy 72nd.

The Littlest Horse Thieves–A Walt Disney Production, set in a small English mining town at the turn of the century. Film stars Alastair Sim, Peter Barkworth, and Maurice Colbourne, and was directed by Charles Jarrott. Radio City Music Hall.

Lolita–Stanley Kubrick brings considerate technical expertise to this film, which, nevertheless, is a total betrayal of a book that not even today's Hollywood would dare to make as written. Under the circumstances, one can admire the acting of James Mason and Peter Sellers, the cinematography of Oswald Morris, and a few effective scenes. But the screenplay, credited to Nabokov, jettisons all the satirical and maniacal intensity and unconventionality of the novel. 4/23, Carnegie Hall Cinema.

The Magic Flute–Though Ingmar Bergman's version may be the best filmed opera ever, unfortunately that does not mean very much. For all his good intentions and cinematic achievements, Bergman hasn't been much help to Mozart. The trouble with putting opera on film is that even when you do it right, you are wrong to do it at all, just reminding us how much better it would be in the opera house, where it belongs. 4/19, Cinema Village.

Man on the Roof–A civilized, understated thriller, of a kind that is all too rare these days. Bo Widerberg's film is made with a wary intelligence all the way, showing that however spectacular police work can get, it is seldom if ever romantic. This is no bogus epic, nor is it a lurid ominous *film noir*. If anything, it is a *film gris*. The scene is set in Stockholm, and the cinematography by Odd Geir Saether is just right. Thru 4/23, Plaza.

Mohammad, Messenger of God–A long arid desert of a movie directed by Moustapha Akkad, an authentic Moslem believer, no doubt, but an equally certifiable no-talent as a director. For well over three hours, this film stumbles, staggers, lurches, and bumbles ahead, without any true rhythm, construction, vision, or even bare minimum of craft. The cast comprises mostly second-rate, posturing European actors who, moreover, sound (or are) dubbed ineptly. Rivoli.

Mother Kusters Goes to Heaven–This is one of Rainer Werner Fassbinder's not-so-bad films. The

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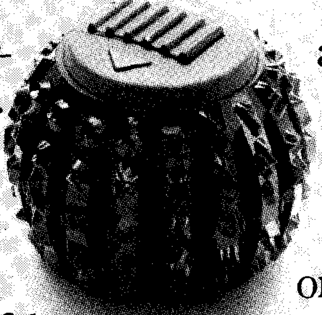

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story of an elderly, working-class woman whose husband suddenly goes berserk and kills one of his factory bosses and himself, it is perfectly serviceable, but Fassbinder develops it with his customary mixture of heavy underscoring and cavalier offhandedness. Thru 4/19, Quad.

Nasty Habits–A nasty little piece of goods over which it would be kindest to pass in silence, if only it deserved kindness. What we have here is a "satire" on Watergate told in terms of a nunnery with monastic equivalents for most of the principals in that fiasco. The language is rowdy throughout, the goings-on licentious or sacrilegious, and convent life is turned into an ugly, unfunny travesty. Cinema II.

Network–Sidney Lumet's latest film is a further lap in Paddy Chayefsky's, the scenarist's, fascinating race against decrepitude and impotence. But Lumet continues to improve as a director, and the acting, by William Holden, Robert Duvall, Peter Finch, Faye Dunaway, Beatrice Straight, is impressive. U.A. East; 8th St Cinema; from 4/20, Gramercy.

The Passion of Anna–One of Bergman's two finest films since *Persona,* incomparably superior to *Cries and Whispers,* and prefiguring (and surpassing) much of *Scenes from a Marriage.* Aside from being a profound document about the impossibilities of love relationships, this film is a veritable compendium of technical achievements, and contains some of the most marvelous color cinematography in the subtlest tones, ever seen. 4/23, 24, Bleecker Street Cinema.

Providence–Alain Resnais's first English-language film is his first unmitigated disaster. John Gielgud, the partially hidden narrator of the film, an old dying man, imagines a convoluted scenario involving a love triangle made up of his legitimate son, his illegitimate son, and the former's wife (Dirk Bogarde, David Warner, and Ellen Burstyn). Thru 4/23, Cinema III; from 4/24, Art.

Raggedy Ann and Andy–With their friends, King Koo Koo, The Greedy, The Camel with the Wrinkled Knees, Pirate Captain Contagious, Queasy, the Loonies—all in an adventure cartoon. Guild.

Rocky–This is a pugnacious, charming, grimy, beautiful fairy tale—a small pearl of realism formed around a grain of story-book impossibility. An obscure Philadelphia boxer gets a crack at the heavyweight championship, and what distinguishes this tale from so many other boxing tales is the precision with which the locales, the background activities, and the talk are evoked. It's an uppercut to the devil's jaw and an upper for the viewer's spirits. Directed by John Avildsen. Embassy 46th; Columbia II; thru 4/19, Gramercy; Quad; RKO 86th II.

Seven Beauties–This film establishes the already remarkable Lina Wertmuller as a major filmmaker. A film about life and death, love and hate—all the great subjects, in brilliant color (both figuratively and literally thanks to Delli Colli's great photography) but also with rare delicacy. Memorable performances by Giancarlo Giannini, Shirley Stoler, and others. This is a comedy to make you cry, a tragedy to make you think. See it! 4/26, Cinema Village.

Silver Streak–An expensive attempt, directed by Arthur Hiller, at crossbreeding *The Lady Vanishes* and *Twentieth Century.* It is not so much a cross-fertilization as a cross-sterilization. Jill Clayburgh, once again miscast, once again keeps her head above ditchwater. Gene Wilder is miscast in a young-Jimmy Stewart role, and Patrick McGoohan is loathsome above the line of duty. 4/20-26, Olympia; Playboy.

Slap Shot–An amusing movie as long as you don't look at it very closely, and forget it as fast as you can. George Roy Hill's film about the ice-hockey scene has no point of view or even consistency of style. It fluctuates between realism and absurdism, cynical casualness and manic exaggeration, moral indignation and total indifference. Beekman.

Swept Away by an Unusual Destiny in the Blue Sea of August–Arrogant capitalist mistress and maltreated manservant are shipwrecked alone together on a desert island. Now he becomes the provider, patriarch, and despot, and she the slave and mistress who ends up loving it—until the roles are reversed again. An old, schematic plot serves the highly talented filmmaker Lina Wertmuller very well for her witty yet earnest, outrageous-seeming yet penetrating and often gripping film. Well acted, prettily photographed, and, above all, intelligently written and directed. Not without flaws, but provocative and rewarding. 4/26, Cinema Village.

3 Women–Robert Altman's psychological suspense thriller telling the story of three women whose lives come together under a strange set of circumstances. With Shelly Duvall, Sissy Spacek, Janice Rule, and Robert Fortier. Coronet.

Voyage of the Damned–Film is numbingly earnest in its intentions and crushingly dull in its execution, which is a pity for several reasons. Based on a shattering historical event with serious present-day implications, in handling so many characters, there is scant opportunity for developing any of them. Here characterizations are reduced to formulas and platitudes, a shorthand that is the very antithesis of living art. With Faye Dunaway, Max von Sydow, Oskar Werner, Jose Ferrer, Orson Welles, James Mason, Malcolm McDonald, and a zillion others. Thru 4/19, Playboy; 72nd St E; Olympia.

The Wonderful Crook–A film, directed by Claude Goretta, about some of our most vital problems, stated so quietly, subtly, and originally that the worse mistake would be to see in it only its wistfully delicious story. It is a true, even if seemingly far-fetched tale, told here with unaffected brilliance, with stunning control of both the cinematic medium and a *verité* far beyond mere *cinema.* 68th St Playhouse.

Excerpted from John Simon's reviews

THE MOVIE HOUSES

Schedules change constantly; phone ahead and avoid rage and disappointment.

Art, 36 E 8th (GR 3-7014). Thru 4/23, *Harlan County U.S.A.* From 4/24, *Providence.*

Baronet, 3rd Ave at 59th (355-1663). Thru 4/19 *Welcome to L.A.* From 4/20, *Annie Hall.*

Beekman, 2nd Ave nr 65th (RE 7-2622). *Slap Shot*

Bleecker St Cinema, 144 Bleecker, at Laguardia Pl (674-2560). 4/19, Avant-garde films; *The College.* 4/20, *The Spider's Strategem; Partner.* 4/21, *The Exterminating Angel; Spider's Stratagem.* 4/22, *Hour of the Wolf; The Exterminating Angel.* 4/23, *The Passion of Anna; Hour of the Wolf.* 4/24, *Shame; The Passion of Anna.* 4/25, *Tangsir; Still Life.* 4/26, *Black Roots; Steamboat Bill Jr.* 4/27, *La Chinoise; Letter to Jane.*

Bombay, 57th nr Bdway (581-4740). *Ankur.*

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave betw 56th & 57th (757-2131). 4/19, *The Middle of the World; Retour d'Afrique.* 4/20, *What Price Hollywood?; The Actress.* 4/21, *Just Before Nightfall; La Femme Infidele.* 4/22, *A Man and a Woman; My Night at Maud's.* 4/23, *Lolita; Baby Doll.* 4/24, *Lola Montes; The Earrings of Madame De...* 4/25, *Murder at the Gallop; Father Brown, Detective.* 4/26, *Big Deal on Madonna Street; A Pain in the A...* 4/27, *Witness for the Prosecution; The Paradine Case.*

Cinema I, 3rd Ave nr 60th (PL 3-6022). *Jabberwocky.*

Cinema II, 3rd Ave nr 60th (PL 3-6022). *Nasty Habits.*

Cinema III, 2 W 59 (752-5959). *Providence.*

Cinema Village, 22 E 12th (924-3363). 4/19, *The Magic Flute; Elvira Madigan.* 4/20,21, *Greetings!; Hi, Mom!* 4/22, 23, *Fillmore; The Concert for Bangladesh.* 4/24,25, *The Goddess; The Legend of Lylah Clare.* 4/26, *Seven Beauties; Swept Away...*

Columbia I, 2nd Ave at 64th (832-1670). *Airport '77.*

Columbia II, 2nd Ave at 64th (832-1670). *Rocky.*

Coronet, 3rd Ave nr 59th (EL 5-1663). *3 Women.*

Criterion, Bdway at 45th (JU 2-1796). *Demon Seed.*

D.W. Griffith, 59th St E of 2nd Ave (759-4630). *Aguirre, Wrath of God.*

Eastside, 3rd Ave at 55th (755-3020). *Audrey Rose.*

8th St Cinema, 52 W 8th (674-6515). *Network.*

86th St E, 3rd Ave at 86th (249-1144). *Airport '77.*

Embassy 46th, at Bdway (757-2408). *Rocky.*

Embassy 72nd, at Bdway (SC 4-6745). *The Late Show.*

E 59th St, betw 2nd & 3rd (688-1717). *The Beast.*

Fine Arts, 58th nr Lexington (PL 5-6030). *Brothers.*

Forum, Bdway & 47th (757-8320). *Airport '77.*

Gramercy, 23rd St nr Lexington (GR 5-1660). Thru 4/19, *Rocky.* From 4/20, *Network.*

Greenwich, 12th at Greenwich (WA 9-3350). *Demon Seed.*

Guild, 33 W 50th (PL7-2406). *Raggedy Ann & Andy.*

Jean Renoir Cinema, 2nd Ave at 10th (873-8702). *Not a Pretty Picture.*

Little Carnegie, 57th St nr 7th (246-5123). Thru 4/19, *Islands in the Stream.* From 4/20, *Annie Hall.*

Loews Astor Plaza, Bdway at 44th (869-8340). *Islands in the Stream.*

Loews Ciné, 3rd nr 86th (427-1332). *Audrey Rose.*

Loews Orpheum, 86th, 3rd (AT 9-4607). *Islands in the Stream.*

Loews State I & II, Bdway at 45th (582-5070). I. *Black Sunday.* II. *Audrey Rose.*

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave nr 71st (TR 9-1313). *Black Sunday.*

Loews Triplex, Bdway at 83rd (877-3190). Listings always tentative here. I. *Demon Seed.* II. *Fun with Dick and Jane.* III. *Islands in the Stream.*

Metropolitan Museum of Art, Fifth at 82nd (879-5500). 4/19, 4 p.m. *Wall Street;* 6 p.m. *Speedy;* 8 p.m. *Applause.* 4/23, 1 p.m. *Prix de Beaute;* 3 p.m. *The Great Ziegfeld.* 4/24, 1 p.m. *July 14;* 3 p.m. *Big City.* 4/26, 4 p.m. *The Struggle;* 6 p.m. *Street Scene;* 8 p.m. *Tales of Manhattan.*

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd (956-7078). 4/19, 6 p.m. *Anatomy of a Relationship;* 8:30, *Coming of Age.* 4/20, 6 p.m. *Coming of Age;* 8:30, *Local Color.* 4/21, 2:30, *After the Whale;* 6 p.m. & 8:30, What's Happening? 4/23, 2:30, *The Iron Mask;* 6 p.m. *Coming of Age;* 8:30, *Anatomy of a Relationship.* 4/23, noon, *Peck's Bad Boy;* 2:30, *Dreams That Money Can Buy;* 6 p.m. *Local Color;* 8:30, *Well-Spring of My World.* 4/24, noon, *Peck's Bad Boy;* 2:30, *8 x 8;* 6 p.m. *The Preparatory* and *Rubber Gun;* 8:30, *Brandos Costumes.* 4/25, noon, *The Sculpture* and *An American Potter;* 2:30, *Dreams That Money Can Buy;* 6 p.m. *L'Affiche Rouge;* 8:30, *Devices and Desires* and *Elizabeh Swados—The Girl With the Incredible Feeling.* 4/26, noon, *The Sculpture* and *An American Potter.* 2:30, *Emil Und Die Detecktive;* 6 p.m. *Brandos Costumes;* 8:30, *The Preparatory* and *Rubber Gun.* 4/27, 6 p.m. *Devices and Desires* and *Elizabeth Swadox—The Girl With the Incredible Feeling;* 8:30, *L'Affiche Rouge.*

National, Bdway at 43rd (869-0950). *Brothers.*

New Yorker, Bdway nr 88th (TR 4-9189). Thru 4/20, *Fox and His Friends; The Bitter Tears of Petra von Kant.* From 4/21, *Chinese Roulette.*

Olympia, Bdway at 107th (865-8128). Thru 4/19, *Voyage of the Damned; Bittersweet Love.* 4/20-26, *Silver Streak; Mother Jugs and Speed.* Every Fri & Sat at midnight, *The Harder They Come.*

Paramount, 2 Gulf & Western Plaza (245-5070). *The Late Show.*

Paris, 4 W 58th (MU 8-2013). *Cousin, Cousine.*

Playboy, 57th W of 6th Ave (JU 6-4448). Thru 4/19, *Voyage of the Damned; Farewell My Lovely.* 4/20-26, *Silver Streak; Mother Jugs & Speed.*

Plaza, 58th St, E of Madison (EL 5-3320). Thru 4/23, *The Man on the Roof.* From 4/24, *Jacob the Liar.*

Quad, four cinemas at 34 W 13th (255-8800). *(Last-minute switches especially frequent here; phone ahead.)* I. *Bound for Glory.* II. *Rocky.* III. *Mother Kusters Goes to Heaven.* IV. *Islands in the Stream.*

Radio City Music Hall, 50th St & 6th Ave (246-4600). *The Littlest Horse Thieves.*

Regency, Bdway at 67th (724-3700). 4/19,20, *Drunken Angel; Utamaro and His Five Women.* 4/21-23, *Yojimbo; Sanjuro.* 4/24,25, *Throne of Blood; Kuroneko.* 4/26,27, *Tora-San, the Intellectual; High and Low.*

Rivoli, Bdway at 49th (247-1633). *Mohammed, Messenger of God.*

RKO Cinerama I & II, Bdway at 47th (757-5450). I. *The Beast.* II. *The Domino Principle.*

RKO 86th St I & II, at Lexington (AT 9-8900). I. *Fun with Dick and Jane.* II. *Rocky.*

72nd St East, nr 1st Ave (BU 8-9304). Thru 4/19, *Voyage of the Damned.* From 4/20, to be announced.

68th St Playhouse, at 3rd Avenue (RE 4-0302). *The Wonderful Crook.*

Sutton, 57th nr 3rd Ave (PL 9-1411). Thru 4/26, *The Late Show.* From 4/27, *Between the Lines.*

Thalia, 250 W 95th (222-3370). *Uncle Vanya; The Caretaker.*

Theater 80 St Marks, 80 St Marks Pl (254-7400). 4/19, *A Star Is Born* (Janet Gaynor); *Seventh Heaven.* 4/20, *I Cover the Waterfront; Lady of Burlesque.* 4/21-23, *Showboat* (Irene Dunne); *Roberta.* 4/24,25, *Sidewalks of London; Waterloo Bridge.*

34th St East, nr 2nd Ave (683-0255). Thru 4/19, *The Domino Principle.* From 4/20, *Annie Hall.*

Trans-Lux East, 3rd at 58th (PL 9-2262). Thru 4/19, *The Eagle Has Landed.* From 4/20, *Wizards.*

Trans-Lux 85th, at Madison (BU 8-3180). *Demon Seed.*

UA East, 1st Ave at 85th (249-5100). *Network.*

Waverly, 6th Ave at 3rd (WA 9-8037). *Fun with Dick and Jane.* (Every Fri & Sat at midnight, *The Rocky Horror Picture Show.*)

IN AND AROUND TOWN

EDITED BY RUTH GILBERT

A CRITICAL GUIDE TO ENTERTAINMENT IN THE NEW YORK AREA

Theater

ON BROADWAY

Tuesday, April 19

The King and I–Yul Brynner stars in a revival of the Richard Rodgers/Oscar Hammerstein II musical based on Margaret Landon's Anna and the King of Siam. Constance Towers plays the governess. Directed and choreographed by Yuriko. Tues thru Sat at 8; Sat and Wed at 2; Sun at 3. Previews now prior to a 5/2 premiere. Uris, 51st betw 7th & 8th (586-6510).

Thursday, April 21

Annie–Andrea McArdle has the title role in a musical with book by Thomas Meehan, loosely based on Harold Gray's Little Orphan Annie; music by Charles Strouse; lyrics by Martin Charnin; choreography by Peter Gennaro. Also starred are Reid Shelton and Dorothy Loudon. Alvin, 250 W 52nd (PL 7-8646).

Friday, April 22

Vieux Carre–Sylvia Sidney, Diane Kagan, Tom Aldredge, and Richard Alfiere star in a new play by Tennessee Williams about a writer and the inhabitants of a rooming house in the Old French Quarter of New Orleans, during the 30's. Directed by Arthur Allan Seidelman. Previews start tonight prior to a 5/5 opening. St James, 246 W 44th (OX 5-5858).

CURRENT

American Buffalo–The first substantial American play of the season and worth the wait. David Mamet's brilliant black comedy about worthless wordsmanship and man's inactivity toward man. Gorgeous acting by Robert Duvall, Ken McMillan, and John Savage, directed with hairspring timing by Ulu Grosbard, complete the triumphant picture. Belasco, 111 W 44th (354-4490).

Anna Christie–Liv Ullmann stars in a revival of the Eugene O'Neill drama, directed by Jose Quintero, costarring John Lithgow, Mary McCarty, and Robert Donley. Imperial, 249 W 45th (CO 5-2412).

The Basic Training of Pavlo Hummel–Al Pacino stars in a revival of the David Rabe play; directed by David Wheeler; with Joe Fields, Lance Henriksen. Plays thru 6/5. Longacre, 220 W 48th (246-5639).

Bubbling Brown Sugar–About half the show is an authentic and lively tribute to old-time Harlem theater, with some great numbers lined out by the likes of Avon Long and Josephine Premice. The other half, alas, is a silly, patronizing, meandering book and some new songs by Danny Holgate that merely waste time, beyond rescue even by all that classy staging and dances. Tues thru Sat at 8; Wed & Sat mat at 2; Sun at 2:30. ANTA, 245 W 52nd (246-6270).

California Suite–Sleazily written, shoddily constructed, and without even a scintilla of Neil Simon's usual slick adroitness with a gag line, this grab bag of skits about life in a Los Angeles hotel suggests that California life may have scrambled Mr. Simon's brains. Gene Saks's direction draws a few moments of bovine humor from Jack Weston, but Tammy Grimes and Marge Redmond look as foolish as they are made to sound. Mon thru Sat at 8; Sat, Sun, Wed mat at 2. Eugene O'Neill, 230 W 49th (246-0220).

Chicago–A music vaudeville, with book by Fred Ebb and Bob Fosse, based on the 1926 melodrama about a Chicago murderess. Music by John Kander. There is fun here, and like any spectacle that carries the Fosse signature, it demands to be seen. *(J.S.)* Mon thru Sat at 8; mat. Wed & Sat at 2. 46th St Theater, 226 W 46th (246-4271).

A Chorus Line–Every generation needs its own backstage legend, and this one is a worthy descendant of *42nd St* (et al). Out of the real words of chorus-line aspirants, James Kirkwood and Nicholas Dante have fashioned a shiny romance, and it bounces agreeably off Marvin Hamlisch's paper-thin score. Michael Bennett's direction covers a multitude of inadequacies. Mon thru Sat at 8; mat. Wed & Sat at 2. Shubert, 225 W44 (246-5990).

Dirty Linen & New-Found-Land–Tom Stoppard's interlinked playlets, both set in a Parliamentary committee room, elevate the fine old art of farce-writing to a high intellectual level. The joke-spinning is murderously, achingly funny, no less so for the intricacy and the dazzling literacy of Stoppard's word-gaming. If you feel certain pains on leaving the theater, that's your laughing muscles being reactivated after a long, dismal season of rest. Ed Berman directs, and the cast is fully the equal of its London counterpart. Mon thru Sat at 8; Wed mat at 2. Golden Theater, 252 W 45th (246-6740).

Equus–Peter Shaffer's play which is structured around a valid premise, an exploration into the tortured mind of a boy who suddenly goes beserk and blinds a stableful of horses. But the play is ruined by Shaffer's concept of the psychiatrist, who is forced constantly into tedious (and, to an intelligent auditor, insulting) sermons on what it all means to him. With Tony Perkins and Ralph Seymour. Helen Hayes, 210 W 46th (246-6380).

Fiddler on the Roof–Nothing has aged so much that this 1964 Bock-Harnick-Stein musical has lost any appreciable glow. Even so, as Zero Mostel has had to slow down his timing in the lead role, and as some key members of the new cast fail to erase memories of their predecessors, it becomes increasingly clear that the real "Fiddler" is Jerome Robbins, whose staging transmutes common clay into something like gold. Since Mr. Robbins returned to restage this revival, it has become, once again, an imperative. Mon thru Sat at 8, Wed mat at 2. Winter Garden, 1634 Bdway (245-4878).

For Colored Girls Who Have Considered Suicide/When the Rainbow is Enuf–Seven spellbinding young women intone the words of Ntozake Shange, lines about being women, black, and sorrowful, and their performances are welded by Oz Scott into an enthralling theatrical experience that makes the theater glow in all colors. Tues thru Sat at 8; mat Wed & Sat at 2, Sun at 3. Booth, 45th St (246-5969).

THE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE

Lenny Baker is one of the participants in **I Love My Wife** by Michael Stewart and Cy Coleman; about two couples who live in a suburb near Trenton and decide to join the sexual revolution. The others are Joanna Gleason, Ilene Graff, and James Naughton. At the Ethel Barrymore, 243 W 47th (246-0390).

Godspell–Although it may have been overpraised when new (thanks to *J.C. Superstar's* also having been around), the artless joy of this retelling of the Passion through the eyes of flower-children, the romping inventiveness of its appealing cast, and the vitality of most (if not all) of Stephen Schwartz's music still make this one of the loveliest things in town. The move to Broadway has been well managed, and you're still invited onstage for wine at intermission. Wed thru Sat at 8; Mat Wed, Sat & Sun at 2; Sun at 5:30 p.m. Ambassador, 215 W 49th (265-1855).

Grease–An amusing, ridiculous 50s rock 'n' roll musical exploring the myth created by the mass media of what teen-age life was like in the 50s. Excellent choreography by Patricia Birch. Book, music & lyrics: Jacobs & Casey. Directed by Tom Moore. *(J.S.)* Tues thru Sat at 8 p.m. Wed. & Sat at 2 p.m., Sun at 3 p.m. Royale, 242 W 45th (245-5760).

Ladies of the Alamo–Paul Zindel's play, about a backstage power struggle in a seedy Texas theater, is occasionally spoiled by a surfeit of gag-lines (and by Eileen Heckart's getting all the good ones). But there are some keen observations on theater mania here, and a splendid, brassy performance by Estelle Parsons as a lady whose earnest, vulgar amateurism has made her some kind of culture-hero. Martin Beck, 302 W 45th (246-6363).

Lily Tomlin in Appearing Nitely–A one-woman show with a cast of thousands, all of them crazy, and all beautifully observed. To dub Ms. Tomlin a "comic" is only to reveal the paucity of language; her impersonations are wildly comic, but also harrowingly real and often agonizingly poignant. An actress capable of such insight knows no horizons. Mon thru Thurs at 8; Fri & Sat at 7 & 10. Thru 5/21, Biltmore, 261 W 47th (582-5340).

The Magic Show–A musical with book by Bob Randall; music and lyrics by Stephen Schwartz, directed and choreographed by Grover Dale. Joseph Abaldo is starred as a Magician. Wed thru Sat at 7:30; Wed, Sat & Sun at 2; Sun at 5 p.m. Cort, 138 W 48th (489-6392).

Oh! Calcutta!–Revival of the musical devised by Kenneth Tynan. Sketches by Jules Feiffer, Leonard Melfi, John Lennon, David Newman, Robert Benton, Dan Greenburg, Sam Shepard. Mon, Tues, & Fri at 8; Sat at 7 & 9:30; Sun at 3 & 7 p.m. Wed at 2 & 8. Edison, 240 W 47th (757-7164).

Otherwise Engaged–With words wise and winged, Simon Gray shows us how easy it is to retreat into electronic armor and cut all communication with humanity. The play is, at once, both wittier and more profound than Gray's excellent *Butley* and, as directed by Harold Pinter, it becomes one of Broadway's few genuinely rewarding experiences. As the hero, a man on his way to becoming a robot, Tom Courtenay may be a little *too* charming, but his way with the language is indeed elegant. Plymouth, 236 W 45th (246-9156).

A Party–Adolph Green and Betty Comden are such charming hosts, and their song lyrics embody so much of the spirit of Broadway theater at its sassiest, most iconoclastic, that the "and-then-we-wrote" format of their retrospective becomes heady, classy entertainment of high order. Even their manner of presentation, at a "party" that looks more like a hangover, becomes immensely likeable. Little Theater, 240 W 44th (221-6425).

Pippin–The most beautifully gotten up musical ever to surround a near-vacuum, the "vacuum" being Roger O. Hirson's empty and pretentious book about Charlemagne's son. The "near" is Stephen Schwartz's music and lyrics, with an awkward, amateurish charm, but at least they have a somewhat medieval feel. Bob Fosse's only flaw is an excess of inventiveness. *(J.S.)* Tues, Wed & Sat at 8 p.m. Mat Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Minskoff, 45th W of Bdway (869-0550).

Romeo and Juliet–Imperative, but only because the radiant, enthralling Juliet of Pamela Payton-Wright outweighs a multitude of flaws. This Juliet is a complete person: vulnerable, ravished in ways she cannot bring herself to comprehend, drawing delight from the sheer beauty of Shakespeare's music and the events it underscores. Paul Rudd, the Romeo, is, as always, interesting, but his bumptiousness undermines credibility and his elocution is more

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Iowa than Italy. Ted Mann's direction lets the play sprawl shapelessly over the. Circle's impossible playing area, and the supporting cast seldom rises above mediocrity. Circle in the Square, 1633 Broadway (581-0720).

Same Time, Next Year–Sandy Dennis and Don Murray in a romantic comedy by Bernard Slade about an annual rendezvous that lasts for 25 years involving a pair who are married, but not to each other. A two-character play similar in theme to *Avanti*, and in quality to *The Voice of the Turtle*, it is genuinely funny, often moving and perspicacious Tues thru Sat at 8; Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3. *(J.S.)* Brooks Atkinson, 256 W 47th (245-3430).

The Shadow Box–Michael Cristofer's haunting play is set among terminal patients in a California hospital, and poses some daring questions about hopelessness and self-delusion. An altogether moving play, it even manages to be funny when circumstances permit. Gordon Davidson's direction of a superb nine-member cast approaches perfection; a superior evening all told. Morosco, 217 W 45th (246-6230).

Shenandoah–A musical by James Lee Barrett, P. Rose, P. Udell, and Gary Geld; directed by Philip Rose; stars William Chapman. It takes no Civil War expert to know that this foolish hyperanachronism has about as much to do with history as with wit, tunefulness, or basic intelligence. The book goes from nowhere to nowhere, unless commuting between jolly homespun philosphy and arrant tearjerking constitutes an itinerary. Tues thru Sat at 8 p.m.; Wed and Sat at 2 p.m. Sun at 3 p.m. *(J.S.)* Alvin 250 W 52nd (PL 7-8646).

FEATHERED FRIEND

Julie McKenzie, who, with Millicent Martin, David Kernan and Ned Sherrin, appear in **Side By Side By Sondheim,** a musical entertainment with works by Sondheim, Leonard Bernstein, Mary Rodgers, Richard Rodgers and Jule Styne. At the Music Box, 239 W 45th (246-6230).

Sly Fox–Larry Gelbart has misread a certain famous tombstone as "O Rape Ben Jonson," and has done just that in this gross, gaggy rewrite of *Volpone*. As the Fox himself, George C. Scott mistakes pose-striking for comic acting, and Arthur Penn's direction is a luckless try at creating a Jacobean *Hellzapoppin'*. Ugh. Tues thru Sat at 8; mat, Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3. Broadhurst, 235 W 44th (CI 6-6699).

The Wiz–New musical version of the *Wizard of Oz* with an all-black cast; by William F. Brown and Charlie Smalls; directed by Geoffrey Holder. Tues thru Sat at 7:30; Wed and Sat at 2 p.m.; Sun at 3 p.m. If you already know Oz, from the Baum books and the Garland movie, you're ahead of the game. *J.S.)* Majestic, 247 W 44th (246-0730).

Your Arms Too Short To Box With God–The Book of Matthew's greatest hits, turned into a generally lively gospel musical by Vinnette Carroll, Micki Grant, and Alex Bradford. Sometimes the wooing of audience by cast becomes a little blatant, but there is some spellbinding singing (notably by Salome Bey and Delores Hall) to set matters right. Tues thru Sun at 8; mat Sat at 2, Sun at 3. Lyceum, 149 W 45th (JU 2-3897).

OFF and OFF-OFF BROADWAY

CURRENT

Another Way To Love–Dramatization of fantasies. *Wine and post-play discussion. Fri & Sat at 8;* Project Theater, 127 Grand St (966-0322).

Arsenic and Old Lace–Revival of the Joseph Kesselring play, directed by Susan Schulman. Tues thru Sun at 8 p.m. Sat & Sun at 2:30. Equity Library Theater, 103rd & Riverside Drive (663-2028).

Ashes–David Rudkin's play begins as a witty, low-key piece about a couple struggling to have a baby; gradually, and inexorably, the scope widens to embrace a wide range of brilliant disturbing thoughts about life itself. The play (by a Britisher hitherto *unknown here) is something close to wonderful*, as is the performance by a four-member cast directed by Lynne Meadow. *Public*/Anspacher Theater, 425 Lafayette St (677-6350).

Cakes with the Wine–English-language play by Edward M. Cohen, about money—how it is used to communicate emotions; directed by Ran Avni. 4/21-5/15, Thurs & Sat at 8:30; Sun at 2:30. $2.50. Jewish Repertory, 344 E 14th (674-7200).

The Castle of Perseverance–The oldest extant English-language drama, a medieval miracle play written in 1422, directed by Stephanie Skura. 4/20-24, 4/27-5/1, at 8 p.m. $3.50. The Farthingale, 475 Broome St (226-7347).

Cacciatore–*Three one-act plays by Joseph Pintauro*, directed by Warren Robertson, Fri, Sat & Sun at 7:30, thru 5/8. $2.50. Actors Repertory, 1220 Bdway (564-1380).

The Club–It is Eve Merriam's conceit—and a rather good one, as it works out—that male villainy toward women is best definable in its own words. To that end, *she has peopled her* little revue with a goggle of sexist males singing sexist songs and telling *sexist jokes in a club at around* 1910; *the material* is all authentic of the period. As a final kicker, all the roles are played by women, and a perfectly splendid septet of transvestites they are. You probably have to see this for yourselves to understand why this rather special show is as delightful as it is. Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St (AL 4-6330).

Cold Storage–Martin Balsam and Michael Lipton as a *couple of patients on a hospital roof, infecting each* other and the audience with a terminal case of boredom. Ronald Ribman, the author, hasn't even gotten his medical facts right. Tues, Wed, Thurs, Sun at 7:30; Fri & Sat at 8; Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3. Thru 4/24. American Place Theater, 111 W 46th (246-3730).

Day One–A musical by Robert W. Preston about adventures in a fallout shelter, directed by Robert M. *Nigro. Thru 5/1, Thurs thru Sun*, at 8 p.m. 4/30, at 5 & 11. $2.50. Walden, 1 West 88th (874-7995).

Dirty Hands–Jean Paul Sartre's play, directed by Kirt Alexander. Thurs thru Sat, thru 4/30, at 8 p.m. $2.50. NYC Repertory, 437 E 46th (JU 6-3700).

Emigres–Slawomir *Mrozek's play in its American* premiere production. Directed by Tim Curnen, starring Kelly Monaghan and *Marcus Smythe. Thru* 4/24, Thurs thru Sat at 8; Sun at 3. $2.50. Theater Off Park, 28 E 35th (683-4991).

Endgame–Samuel Beckett's play, directed by Gene Feist. Tues thru Sat at 8 p.m. mat, Wed, Sat & Sun at 2 p.m. Thru 5/22. Roundabout Stage, 307 W 26th (924-7160).

The Fantasticks–In the zillionth year of its run, with its notable list of acting alumni, this innocuous drivel has finally found its audience: one man who attends regularly because it cures his insomnia. Tues-Fri at 8 p.m. Sat at 7 & 10; Sun at 3 & 7:30. Sullivan St Playhouse at Bleecker (OR 4-3838).

For the Use of the Hall–Oliver Hailey's play, directed by Ron Van Lieu, is about a group of losers who come together in a deserted summer house. Wed thru Fri at 7:30; Sat at 7 & 10; Sun at 3 p.m. $2.50. Playwrights Horizons, 416 W 42nd (LO 4-1235).

Gemini–Albert Innaurato's saga of life in a Philadelphia backyard is, at once, a stupendous verbal circus and a touching story of people desperately needing to be noticed. Innaurato writes extremely well, and his control over simultaneously ongoing lines of action is somewhat akin to Bach's mastery over fugues. Peter Mark Schifter's direction is splendid, and so is the cast, thru 5/1. Circle Repertory, 99 Seventh Ave So (924-7100).

Greenwich Village Follies–Revue, with music, lyrics, and vignettes by Ronnie Britton. Wed thru Sat at 8; Sat also at 10:30. Sun, 5 & 7:30. Cricket Theater, 162 *Second Ave* (533-8010).

The Great McDaddy–A Negro Ensemble Company production with libretto by Paul Carter Harrison and music by Coleridge-Taylor, directed by Douglas Turner Ward. Tues thru Fri at 8; Sat at 2:30 & 8:30; Sun at 2:30 & 7 p.m. Theater de Lys, 121 Christopher St (WA 4-8782).

La Guerre de Troie n'Aura pas Lieu (Tiger at the Gates)–Le Theatre de la Ville's production; directed

1.

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2. THE ALL DRESSED UP AND NO PLACE TO GO YOU SHOULDN'T WORRY REASON.

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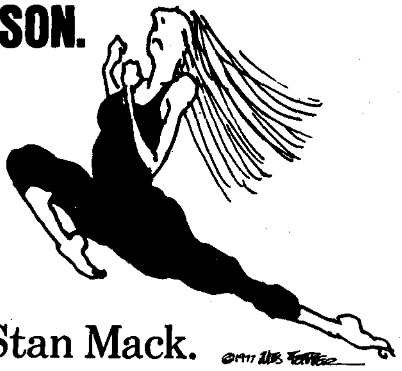
hy, Film, Art, Photography, Revie
ce, Music, Theatre, Listings, Riffs,

3. THE I'LL DANCE ANYWAY REASON.



With cartoonists Jules Feiffer, Ed Sorel, and Stan Mack.

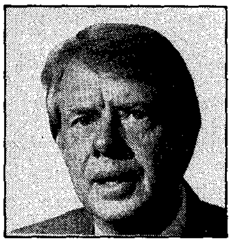
4. THE ROSALYNN CARTER, LINDA RONSTADT, BARYSHNIKOV REASON.

Or how interesting and uninteresting people make for interesting reading.

5. THE THANK GOD SOMEONE ELSE HAS THE SAME PROBLEMS I HAVE REASON.

Articles like A Woman Alone, The Nerveless Breakdown, Husband Dumping, and Why We Hate The Subways.

6. THE NO MATTER HOW GOOD HE MAY GET, WE'LL NEVER LEAVE JIMMY CARTER ALONE REASON.



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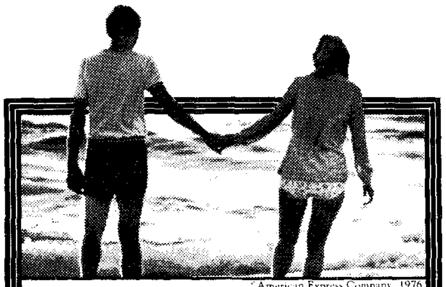

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AMERICAN EXPRESS® Travel Service

by Jean Mercure. In French with simultaneous translation into English. 4/20-30. City Center, 55th St betw 6th & 7th (246-8989).

Gulp!–Musical farce about six youths at the beach, directed by John Glines. 4/21-24. $3. The Glines, 260 W Bdway (925-2619).

Hagar's Children–Ernest Joselovitz's soap-sudded drama about disturbed children in a home, wherein promising dramatic situations are invariably reduced to cliche. Robert Graham Small directs a large, but only intermittently interesting cast. Public Martinson Hall, 425 Lafayette St (677-6350).

Happy End–The Bertolt Brecht-Kurt Weill musical is revived and stars Meryl Streep, Christopher Lloyd, Grayson Hall. It's about the Salvation Army colliding with a den of gangsters in pre-prohibition Chicago. Tues thru Sun at 8; Closes 4/30. Chelsea Theater, Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave (636-4100).

Hedda Gabler–Henrik Ibsen's drama of a desperate woman in confrontation with her own romantic myth. Lynn Lowery stars. 4/21-24, 28-30; 5/1, 5-8 at 8 p.m. $2.50. Stage 73, 321 E 73rd (242-3900).

Heat–William Hauptman's play, starring Richard Dow, directed by Sharon Barr. $2.50. Thurs thru Sun at 8 p.m. 4/21-5/8. Quaigh Theater, 108 W 43rd (221-9088).

The Homecoming–Harold Pinter's play, directed by Christopher Martin. Wed, Thurs, Fri at 8 p.m. Sat at 7 & 10:15; Sun at 3 & 7 p.m. thru 5/8. CSC Theater, 136 E 13th, at 3rd Ave (677-4210).

Jean Cocteau Repertory–Shelley's *The Cenci,* 4/22, 7:30; 4/24, 3 p.m., Wilde's *Salome,* 4/22, 23, 10:30; 4/24, 7 p.m. Shakespeare's *Macbeth,* 4/23, 7:30. Bouwerie Lane, 330 Bowery (677-0060).

Jockeys–A new play by Frank Spiering and Milton Katselas, directed by Katselas, with Gerald Arpino as choreographer. Tues thru Fri at 8 p.m. Sat at 7 & 10 p.m. Sun at 3 & 7 p.m. Promenade Theater, 2162 Broadway.

Jules Feiffer's Hold Me!–A revue of the Feiffer sketches, mostly taken from his weekly *levenshvetch* cartoons for *The Village Voice.* The cast of five is talented, but comic strips don't necessarily sound better than they look (unless Mayor La Guardia happens to be on sound). One or two longer sketches in the second half do make the evening bearable, however. Tues thru Fri at 8; Sat at 7:30 & 10; Sun at 3 & 7:30. $8.50 & $7.50 Westside Cabaret, 407 W 43rd (541-8394).

Kennedy's Children–Robert Patrick's play, directed by Lawrence Zucker. 4/22,29; 5/6,13,14, at 7:30; 4/23,30; 5/7, at 7 & 10; 5/1 at 3:30. $2.50. Frankel Theater, 1147 First Ave, at 63rd (421-1666).

Mamet's Plays–*Sexual Perversity in Chicago* and *Duck Variations,* two beautifully written, subtle, and wise short plays about — well, about life: young people's lives ruined by meddling "friends," old people's lives ruined by aching, desperate dullness. It's all treated with a fine, light touch, which the expert direction of Albert Takazauckas deftly underscores. Fri at 8; Sat at 7 & 10; Sun at 3 & 8. Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St (989-2020).

Manhattan Theatre Club–Janet Neipris's *Statues, Exhibition,* and *The Bridge at Belharbour.* Thurs thru Sat at 8 p.m. Sun at 3 p.m. Thru 4/24. $2.50. Theater, 321 E 73rd (472-0600).

Monsters–A double-bill about human oddities that begins nauseatingly with William Dews's *Side Show,* which is about murderous Siamese twins, but ends triumphantly with *The Transfiguration of Benno Blimpie,* Albert Innaurato's haunting allegory about a fat boy whom nobody loves. As James Coco sits and stuffs himself with food for an hour or so, unloved, Benno becomes transfigured into a repository for all the loathing and misunderstanding people are capable of visiting on one another. Astor Place Theater, 434 Lafayette St (254-4370).

Murder, My Sweet Matilda–Janet Green's play, directed by Edmund W. Trust. Fri & Sat at 10:30; Sun at 7:30. 4/22-5/22. $2.50. 18th St Playhouse, 145 W 18th, betw 6th & 7th (924-8400).

New York City Street Show–Peter Copani's musical drama about growing up in Greenwich Village. Fri, 7 & 10; Sat, 7 & 10; Sun at 3. $5 & $3.50. Greenwich House, 27 Barrow St (924-1892).

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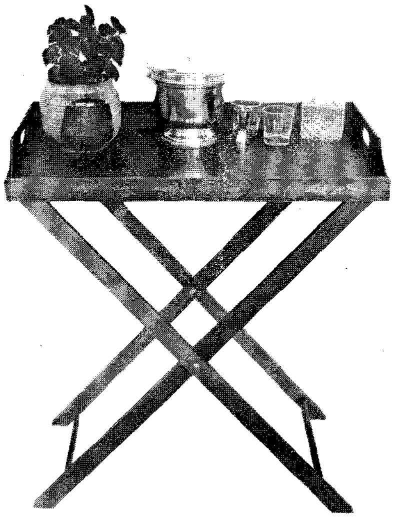

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Nightclub Cantata–A congenial revue of songs by the prolific and versatile Elizabeth Swados, arranged by her and sung with high style by eight immensely talented youngsters including the author. A few of the lovesongs are a mite sweet; one or two others stoop to the glitzy earnestness of Brel, but the show contains enough dazzling talent to outweigh passing flaws. Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker (982-9292).

Nobody Heard the Lions Roar–Leslie Holzer's play, which deals with the problems Americans face when embracing Far Eastern traditions. Thurs thru Sat at 8 p.m. 4/24-5/14. $2.50. Cubiculo, 414 W 51st, betw 9th & 10th (265-2138).

On the Lock In–A musical with book, music and lyrics by David Langston Smyrl; directed by Robert Macbeth. Action takes place in a prison. Public Theater/LuEsther Hall, 425 Lafayette St (677-1750).

A Pocketful of Posies–Fantasy by Sidney Morris, directed by Robert Stocking. Mon thru Wed, thru 5/4, at 8 p.m. $2.50. National Arts, 30 Bond St (674-9710).

The Refrigerators–Mario Fratti's play, directed by Ted Story. 4/22-5/14. Fri, Sat & Mon at 8; Sun at 3 (except 4/24,25). $2.50. I.R.T., 120 W 28th (243-7494).

Relationships–Phillip Hayes Dean's two one-acters, directed by Shauneille Perry. Thurs thru Sun at 7:30, 4/21-5/8. $3.50. E.S.T. Theater, 549 W 52nd (247-4982).

Rose Lynch Repertory–Chekhov's *The Boor.* Sundays at 7:30; $2. Jean Paul Sartre's *No Exit.* Fridays & Saturdays at 7:30; $3. Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave (GR 5-9647).

Round the Naked Round–A comedy-drama by A. R. Bell. Wednesdays through Saturdays thru 5/28. $5. Dramatis Personae, 114 W 14th (675-9922).

A Slight Case of Murder–Revival of the 1930s farce by Damon Runyon and Howard Lindsay; directed by Walter Landa. Fri & Sat at 8 p.m. Sun at 4 p.m. 4/22-5/1. All Souls Fellowship Hall, Lexington Ave & 80th (LE 5-5530).

Soho Rep–Shaw's *Back to Methuselah,* 4/23, 24, at 7:30; Wedekind's *Spring Awakening,* 4/22, 8:30; 4/23, 10:30, 4/24, 4:30. Theater, 19 Mercer St (925-2588).

Starting Here, Starting Now–Musical revue by Maltby and Shire, with Loni Ackerman, Margery Cohen and George Lee Andrews. Tues thru Sun at 8:45. Sat & Sun mat at 2:45. Barbarann Theater, 349 W 46th (581-3866).

Streamers–David Rabe's finest play so far, in a distinguished production by Mike Nichols, is enough to restore anyone's faith in the future of native theater. Externally, the play is about Vietnam-bound soldiers; underneath, it is about the way human beings struggle to find responsive chords in one another, and often fail. Tues-Sat at 7:30; Wed & Sat at 2:30; Sun at 3 p.m. Mitzi E. Newhouse, 150 W 65th (787-8080).

Strindberg Bill–Geraldine Page, Rip Torn, and Christopher Walken, in *The Creditors;* directed by Alfred Ryder. Geraldine Page, Amy Wright, and Judith L'Heureux in *The Stronger,* Directed by Rip Torn. Public/Newman Theater, 425 Lafayette St. (677-1750).

The Sunday Promenade–Comedy of family life written by the Swedish playwright Lars Forsell, directed by Bob Horen. 4/20, 22, 25, at 8 p.m. $3.50. Foundation Theater, 1147 First Ave (242-3900).

Three Chekhov Comedies–*The Boor, The Anniversary, The Marriage Proposal.* 4/23, 24, 29, 30, 5/1, 6, 7, 8, 13, 14, 15. Greenwich Mews, 141 W 13th, betw 6 & 7th (755-5120).

The Three Sisters–Chekhov's statement on the condition of women in turn-of-the-century Russia. Directed by Frank Dunlop, cast includes Rosemary Harris, Ellen Burstyn, Tovah Feldshuh, Austin Pendleton. 5/1-15. Helen Carey Playhouse, BAM, 30 Lafayette Ave, Bklyn (636-4100).

A Thousand Nights and a Night–A new version of the Arabian Nights, directed by Gerry Bamman, with music and dance. Tues thru Sun at 8; 4/19-5/22. $3.50 & $5. Manhattan Project, 105 Hudson St (966-6646).

Two Many Thumbs–Absurdist comedy by Robert Hivnor, directed by John Olon-Scrymgeour, dealing

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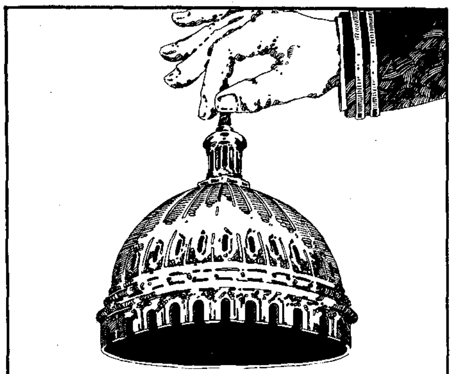

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with the evolution of higher consciousness in a chimp who makes his way into the laboratory of a behavioral scientist. 4/21-23, Thurs thru Sat at 8 p.m. $4. Cubiculo, 414 W 51st (265-2138).

Vanities–Three girls from Texas grow old but not up. Jack Heifner's attractive and nicely observed play covers familiar ground *(The Group, Grease, etc.)*, but Garland Wright's coiled-spring direction of a three-member cast (Sally Sockwell, Jane Galloway, Susan Merson) gives the work cogency and wit. Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (541-8394).

What the Butler Saw–Joe Orton's play, directed by Lynda Marchetti. Fri & Sat at 9; Sun at 2; thru 5/1. $3.50. Gallery Theater, 161 W 22nd (LT 1-6470).

Excerpted from Alan Rich's reviews

New York Ticket Service

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After Dark

NIGHTCLUBS

Barbizon Plaza Library–6th Ave, betw 58th & 59th. Lively discotheque, open Mon thru Fri, 4:30 p.m. to 3 a.m.; Sat, 9 p.m.-3 a.m.; Sun, 8 p.m. to 2 a.m. (CI 7-7000).

Cachaça–403 E 62nd. Mirrors, marble-topped tables, potted palms, gray velvet Chesterfield sofas, and singer Joyce Silveira with the Milito Trio in evenings of non-stop popular Brazilian music, from 10 to 3 a.m. (688-8501).

Chateau Madrid–48th & Lexington. Los Chavales de España, with singer Luis Tamayo, here thru April, twice nightly, Tues thru Fri. Sat, three shows. Sun, two shows. In the Flamenco Room, at 9:45, dancer Carmen Acevedo. Closed Mondays. (PL 2-8080).

Cleo's–Bdway & 63rd St. (opposite Lincoln Center). Mabel Mercer sings at 10 and 12, Tues thru Sat, accompanied by her long-time aide de melody, pianist Jimmy Lyon (724-6301).

Copacabana–10 E 60th. Restaurant-discoteque with entertainment, Tues thru Sat, Dancing Fri & Sat. Closed Mondays (PL 5-6010).

Dangerfield's–1118 First Ave. Singers Kitt Moran and John Christie join Rodney thru 4/24, at 9:30 & 11:30 (593-1650).

Hippopotamus II–405 E 62nd A pretty place with a fireplace, an English club atmosphere, and a fine chef. Plus disco-dancing from 10 to 4 a.m. nightly (486-1566).

Jimmy Weston's–131 E 54th. The Tommy Furtado Trio, Mon thru Fri, and the Bernie Leighton Quartet play for dancing Sat & Sun (838-8384).

Koatails–1189 First Avenue. New discotheque, right out of Busby Berkeley, tuxedoed waitresses, demonstrations of period dances (535-6423).

Les Mareyeurs–998 Madison, betw 77th & 78th. Elegant French seafood spot, with Ronny Whyte at the keyboard Tues thru Sat (628-3333).

Once Upon a Stove–325 Third Avenue. Restaurant-cum-antique shop. In the Valentine Room Mon thru Sat at 9 & 11, on Fridays & Saturdays, they feature a whole slew of comediennes (683-0044).

L'Oubliette–2 W 55th. Soul French discotheque with fine music and atmosphere (265-1595).

Playboy Club–5 E 59th. In the Playroom: Prof. Irwin Corey thru 5/7, Mon thru Fri. In the Living Room: the Jack Wilkins Trio, Mon thru Fri, 5 to 7 p.m. For keyholders only (752-3100).

Rainbow Grill–65th floor, Rockefeller Center. Comfortable dining, Picasso tapestries, a world-famous view, and thru 4/23, singer Freda Payne, at 9 p.m. and midnight. 4/25-5/7, Myron Cohen plus Peters and Lee (PL 7-9090).

Reflections–40 E 58th. Bi-level discotheque, open Mon to Thurs, 5 p.m. to 1 a.m.; 10 p.m. to 4 a.m. on Fri & Sat (MU 8-3365).

Reno Sweeney–126 W 13th. Shows at 9 & midnight; 4/19-5/1, Barbara Cook sings (691-0900).

Tuxedo Ballroom–190 Third, at 17th. A really imaginative new discotheque, all scintillation, and mirrors, with loud music; downstairs from that estimable eatery known as Tuesdays (533-7902).

THE HOTEL ROOMS

Biltmore, 43rd St & Madison (687-7000). **Under the Clock:** Dancing to the music of the Phillips Bros, Mon thru Fri, from 8 p.m. to 1.

Carlyle, Madison at 76th (RH 4-1600). **Cafe:** Thru 6/26, singer-pianist Bobby Short. **Bemelmans Bar:** The effervescent Marion McPartland, another English transplant, tenderly interprets ballads, and offers strong-minded, rhythmically adept improvisation—a first-rate jazz pianist.

Sherry Netherlands, 5th Ave at 59th St (759-9020). **Le Petit Restaurant:** Pianist Cyril Haynes plays Mon & Tues and pianist Earl Rose plays pop, classical tunes, Wed thru Fri, 8 to 1 a.m.

St. Regis-Sheraton, 5th Ave & 55th (PL 3-4500). **King Cole Grill:** Pianist-composer Ray Hartley plays Mon thru Fri, 5:30-11 p.m. **Lounge:** Bill McCauley plays Mon thru Sat, 7 to 1 a.m.

Stanhope Hotel, 5th Ave & 81st (288-5800). **Rembrandt Room:** at 9:15 & 11 p.m. Tuesdays through Saturdays, pianist George Feyer.

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Ballroom–458 W Bdway. Song stylist Baby Jane Dexter here thru 5/1, at 8:30 & 10:30 Tues thru Thurs & Sun; Fri & Sat at 9:30 & 11:30 (473-9367).

Ali's Alley–77 Greene Street. Philly Joe Jones, the nonperiel drummer who resides in Philly, is here thru 4/23, with the Grand Prix Quartet. He's one of the giants and has never played better. On Mondays, tenor saxophonist-arranger Frank Foster leads a big band with a fierce rhythm section and several adept soloists (226-9042).

Angry Squire–216 Seventh Ave at 23rd. Restaurant-club with jazz Fri thru Sun, 9 to 3 a.m. The Chuck Fowler jazz trio, with bassist Duke Cleamons, and Tera Okamoto on drums (242-9066).

Bar None–167 E 33rd. Pianist-singer Dardenelle presides over this handsome restaurant; she plays with Tatumesque breeziness and sings in a manner reminiscent of Lee Wiley. Tues thru Sat, 7 p.m. to midnight (684-3223).

Le Beau Pere–13 Eighth Ave, at 12th St. Rumanian-French restaurant, with entertainment by autoharpist-singer Kendall McKee, appearing Tues thru Sun from 7 p.m. to midnight (242-9241).

Christy's Skylight Gardens–64 W 11th. Lovely glass-enclosed dining garden, with a fireplace when there's a chill. Singer Beryl Title and her company are here to entertain thru 4/30 (673-5720).

Chung Kuo Yuan–1115 Third Ave (at 65th). Legendary saloon singer-pianist Hugh Shannon entertains Wed thru Sun at this new Chinese restaurant, from 9 thru 2 a.m. (371-9090).

Cookery–University Pl & 8th. Joe Turner backed by an excellent Los Angeles-based blues pianist named Lloyd Glenn, and the gifted guitarist Wayne Wright, is shouting his Kansas City verse with impregnable authority, and should not be missed. On Sundays, 8 to 1 a.m., boogie woogie specialist Sammy Price (OR 4-4450).

Crawdaddy–45th St & Vanderbilt. A New Orleans restaurant with entertainment by Frankie Dash Trio, thru 5/5, Mon thru Fri, 6:30 to 11:30 (889-8331).

Eddie Condon's–144 W 54th. The houseband, Red Balaban and Cats, includes the genial, clever, and occasionally moving trombonist Vic Dickenson, a true stylist of the horn, as well as clarinetist Herbie Hall, trumpeter Ed Polcer, and drummer Connie Kay. 4/19, soprano saxist Kenny Davern. 4/24, guitarists Marty Grosz and Wayne Wright; pianist John Punch (265-8277).

Gaslight Club–124 E 56th. Based in three converted townhouses, there's dining; there's pianist-singer Phyliss Lavsky; there's pianist-singer George Mahoney; there's Sam Ulano's Speakeasy Four, with Dixieland jazz—all on different floors (752-2500).

Grand Finale–210 W 70th. Large room with dining. At 9, 10:30 & midnight, thru 4/30, singer Julie Budd. No shows on Sundays (595-4206).

Gregory's–First Ave at 63rd. Four combos: Wed, thru Sun, pianist and Ellington scholar Brooks Kerr leads a trio with drummer Sonny Greer, who was an Ellingtonian before Ellington, and must be seen, and clarinetist Russell Procope, a star in the Ellington constellation for more than 20 years. They are joined by singer Alicia Sherman. Mon. and Tue., two bop masters, Al Haig and Chuck Wayne, are joined by bassist Jamil Nasser. Mon. thru Sat, 4 to 8, the Gene Roland Trio. Sundays from 5:30 to 9:30, the Warren Chiasson trio (371-2220).

Jimmy Ryan's–154 W 54th. The electrifying Roy Eldridge, in his seventh year at the club, is playing as brilliantly and movingly as ever. On Sundays, Max Kaminsky, another volatile trumpeter, opts for earlier stylistic parameters (CO 5-9505).

Larson's–1160 Third Ave. Ellis Larkins is a pianist who specializes in the understated: his swing is subliminal, his touch feather light, his ideas tart but fleeting. He's accompanied by bass and drums (744-2540). (744-2540).

Michael's Pub–211 E 55th. 4/19-5/14, Red Norvo, vibraphonist. Tues thru Sat, with music from approximately 9:15. Woody Allen continues to hold forth with jam sessions on Monday evenings (PL 8-2272).

Nickel's–227 E 67th. Pianist-singer Jerry Scott specializing in show tunes, Tues thru Sat, from 8 on. Audience can sing along (794-2331).

Onde–2nd Ave at 50th. Supper club with soft-sell medleys by pianist Bill Russell, every night but Monday, when Neapolitan troubadour Dino Palmero entertains. Closed Sundays (752-9631).

The Other End–149 Bleecker. 4/20-24, The Allesi Brothers (673-7030).

Sacred Cow–228 W 72nd. Lovely dining place. Ernie Kemm is at the keyboard nightly. Waitresses and waiters participate in the entertainment (873-4067).

Storyville–41 E 58th. One of the most exciting of tenor men, Illinois Jacquet leads a trio with organist Milt Buckner thru Saturday. Jacquet is renowned, if that's the word, as a honker, but he's also an authority on the delivery of ballads. Gil Evans's band is here Monday nights (755-1640).

Stryker's–103 W 86th. The New California Ramblers, under the direction of cornettist Richard Sudhalter, are here Mondays and Tuesdays, and are too much fun to miss. The music includes arrangements from the Henderson and Goldkette bands, and its interpreters include Eddie Barefield, Tommy Benford, two bass saxophonists, and a reed virtuoso named Al Gallodoro, who plays quite unlike any other saxophonist. Lee Konitz's wonderful nonet is in Wednesdays and Thursdays; and the Joe Puma-Danny Styles quartet on Fridays and Saturdays (874-8754).

Sweet Basil–88 Seventh Ave So. On Mondays, Bob Mover, a prodigious altoist who combines the side-glance notes of Konitz with the brazen rhythms of Rollins, has a quartet; Richie Beirach, a pianist of no little technique, leads his quartet on Sundays (242-1785).

Tramps–125 E 15th. Due to popular demand, they say, Helen Schneider, with her program of contemporary blues and ballads, thru 4/23, Wed thru Sat, at 10 & midnight (260-0370).

Village Gate–Bleecker at Thompson. 4/22, 23, Cecil Taylor and Anthony Braxton. Fridays, 9:30 & 11:30. Saturdays, 9:30, 11:30, and 1:30 a.m. (GR 5-5120).

West End Cafe–2911 Broadway, at 113th. This popular restaurant-music room has become the home for a mini-jazz festival with legendary names from the swing era proving the timelessness of their original ideas: Mondays, Tuesdays, the Frank Williams Four; Wednesdays, Jo Jones, the premiere drummer, raconteur, conjurer, leads a quartet of friends—they change—and the evening meshes historic ruminations with the classiest rhythms imaginable; Thursdays & Fridays, George Kelly's Jazz Sultans. Saturdays & Sundays, the Tiny Grimes Trio (666-8750).

Television

Monday, April 18

All That Glitters: Norman Lear's new series wherein men and women are biologically the same as they were created, but culturally and socially their positions are reversed from what we experience: women in the series dominate life, love and business, returning home to the waiting arms of their various homehusbands. With Lois Nettleton, Barbara Baxley, Anita Gillette, Chuck McCann, Wes Parker, Vanessa Brown, and many, many others. (Channel 11, Monday through Friday, 11:30 to midnight)

Wednesday, April 20

Mysteries of the Great Pyramid: A special exploring the enigmas of the Great Pyramid of Giza, a symbol of the mystery and sacred lore of the ancient Egyptians, with Omar Sharif as host. Viewers will be taken on a journey inside this man-made, 500-foot stone mountain to explore its mystery, and "secret energies." (Channel 2, 8 to 9 p.m.)

President Carter's Energy Address Before a Joint Session of Congress: Live coverage of the president's new energy proposals, followed by expert analysis. (Channel 13, 9 to 11 p.m.) (Channel 2, 9 to 10 p.m.)

Friday, April 22

Men, Women: What's the Difference: The first national TV test on sex differences, using as its basis a Harris Poll on attitudes toward sex roles. First of five broadcasts about the status of women in American society today. (Channel 13, 9 to 10 p.m.)

Sunday, April 24

Camera Three: Part I of two programs of authentic 12th-century medieval music, performed by the Waverly Consort, a group of nine young singers and performers who use nearly 50 different reproductions of musical instruments dating back to the Renaissance and baroque period. Filmed at the Cloisters. Today's program is about *The First Troubadours.* Next Sunday: *The Age of Eleanor of Aquitaine.* (Channel 2, 11 to 11:30 a.m.)

Tuesday, April 26

The American Short Story–Two of our great twentieth-century writers are represented tonight. Ernest Hemingway's *Soldier's Home* deals with a man who returns from the war and finds a sense of alienation emanating from his friends and relatives. Richard Backus and Nancy Marchand are features. Richard Wright's *Almos' a Man* tells the story of a black, teenaged farm worker who yearns to own and master a gun. LeVar Burton stars. (Channel 13, 8 to 9:30 p.m.)

Ann-Margret...Rhinestone Cowgirl: A tribute to the world of country music in its own locale, Opryland's Grand Ole Opry House, Nashville. Ann-Margret's guests are Perry Como, Minnie Pearl, Bob Hope, and Chet Atkins. (Channel 4, 9 to 10 p.m.)

The Best of Ernie Kovacs–First in a series of programs featuring the best of Kovacs's brilliant sketches, sight gags and blackouts, hosted by Jack Lemmon. Tonight we meet that immortal, near-sighted poet, Percy Dovetonsils; the girl in the bathtub; two monkeys commenting on the space program, and Ernie's own interpretation of musicals and westerns. (Channel 13, 9:30 to 10 p.m.)

CBS Reports on The Baseball Business: The mythic Yankees are the focus of the broadcast and the representatives of what baseball has become. The newly-moneyed ballplayer as a major financial acquisition is profiled by Bill Moyers, from the protypical Jim "Catfish" Hunter to the Yankees' speculative investment of over $3 million—outfield star Reginald Martinez Jackson. (Channel 2, 10 to 11 p.m.)

Sounds Like Home: A Mac Davis special featuring George Carlin, Dolly Parton, Donna Summer, blues guitarist Furry Lewis, and special guest star Tom Jones, in a program ranging from *Moondance* to *Bring It Home to Me.* (Channel 4, 10 to 11 p.m.)

"With a glass of Murphy's in his hand"

Helen Harte
2249 Glendon Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. 90064

Congratulations, Helen Harte. You're a finalist in the Second Annual Irish Whiskey Poetry Competition. Your winning entry is printed here as promised in Rules Of The Competition:

It was my father's country, never
really mine,
But he told me tales of this mystic
magic land
Where sorrow was enjoyed and every
misty day was fine,
And a man could dream an ancient dream—
With a glass of Murphy's in his hand.

I have gone back many times,
Made more trips than I'd ever planned,
Heard Caeli music and Celtic rhymes,
And met a man who stood alone—
With a glass of Murphy's in his hand.

I walked Dublin's rainy streets at dawn,
And watched the Irish sea meet
Wexford's sand.
I have seen Cu Chulainn's sons mourn
ghosts long gone.
And follow a sad dark ageless woman—
With a glass of Murphy's in her hand.

New entries to our Second Annual Irish Whiskey Poetry Competition are still being gratefully received. Submit your poems about Murphy Irish Whiskey to Irish Whiskey Poetry Competition, Austin, Nichols & Co.,
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Contest is open to all readers of this magazine except employees or their families of Austin, Nichols & Co., its affiliated companies and their advertising agencies. Five finalists will be chosen from entries submitted before closing date of contest. September 30, 1977. Poems of finalists will appear, with your consent, in a future Murphy advertisement. Every entrant will receive an "Honorary Irish Poet" certificate. Judges will be appointed by Austin, Nichols & Co. Decision of the judges is final. Entrants must be of legal drinking age in home state. Offer void where prohibited.

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The Bronx Zoo

Admission to the Zoo from Friday through Monday is $1.50 for adults and 75¢ for children. It's open every day and it's easy to get there. To reach the Zoo by car from Long Island, Westchester County Rockland County, Connecticut or New Jersey, take Bronx River Parkway and exit at "Bronx Zoo" to the Zoo's parking field. Convenient subway and express bus service from Manhattan, as well as bus service from Queens and in the Bronx is available. For more information, call (212) 220-5100.

Children

Children's Improvisational Company, New Media Studio, 350 E 81st St. (249-9872). *Alfred the Dragon,* Sat at 3:30; *Spinning Top,* Sun at 2.

Courtyard Playhouse, 39 Grove St. (765-9540). *Cinderella,* Sat & Sun at 1:30; *Jack and the Beanstalk,* Sat & Sun at 3.

Penny Jones & Co., 215 W 11th St. (924-4589). *The Magic Forest,* (puppets), 4/23-24 at 1:30.

Laws, magic, Nathan's in Times Square (594-7455), 4/24 at 1 & 3.

Meri Mini Players, Hotel Opera, Broadway at 76th St. (221-7235). *Dorothy & the Wizard of Oz,* Sat at 2:30.

Magic Towne House, 1026 Third Ave. (752-1165). Magic shows Sat & Sun at 1, 2:30 & 4.

Richard Morse Mime Theater, 224 Waverly Pl. (242-0530). *A Chip off the Old Munk,* Sat & Sun at 2.

New York Experience, McGraw-Hill Bldg., Sixth Ave. bet. 48th & 49th Sts. (869-0345), Mon-Thurs 11-7, Fri & Sat 11-8, Sun 12-8.

Off Center Theater, NY Society for Ethical Culture, 2 W 64th St. (874-5200). *Frankenstein,* 4/24 at 2 & 3:30.

Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave. (475-9647). *Hansel & Gretel,* Sat at 2:30; *Cinderella,* Sun at 2:30.

13th Street Theater, 50 W 13th St. (924-9785). *Gingerbread,* (musical), Sat & Sun at 1 & 3.

We Three, The Little Synagogue, 27 E 20th St. (255-0469). *Gabriel and Sir Hopper,* 4/24 at 2.

CONCERTS, OPERA, DANCE, MUSEUMS EDITED BY GERARD KAVANAGH

Concerts

Extended Runs

Lily Tomlin, Biltmore Theater, 261 W 47th St. (582-5340). Thru 5/21. Performances are Tues-Fri at 8, Sat at 7 & 10, and Sun at 3 & 7:30.

Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Circus, Madison Square Garden. Thru 6/5. For performance times call (564-4400).

Nana Mouskouri, Broadway Theater, Broadway at 53rd St. (221-3551), 4/26-29 at 8, 4/30 at 2 & 8, 5/1 at 3.

Sonny & Cher, Westbury Music Fair, 4/25-28 at 8:30, 4/29 at 8, 4/30 at 7 & 10:30, 5/1 at 7:30.

In Performance, Diplomat Hotel Grand Ballroom, 108 W 43rd St. (691-3210). A new series of music and dance. Mon-Thurs at 8, Sun at 3; 4/25 thru 5/9.

Tuesday, April 19

New York Philharmonic, Avery Fisher Hall; Daniel Barenboim conducts, with Pinchas Zukerman, violin. Works of Elgar, Bruch, and Bassett, at 7:30.

Berlin Philharmonic Octet, Carnegie Hall, at 8.

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, Alice Tully Hall, at 7:30.

Enid Dale, piano, Federal Hall National Memorial, Wall & Broad Sts. (264-4451), at 5:30.

Boston, Madison Square Garden, at 8.

New Structures Ensemble, Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. (663-7621), at 8.

Juilliard String Quartet, 92nd St. Y, at 8.

William Black, piano, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.

Beth Craig, cello, Mannes College of Music, at 8.

Jemeel Moondoc Ensemble, Ladies' Fort, at 8.

Wednesday, April 20

America/Burton Cummings, Nassau Coliseum, at 8.

Minnesota Orchestra, Carnegie Hall. Works of Bartok, Berlioz, and Bruch, at 8.

We Are Here, Avery Fisher Hall, at 8.

Chamber Music, 92nd St. Y, at 8.

Thomas Hooper, French horn, Mannes College of Music, at 8.

Original Traditional Jazz Band, Tin Palace, Bowery at 2nd St. (787-2288), at 9.

Ensemble Alfredo, 13th St. Studio, 60 E 13th St. (475-1480), at 8.

Juilliard Student Concert, Alice Tully Hall, at 1.

Clifford Jordan, Ladies' Fort, at 8.

Guarneri Quartet, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.

Thursday, April 21

New York Philharmonic, Avery Fisher Hall; Daniel Barenboim conducts, with the Camerata Singers. Works of Mozart, at 8:30.
Parnassus Trio, chamber music, Theodore Roosevelt Birthplace, 28 E 20th St. (264-4451), at 7.
Denise Kahn, piano, Mannes College of Music, at 8.
League/ISCM Concert, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.
Guarneri Quartet, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.
Billy Lyles, Ladies' Fort, at 8.

Friday, April 22

New York Philharmonic, Avery Fisher Hall. Same program as 4/21, at 2.
Steve Allen, Avery Fisher Hall, at 8.
Concertante Ensemble, CAMI Hall, at 8.
Eddie Jefferson, jazz, Shepheards in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (421-0900), at noon.
Juilliard Student Concert, Alice Tully Hall, at 8:30.
Marion Feldman, cello, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.
Collegium for Early Music, Greenwich House Music School, 46 Barrow St. (242-4770), at 8.
Western Wind Vocal Ensemble, Cooper Union Auditorium, 7 E 7th St. (850-1346), at 8.
Dizzy Reese Ensemble, Ladies' Fort, at 8.
Karen Klein, violin, Mannes College of Music, at 8.
Alfonia Tims, jazz, Artists Space, 105 Hudson St. (226-3970), at 8:30.

Saturday, April 23

New York Philharmonic, Avery Fisher Hall. Same program as 4/21, at 8:30.
Alicia de Larrocha, piano, 92nd St. Y, at 8.
Brahms Program, Carnegie Hall; Charlotte Bergen conducts, at 2:30.
Concert Party, Marris Brody, piano, Barbizon, Lexington Ave. at 63rd St. (838-5700), at 8:30.
Charles Libove, violin/**Nina Lugovoy,** piano, Alice Tully Hall, at 3.
Tomas Kramreiter, piano, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 2:30.
Laurie Anderson, The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. (925-3615), at 8:30.
Bach Festival Orchestra, Hunter College Playhouse, Lexington Ave. at 68th St. (360-2338), at 8.
Genie Sherman & Friends, Ladies' Fort, at 8.
Stony Brook University Concert, Alice Tully Hall, 8.
Da Vinci Chambers Players, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8:30.
Alfonia Tims, jazz, Artists Space, 105 Hudson St. (226-3970), at 8:30.

Sunday, April 24

Buffalo Philharmonic Orchestra, Carnegie Hall; Michael Tilson Thomas conducts, with Susan Davenny Wyner, soprano. Works of Mahler & Berlioz, at 3.
Anthony Newman, Alice Tully Hall, at 2:30.
Lewis McMillan Minishow, magic & mime, Ladies' Fort, at 4.
Jessye Norman, soprano, Avery Fisher Hall, at 3.
Stephen Leonard, classical guitar, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 2:30.
Laurie Anderson, The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. (925-3615), at 8:30.
Florilegium Portense, Gustavus Adolphus Church, 155 E 22nd St., at 8.
Concordia College Choir, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.
Rawn Spearman, baritone, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 5:45.
Sandro, Argentine music, Felt Forum, at 3 & 7.
Frank Alcamo, guitar, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8:30.
Hot Jazz Trio, Beefsteak Charlie's, Fifth Ave. at 12th St. (787-2288), at 9.
Cosmopolitan Symphony Orchestra & Boys Choir of Harlem & Zion Baptist Church Choir, Avery Fisher Hall. *Elijah,* at 8.
The Music Project, Marymount Manhattan Theater, 221 E 71st St. (472-3800), at 7.
Bronx Arts Ensemble, Wave Hill, Independence Ave. at 249th St. (548-4445), at 4.

Monday, April 25

Amor Artis Chamber Orchestra, Alice Tully Hall, 8.
Gil Coggins Trio, Ladies' Fort, at 8.
Bang-Hee Lee, violin, Mannes College of Music, at 8.
Philadelphia Orchestra, Avery Fisher Hall, at 8.

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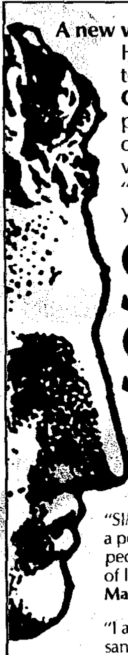

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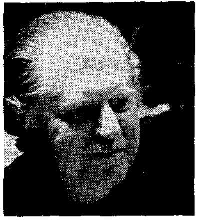

Pianist Eugene List gives his first concert recital in New York since 1975 on Monday, April 25 at 8 in the Kauffmann Concert Hall of the 92nd St. Y. (at Lexington Ave.). The program will feature works by Beethoven, Brahms, Schumann, Debussy, Ravel, and Reinagle (427-6000).

Jong Young Lee, cello, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.
Jacynthe Couture, piano, CUNY Graduate Center, 33 W 42nd St. (790-4331), at 8.

Tuesday, April 26

New York Philharmonic, Avery Fisher Hall; Pierre Boulez conducts. Works of Mozart, at 7:30.
Philip Martorella, piano, Mannes College of Music, 8.
Marty Cook's NY Sound Explosion, Ladies' Fort, 8.
Daniel Heifetz, violin, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.
Parnassus Trio, chamber music, Federal Hall National Memorial, Wall & Broad Sts. (264-4451), at 5:30.
Aviva Players, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.
Sung Ju Lee, violin, 92nd St. Y, at 8.

MUSIC DIRECTORY

Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave (636-4100).
Brooklyn College, Whitman Hall & Gershwin Theater, Campus Rd & Hillel Pl (859-1180).
CAMI Hall, 165 W 57th (972-0113).
Carnegie Hall and Carnegie Recital Hall, Seventh Ave at 57th (247-7459).
City Center, 131 W 55th (246-8989).
Ladies' Fort, 2 Bond St. (677-9728).
Lincoln Center: Alice Tully Hall, 1941 Broadway (362-1911). Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center Plaza (874-2424). Library-Museum, 111 Amsterdam Avenue (799-2200). American Ballet Theater (799-3100). New York State Theater (877-4727). Juilliard Theater, Lincoln Center Plaza (799-5000).
Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave at 33rd (563-8000).
Mannes College of Music, 157 E 74th (737-0700).
Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. (516-794-9100).
92nd St YM-YWHA, Kaufmann Concert Hall, Lexington Ave & 92nd (427-6000).
Palladium, 126 E 14th (249-8870).
Queens College, Colden Auditorium, L.I. Expressway & Kissena Blvd. (793-8080).
Town Hall, 123 W 43rd (582-4536).
Uris Theater, 1633 Bdwy (586-6510).
Westbury Music Fair, Brush Hollow Rd., Westbury, L.I. (516-333-0533).

Opera

NEW YORK CITY OPERA
NEW YORK STATE THEATER

Tues, 4/19 at 8: **Die Fledermaus** with Allison, Rolandi, Griffith, Roe. Conductor: Pallo; directors: Freedman & Getke; designers: Evans & Aldredge. Wed, 4/20 at 8: **La Belle Hélène** with Daniels, Price, Billings, McKee. Conductor: Effron; director: Eddleman; designers: Evans & Campbell. Thurs, 4/21 at 8: **Madama Butterfly** with Craig, Walker, Toro, Scano. Conductor: Campanino; director: Corsaro; designer: Evans. Fri, 4/22 at 8: **The Impresario** with Brooks, Young, Billings. **La Voix Humaine** with Niska, Pallo. **L'Histoire du Soldat** with Lankston, Smith. Conductor: Pallo; directors: Corsaro & Compton; designers: Evans & Capecce. Sat, 4/23 at 2: **Oedipus Rex** with Bible, Taylor, Pierson. **Carmina Burana** with Haley, Morales, Roe. Conductor: Rosenthal; directors: Hicks & Butler; designers: Sylbert & Morley. Sat, 4/23 at 8: **La Traviata** with Robinson, Hegierski, Price, Elvira. Conductor: Campanino; director: Corsaro; designers: Fletcher & Campbell. Sun, 4/24 at 1: Trilogy (Same

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cast as 4/22). Sun, 4/24 at 7: **Rigoletto** with Rolandi, Vergara, Elvira. Conductor: Campanino; director: Corsaro; designers: Evans & Varona. Tues, 4/26 at 8: Trilogy (Same cast as 4/22).

Dance

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Cynthia Gregory, America's greatest native dancer, opens the American Ballet Theater's season in *Swan Lake* on April 18th at 7:30, with Ivan Nagy as her prince. This is Cynthia's first lead in *Swan Lake* since her triumphant return to the company this past season. At the Metropolitan Opera House (799-3100).

Mon, 4/18 at 7:30: *Swan Lake.* Tues, 4/19 at 8: *Swan Lake.* Wed, 4/20-Fri, 4/22 at 8: *La Bayadère; Pillar of Fire; Le Sacre du Printemps.* Sat, 4/23 at 2 & 8: *Swan Lake.* Mon, 4/25 at 8: *La Bayadère; Pillar of Fire; Le Sacre du Printemps.* Tues, 4/26 at 8: *Shadowplay; Firebird; Pas de Deux; Push Comes to Shove.*

JOSE LIMON DANCE COMPANY
ROUNDABOUT THEATER

Mon, 4/18 at 8: *Ritmo Jondo; Landscapes; Cassandra; Psalm.* Tues, 4/19 at 7: Same program as 4/18. Wed, 4/20 at 8: *Choreographic Offering; Phantasmagoria; The Green Table.* Thurs, 4/21 at 2: Same program as 4/20. Thurs, 4/21 at 8: *Air for the G String; Two Ecstatic Themes; The Shakers: Landscapes; The Green Table.* Fri, 4/22 at 8: *Ritmo Jondo; The Winged; The Emperor Jones.* Sat, 4/23 at 2: Same program as 4/22. Sat, 4/23 at 8: *Air for the G String; Two Ecstatic Themes; The Shakers; The Moor's Pavane; Psalm.*

OTHER

Mummenschanz, Bijou Theater, 209 W 45th St. (221-8500). Thru 5/1. Performances are Mon-Sat at 8 with matinees Wed & Sat at 2.

Art

Galleries are open Tues.-Sat. from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6. Exceptions are noted. Asterisk denotes shows of special distinction. Art listings edited by Holly Pinto.

SOLOS

57th STREET

*__Bernard Chaet__–Kitchen utensils, food and clothing in oils and watercolors by well-known draftsman, thru 4/23. Pearl, 29 W 57th (838-6310).

*__Gene Davis__–Rectangle paintings from 1957 to 1958, 4/23-5/12. Fischbach, 29 W 57th (PL9-2345).

*__Roy De Forest__–Dogs, rabbits, and horses in bucolic landscapes and constructions, thru 4/29. Frumkin, 50 W 57th (757-6655). Mon-Fri 10-6, Sat 12-5:30.

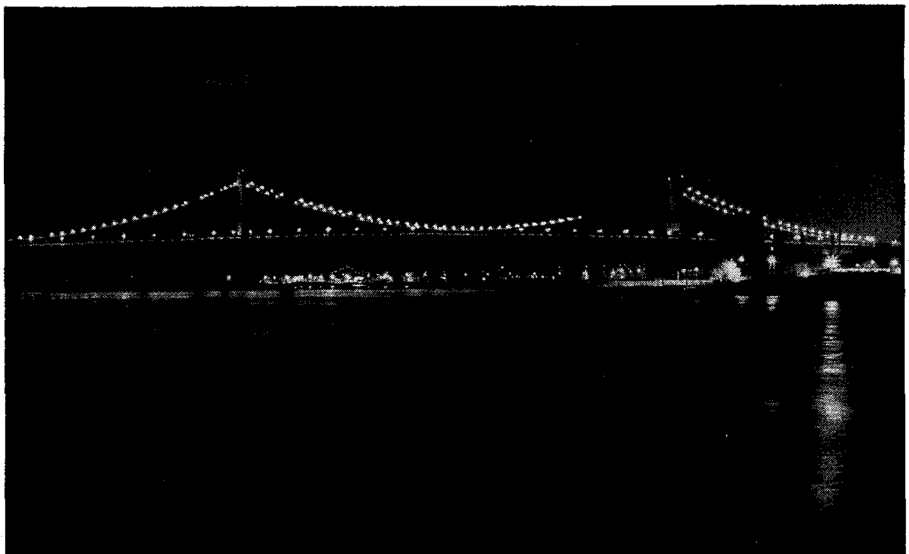
*__Jean Dubuffet__–*Theatres de memoire,* collages of cut-out paintings that seem to resume the history of art and the history of Jean Dubuffet with simultaneous gusto. A remarkable return to his more painterly, luxurious manner; thru 4/23. Pace, 32 E 57th (HA1-3292).

Ruth Eckstein/Frank Metz–Frottages, rubbings from textured surfaces onto handmade paper/Marshes and rocks in oils, drawings, and watercolors, thru 4/28, Alonzo, 30 W 57th (586-2500).

Maurice Freedman–Still-lifes and landscapes, thru 5/14. Midtown, 11 E 57th (PL8-1900).

Carol Hamoy–Paintings, thru 5/5. Viridian, 24 W 57th (245-2882).

*__Grace Hartigan__–Recent paintings, craypas drawings, and oils on paper—vigorous, enthusiastic, semi-



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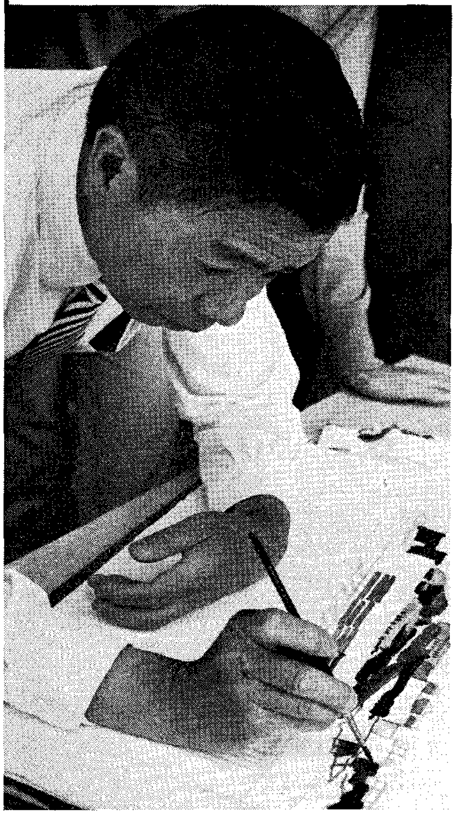

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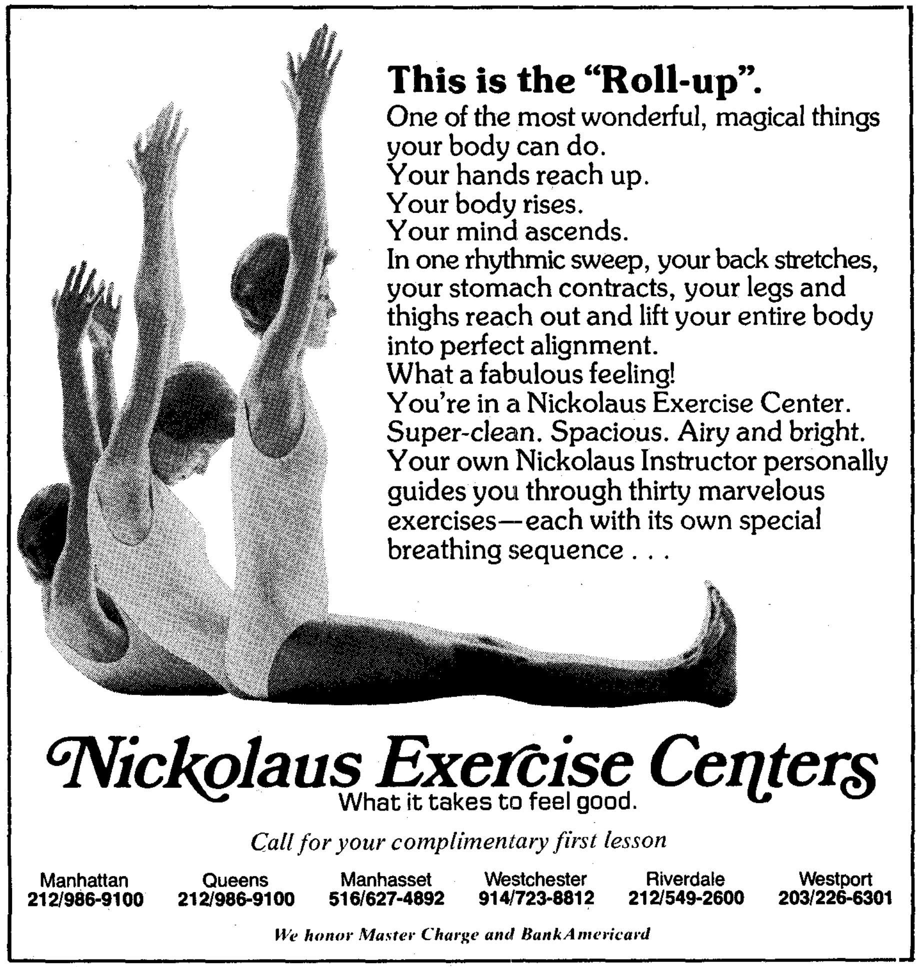

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symbolic, semi-abstract, thru 5/7. Genesis, 41 E 57th (751-7220).

Paul Linfante/Gregoire Müller–Giant apples and his self-portrait/Portrait etchings, thru 4/28. Kornblee, 20 W 57th (586-1178).

Stephen Lorber–New still lifes, thru 4/28. Sachs, 29 W 57th (421-8686).

Jean Monneret–French Post-impressionistic works, 4/20-5/10. Eric, 61 E 57th (371-9270).

Robert Andrew Parker–Satirical etchings of the theatre, animals, and insects, thru 4/26. Sumers, 50 W 57th (581-2268).

***Horace Pippin**(1888-1946)–Famous, black self-taught master, seen in 50 paintings, including *The Trial of John Brown,* 1942, thru 4/30. Dintenfass, 50 W 57th (581-2268).

***Robert Rauschenberg**–Lithos, clay sculptures, wall hanging reliefs concurrent with the MOMA retrospective, thru 5/17. Gelter/Pall, 50 W 57th (581-2724).

***Michael Robbins**–Motorcycle crayon drawings that capture the essence of speed; thru 4/23. Truman, 38 E 57th (688-3516).

James Rosati–Sculptures, 4/23-4/21. Marlborough, 40 W 57th (541-4900).

***Richard Stankiewicz**–Abstract welded steel sculpture, some using found objects from 1956 to 1976, thru 4/23. Zabriskie, 29 W 57th (832-9034). Mon-Sat 10-5:30.

MADISON AVE & VICINITY

Bernard and Francois Baschet–Sound sculptures, thru 4/30. Staempfli, 47 E 77th (535-1919).

Henry Botkin–Four years of collage painting, thru 4/30. Rehn, 655 Mad at 60th (753-4694).

***Chris Burden**–An auto-didactic car with drawings, photos, and a video tape explaining about its construction, thru 4/30. Feldman, 33 E 74th (249-4050). Mon-Sat 10-5:30.

***Gretna Campbell**–Maine and New Jersey landscapes, thru 4/30. Ingber, 3 E 78th (744-3158).

Janet Culbertson–Paintings and drawings, thru 4/28. Lerner-Heller, 956 Mad Ave (861-9010).

Josiah Edgerly–Constructivist abstractions using black lines on a color wash, thru 4/30. Touchstone, 118 E 64th (826-6111).

Luis Filcer–Expressionist portraits and allegories, thru 4/30. Ault, 25 E 77th (861-2317).

Charlotte Gilbertson/Alix Steiner-Deonna–Drawings by both, thru 5/4. Bodley, 1063 Mad Ave (AG9-2155).

***Henri Guerard**–Mixed-media fan projects on silk from the 1880s, thru 4/30. Harlow, 1100 Mad Ave (988-4360). Wed-Sat 12-6.

John Heliker–Mt. Desert Island, Maine, thru 5/14. Kraushaar, 1055 Mad at 80th (LE5-9888).

***Wolf Kahn**–Distillations of rural landscapes to sophisticated essences of barn, field, hill; thru 4/28. Borgenicht, 1018 Mad Ave (LE5-8040).

***Max Klinger**(1857-1920)–Graphic cycles of this German symbolist from 1879 to 1910, thru 4/29. Carus, 1044 Mad Ave (879-4660).

Gabriel Laderman–Malaysia in paint and drawings, thru 5/7. Schoelkopf, 825 Mad Ave (TR9-4639).

***Corrado Marca-Relli**–New constructions and collages, with a brilliant feel for materials and hinges; thru 4/23. Ekstrom, 980 Mad Ave (YU8-8857).

Elliot Offner–Recent sculpture/Works on paper by Bergtold, W. Davis and Ferris, thru 5/6. Forum, 1018 Mad Ave (LE5-6080).

Carl-Henning Pedersen–Recent watercolors and drawings by this well-known member of the Cobra Expressionist group; thru 5/8. Lefebre, 47 E 77th (744-3384).

***Robert Rauschenberg**–Hoarfrost Series, thru 5/30. BlumHelman, 13 E 75th (249-5350).

Werner Rentsch–Equestrian paintings, thru 4/30. Christopher, 766 Mad Ave (737-3224).

Susan Rothenberg–Swiftly done charcoal drawings of animals, thru 5/5. Willard, 29 E 72nd (744-2925).

Morteza Sazegar–Grid abstractions, thru 4/30. Poindexter, 24 E 84th (628-2844).

Carol Strickler–Paintings and constructions, thru 4/28. Automation House, 49 E 68th (628-1010). Mon-Fri 9-5.

***William Tucker**–Blackwood and metal sculptures that establish arcs and thresholds in over lifesize space, thru 4/27. Elkon, 1063 Mad Ave (LE5-3940).

***Jack B. Yeats**–William Butler's brother, and a poet in Celtic colors and moods; thru 4/30. Gruenebaum, 25 E 77th (249-5668).

SoHo

Nicholas Africano/Valerie Jaudon–Constructions/Painterly geometric abstractions, 4/20-5/10. Solomon, 392 W Bdwy (925-1900).

Sally Amster–The Maine coast, 4/22-5/11. Prince St, 106 Prince (226-9153).

Marilyn Belford–Linear movement of rhythms on canvas, thru 5/1. Pleiades, 152 Wooster (475-9658).

Antonio Berni–Drawings, paintings and collages one of a shoeshine boy, thru 5/14. Bonino, 98 Prince (PL2-9556). Wed till 9:30 also.

***Stanley Brouwn**–Conceptual work, thru 4/30. Sperone Westwater Fischer, 142 Greene (431-3685).

Mirian Brumer/Suzanne Weisberg–Organic forms in acrylic or colored pencil/Illusionistic topography of outer space, 4/23-5/18. Lotus, 81 Spring (226-6664). Tues-Sat 12-5.

***Gretchen Caracas/Stanley Lewis**–Paintings/Kansas City Landscapes, 4/22-5/12. Green Mountain, 135 Greene (674-2390).

Jack Carlton–Marrakech in sculpture and paint, thru 4/30. Lohman, 55 Wooster (966-7173).

John Colt–Recent works by this Wisconsin painter, thru 4/30. Neill, 136 Greene (925-8633).

***Alan Cote**–Recent large high-chroma abstractions, thru 5/11. Cuningham Ward, 94 Prince (966-0455).

***Susan Elias**–Advanced abstractions, thru 4/30. Duffy/Gibbs, 157 Spring (677-5692).

Sandra Gross/Brian Kazlov–Abstract collages recalling ancient scrolls/Sectional diamond-shaped color fields, thru 4/30. Soho Center, 114 Prince (226-1995). Tues-Fri 12-5, Sat 11-5.

***Dorothy Handleman/Noel Mahaffey**–Color photos and related prose pieces/Realist night scenes of Times Square, thru 4/23. Hundred Acres, 456 W Bdwy (533-2250).

Elwood Howell/Anita Steckel/Elaine Wechsler–Abstract landscapes/Color Xerox and collage/Drawings, thru 5/1. Hansen, 70 Wooster (431-5904).

***Donald Judd**–Fifteen plywood five-by-three-foot boxes vary themes of edge, rim, and base with brilliant invention. In one of the most compelling shows of the season. The warmth of the materials, the intelligence of their organization, raise the concept of Minimalism to fugal grandeur. Friedrich, 141 Wooster (473-8072). Tues-Sat 12-6. Twelve smaller, metal versions are at the Castelli Gallery; thru 4/19.

***Bernard Kirschenbaum**–Bobbing, waist-high white circles fill the whole gallery with funfare geometrics, thru 4/30. SculptureNow, 142 Greene (966-3066).

***Pat Lasch**–*Family Portrait,* thru 4/25. A.I.R., 97 Wooster (966-0799).

Jud Nelson–Holos series 4, thru 5/4. Protetch, 157 Spring (925-4009).

***Jane Schneider**–Caricatures of human nature crafted from steel wool, panty hose, fur, fibers and feathers, 4/23-5/14. 14 Sculptors, 75 Thompson (966-5790).

Margy Trauerman–Watercolor landscapes and still-lifes, 4/22-5/11. First St, 118 Prince (226-9011). Tues-Sat 1-6.

***Helene Valentin**–Stretched and hung abstractions dealing with the elements water and air plus slides and a film, thru 4/23. Hutchinson, 138 Greene (966-3066).

Kes Zapkus–Recent paintings, thru 5/11. Cooper, 155 Wooster (677-4390).

OTHER

Jody Bradshaw–Vignettes of NYC life, thru 4/30. Beylerian Ltd, 305 E 63rd (755-6300).

***Rosemary Cove**–Life-size plaster and papier-mâche female figures, thru 4/29. Arsenal, 830 5th Ave (744-3158). Mon-Fri 9-5.

***Günter Grass**–Etchings, thru 5/6. Weyhe, 794 Lex Ave (TE8-5478).

***Hannah Höch**–Collages by this Dada pioneer, thru 4/19. Goethe House, 1014 5th Ave (744-8472). Mon-Fri 9-5, Sat 11-5.

***Richard Nonas/Elyn Zimmerman/Lucio Pozzi**–Large heavy steel sculptures built for the seven room space/An installation of glass, light, and mirrors, thru 4/24/Four painted, vaulted structures creating a changing environment, thru 6/5. Institute for Art and Urban Resources, P.S. 1, 21st St and 46th Road, Long Island City, Queens (233-1096). Thur-Sun 1-6.

Liz Phillips–*City Flow,* an electronic work in sound, thru 4/30. Mall of CUNY, 33 W 42nd (790-4331). Mon-Fri 9-6.

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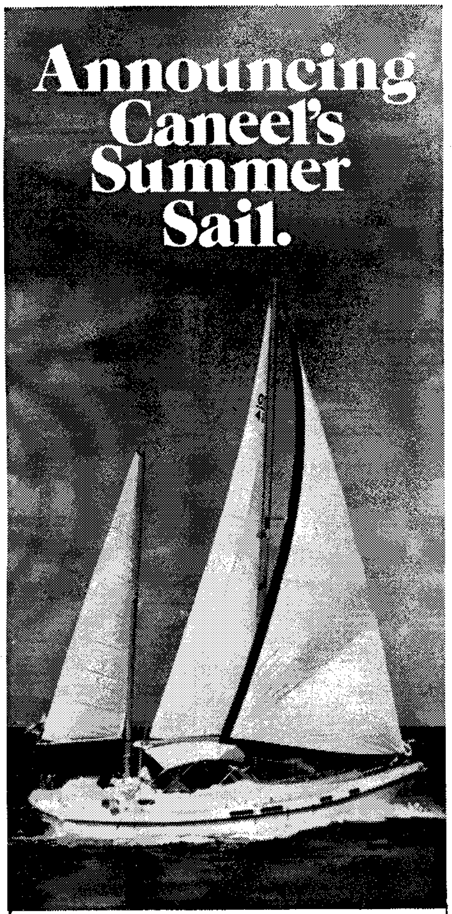

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Jody Shields–Printed and drawn paper works, thru 4/30. Sragow, 105 Hudson (966-6403).

Louis Trakis–Bronze sculpture, thru 4/29. New School, 66 W 12th (741-5667). Mon-Fri 10-5.

GROUP SHOWS

57th STREET

***Janis**–6 W 57th (586-0110). Understatement in art, cinema, theatre, dance, and prose from Malevich and Mondrian to today's minimal painters, thru 5/7.

***Kennedy**–40 W 57th (541-9600). Portraits of performers, landscapes; stark still lifes by Walt Kuhn(1880-1949), thru 5/7/Graphics by Ben Shahn, thru 5/7 Prints by Bellows, Blake, Goya, Hopper, others; contemporary Western artists; American 19th century still lifes, thru 4/30.

***Wiener**–41 E 57th (593-1270). Stone and bronze sculptures, miniature paintings of the 2nd through 18th centuries from India, Tibet, Nepal, Cambodia, Thailand and Indonesia, thru 6/4.

MADISON AVE & VICINITY

***Davis & Long**–746 Mad Ave (861-2811). Vorticism and abstraction in the first Machine Age from 1910 to 1918, including Atkinson, Epstein, Gaudier-Brzeska, Roberts, others, thru 4/30.

***Deutsch**–43 E 80th (861-4429). Assemblages by Agam, Chryssa, Rivers, Christo, others, thru 5/7.

***Duhl**–31 E 54th (582-4163). Tues-Sat 12-5. Fiber, metal, and found material baskets; thru 4/23.

***Ex Libris**–25 E 69th (249-2618). Mon-Fri 12-5. Russian Constructivism from 1910 to 1941 including 34 drawings by Malevich, illustrated books by Goncharova, Rodchenko, Tatlin, others, plus posters and periodicals, 4/20-5/13.

***Fourcade**–36 E 75th (535-3980). 20th century paintings and sculpture from Matisse to De Kooning, thru 4/30.

***Hutton**–967 Mad Ave (249-9700). Paintings of the famed "Blue Rider" group, c. 1912, including Kandinsky, Klee, Marc, Munter, others, thru 6/11.

***Knoedler**–19 E 70th (794-0550). 18th and 19th century American paintings from The Newark Museum, thru 4/30.

***Knowlton**–19 E 71st (794-9700). Maquettes for large sculpture by Belville, Christo, Ferrara, Nevelson Sugarman, Trova, others, thru 4/30.

***LaBoetie**–9 E 82nd (535-4865). Views of women in all media, thru 5/21.

L'Ibis–667 Mad at 61st (935-0490). Dynastic art of Egypt, plus Coptic and Islamic pieces, thru 8/1.

Nicholls–1014 Mad Ave (472-0211). Cartoons, illustrations, and watercolors by Barton, Marsh, Petty Thurber, others, thru 5/14.

Noyes, Van Cline–1018 Mad Ave (628-5402). Images of outer space by Agin, Scala, Sterbach, others thru 5/28.

***Reinhold-Brown**–26 E 78th (RE4-7999). The decorative poster from 1890 to 1930, thru 4/19.

***Spaced**–165 W 72nd (787-6350). Tues-Sat 12-5. Architectural prints of England, France, Italy, and Cuba by Aronson, Desmond, and Serra-Badue, thru 4/27.

Stone–48 E 86th (YU8-6870). Paintings by Friedman and Mason, collages by McCabe, thru 4/30.

SoHo

Buecker & Harpsichords–465 W Bdwy (260-3480). Wed-Sat 12-5. S-curve and ellipse paintings from 1941 to the present including Bolotowsky, Gedeohn, Miles, Terasaki, others, thru 4/30.

***OK Harris**–383 W Bdwy (431-3600). Paintings by King and Saari, photos by Gilden, and light studies in architectural spaces by Staller, thru 4/23.

Henry Street Settlement–466 Grand (766-9220). Mon-Fri 11-8,Sat 10-5. Batiks by eastern Indian artists, thru 4/27.

***10 Downtown**–Artists Baer, Bomeisler, Jones, Kopp, Liebegott, Pachner, See, Sica, Stone, and Unger open their studios to the public; 5 E 3rd, (228-6165).

Vorpal–465 W Bdwy (777-3939). Sculpture by Dell, constructions by Zerwick, others, thru 4/30.

OTHER

***African-American Institute**–833 United Nations Plaza (949-5666). Mon-Fri 9-5, Sat 11-5. African blankets and covers, thru 5/14.

Associated American Artists–663 5th Ave (PL5-4211). The Society of American Graphic Artists, thru 4/30.

***Grey**–NYU, 33 Washington Pl, Washington Square E (598-3479). Tues-Fri 10-5, Wed 10-8:30, Sat 1-5. Art from the world of **Beatrix Potter,** including drawings, illustrations for Peter Rabbit and other books, thru 5/14.

***Interart Center**–549 W 52nd (246-6570). Space/Matter sculpture by bas-Cohain, Gillen, Lockpez, Nengudi, Strider, others, thru 5/26.

***Washington Irving**–126 E 16th (982-3950). Tues-Sun 1-6. Three centuries of stained glass, thru 5/30.

***PosterAmerica**–174 9th Ave (691-1615). Classic movie posters including *Birth of a Nation, Citizen Kane, Casablanca,* others, thru 5/21.

***Pratt Graphics**–831 Bdwy (OR4-0603). Mon-Fri 10-6,Sat 1-5. Four centuries of original graphics dealing with images of Labor from Rembrandt to Picasso, thru 5/18.

***Steuben**–5th Ave at 56th (752-1441). Mon-Sat 9:30-5:30. 12th century stained-glass windows from Canterbury Cathedral, thru 4/23.

United Nations–General Assembly Lobby (MU6-5522). Daily 10-3:30. Works by members, thru 5/19.

Photography

***Eugene Atget**–50 vintage prints, thru 5/7. Helios, 18 E 67th (988-5593).

***Rusty Culp**–Chicago's loop, thru 4/23. Foto, 492 Broome (226-8650). Wed-Sat 1-6.

Exhibitionists–92-20 Union Hall St, Jamaica (658-4926). Tues-Sat 12-5:30. Jamaica's wall murals in public places, thru 4/30.

***Mark Feldstein**–Urban archeology in Sightings, thru 4/30. Castelli, 4 E 77th (288-3202).

***Dave Freund/Stephen Shore**–Photos by both, thru 4/30. Light, 724 5th Ave (582-6552).

Bennett Hall–Hand-colored views of the Democratic Convention and summer of 1976, thru 4/30. 4th Street, 67 E 4th (673-1021). Sun-Thurs 2-8, Fri, Sat 3-10.

***Kodak**–1133 Sixth Ave (262-6170). Mon 12-5, Tues-Sat 9:30-5. "The American Cowboy in Fact & Fiction," thru 6/4.

Janet Lamson–Self-portraits, people, and rooms, thru 5/16. Camera Club of NY, 37 E 60th (838-9710). Mon-Fri 2-6.

***Man Ray**–Solarizations and rayographs from 1920 to 1940 in Paris and 1940 to 1950 in Hollywood, thru 5/21. Kimmel/Cohn, 41 Central Park W (799-6675).

Pablo Monasterio–Black-and-whites of many parts of the world, thru 4/30. Carlton, 127 E 69th (249-9880).

Robin Perry–Color dye transfer and cibachrome prints, thru 5/16. Images, 11 E 57th (838-8640).

Lilo Raymond–Still lifes, thru 5/17. Pfeifer, 825 Mad Ave (737-2055).

Sy Rubin/Michael Weisbrot–NYC, Poland, and people sleeping in public places/Tinted street scenes of NYC, thru 4/24. Midtown-Y, 344 E 14th (674-7200). Sun-Thurs 12-8,Fri 12-4.

***Ron Schick**–Sardonic unposed, found conjunctions of people and situations in NYC plus color xerox prints, thru 5/5. Third Eye, 17 7th Ave S (924-6092). Tues-Fri 4-8,Sat,Sun 12-6.

***Soho/Stieglitz**–34 W 13th (675-9721). Fri-Sun 1-6,Tues 7-9. Artists in New York by Pineiro, retarded children by Rosenberg, 4 women by Zander, plus Portraits and figure studies by Eva L. Watson-Schutze (1867-1935), thru 4/26.

Arthur Taussig–Abstract photographic prints, thru 4/30. Braathen, 158 Lafayette (925-0113). Sat 1-6, and by appt.

Museums

American Museum of Natural History, CPW at 79th St. (873-1300). Mon-Sat 10-4:45, Sun 11-5.

Brooklyn Museum, 188 Eastern Pkwy (638-5000). Wed-Sat 10-5, Sun 12-5. **Lewis Hine**(1874-1940): Pioneer documents of workers, thru 5/15. ***Gustave Caillebotte,*** *friend and patron of the Impressionists,* is seen in a long overdue retrospective; his early scenes of Paris, filled with intricate plays of photo-image and mirror tricks, are glamorous symbols of a vanished modernity; thru 4/24.

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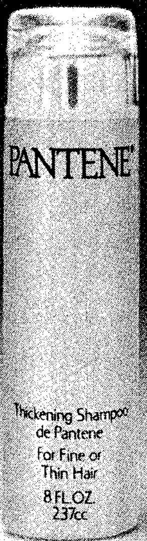

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Cooper-Hewitt Museum–Fifth Ave. at 91st St. (860-2011). Tues 10-9, Wed-Sat 10-5, Sun 12-5. Chinoiserie and royal fantasies from the **Brighton Pavilion** in a distinguished loan exhibition that includes drawings, furniture, and a brilliant dragon.

Guggenheim Museum–Fifth Ave at 89th (860-1313). Tues 11-8, Wed-Sun 11-5.

International Center of Photography–Fifth Ave. at 94th St. (860-1783). Daily, except Mon, 11-5.

Jewish Museum, 1109 Fifth Ave. (860-1860). Sun 11-6, Mon-Thurs 12-5. *Birds of the Heaven, Beasts of the Field: The Bible As Source:* Color photos by Gail Rubin, thru 4/24.

Metropolitan Museum of Art–Fifth at 82nd (TR 9-5500). Tues, 10-8:45; Wed-Sat, 10-4:45; Sun, 11-4:45. **Degas** is seen in over 200 works in juxtapositions that bring new insight to his polymorphous genius—bronze dancers echo dainty pastels, horses rear in every position. A wide selection of art historical sources also are adduced—Degas's favorite Japanese prints, the Cranach he copied, the Rembrandt he admired, the Delacroix he might have bought. New depth is brought to the man. *The Glory of Russian Costume:* An exhibition covering 200 years (1709-1909); thru August. *Andrew Wyeth: Drawings and Watercolors;* thru the summer. *Blue and White:* Early Japanese export porcelain of the 17th century; thru 6/30.

Pierpont Morgan Library, 29 E 36th St. (685-0008). Tues-Sat 10:30-5, Sun 1-5. *Six Great Collections:* Manuscripts, drawings, early children's books, rare books, and scientific and musical manuscripts which have been deposited at or given to the Library by six collectors; thru 4/24.

Museum of Broadcasting, 1 E 53rd St. (752-7684). Tues-Sat 12-5. The first American museum dedicated to the study and preservation of the more than 50-year history of radio and television.

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 103rd St. (534-1672). Tues-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. *Windows of New York:* Photos by Ralph Rosenblum; thru 5/9.

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W 53rd St. (977-8989). Tues-Sat 11-6, Sun 1-6. *Grass Show:* Functional and decorative objects made from natural grasses. *Warao Indian Baskets* and *Jewelry in Thread.* Thru 6/19.

Museum of Modern Art–11 W 53rd (956-7070). Mon, Tue, Fri, Sat, Sun 11-6, Thur 11-9. **Mies van der Rohe** was a giant man and so the chair posed a true problem in his life. His various solutions are seen in conceptual studies, working diagrams, and in the glittering reality of the furniture itself. His rectilinear propositions are as well known as any modernist formulation; new to most viewers will be free-form Gaudiesque ideas, called "conchoidal" in the captions; they are surrealistically shell-like; thru 5/3. *Filmmakers' Image:* Maureen Lambray's photographs of 45 men who have made film history; thru 4/26. **Fred Williams,** Australian landscapist, makes deft watercolors that look like whimsical or visionary scenes; however, it seems that this is precisely what the continent looks like: flowers that blossom in the desert with the magic speed of Japanese toys, reddish lumps of matter that float like icebergs across measureless tundra, bits of corpse strewn as gracefully as seedlings. Williams has a sharp eye for calibrations of light; you can almost tell the time of day from his harbor scenes. There are allusions to 19th-century topological documents by explorers in some landscapes that come in stacked horizontal bands, and everywhere is the explorer's wondering eye as he comes upon a vision as old as the earth, as if for the first time. Thru 4/26. **Robert Rauschenberg:** More than 100 works from the late 1940s to the present by the still-young master of the neo-Dada; thru 5/17. **Matisse's** *Swimming Pool,* a walk-thru cutout in diamond-bright blues and white; thru August.

New York Historical Society, 170 CPW (873-3400). Tues-Fri, Sun 1-5; Sat 10-5.

South Street Seaport Museum–16 Fulton St. (766-9020). Daily, 12-6. *Seascapes:* Acrylics by Barbara Cocker; thru 4/30.

Ukrainian Museum, 203 Second Ave. (228-0110). Wed, Sat & Sun 1-5; Fri 3-7. An exhibit of Ukrainian Easter eggs and Easter breads; thru 4/30.

Whitney Museum–Madison Ave at 75th (794-0600). Daily 11-6, Tue, 11-10, Sun & Hols, 12-6. Closed Mon. *Thirty Years of American Art: 1945-75;* thru 10/2. **Downtown Branch,** 55 Water St (483-0012). Mon-Fri, 11-3.

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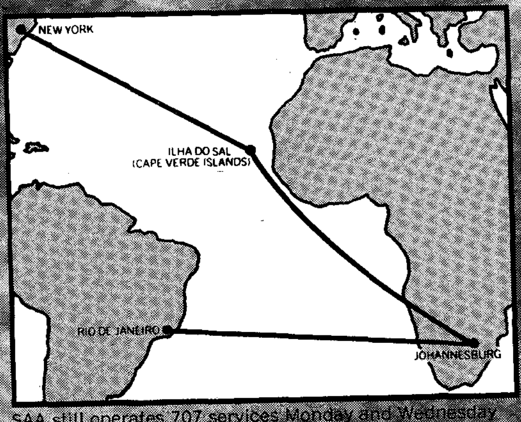

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New York

Beekman Place to Brooklyn (and Back): A Gambler's Odyssey

By Anthony Haden-Guest

"...A stranger in town will find it harder to locate a game than a bus stop, but easier than understanding the subway system..."

"Heeyahhhhhhhhh."

We were standing outside the building which houses what may be the snappiest casino duplex on the whole of the East Side. I had just pressed the buzzer and was inclining my head to the audiphone, and somebody somewhere was hissing. "We," by the way, means D.K. (whose real initials these are not), who is one of the more knowing gamblers in New York, two women, and myself. Our location was, well, . . . I have a hazy memory for precise addresses, but if somebody were to dive-bomb Beekman Place, it might well dislocate that particular spin of the roulette, but it probably wouldn't influence the craps.

"Heyyyyyy."

It was just after two in the morning, a sensible time to visit, since there was at least an even chance that any scheduled police raid would already have occurred. We had, between us, some $1,200 cash, we were ready, and this audiphone seemed to connect with a black hole in space.

"Hey!" A man embodied himself from some shadows about 30 feet off, and pointed. My third visit, and the wrong bloody door. We moved, muttered our credentials, and trudged upstairs. Behind us, the lookout scuttled, crabwise, into the shadows.

The main room is up one flight. A man examined us quite carefully through a glass panel cut into a heavy door, but D.K. looks the gambler, and the two women, well, neither was likely to be mistaken for a female cop.

The door, padded inside with puffy maroon velvet, opened noiselessly onto a joint that has to be described as stylish. Real books on the shelves, bronze sconces protruding from mahogany paneling with a real patina, a pair of real ballroom chandeliers above the 30, perhaps 40, people clustered around the blackjack tables, the craps, the roulette. But there was one odd thing. None of the electricity—the sconces, the chandeliers—was actually *on.*

It wasn't quite a blackout. Candles were smoking here and there in makeshift holders. And it didn't seem to be inhibiting the action. What—I delicately inquired of a man who appeared to be running things—was going on?

He shrugged, with aplomb. "Somebody forgot to pay the Con Ed bill."

Somebody forgot to pay the Con Ed bill. Here we have the illegal gaming business, perhaps the biggest business in the country, and here is a cozy, classy corner of the same, and somebody—real floating-crap-game thinking—forgot to pay Con Ed.

D.K. and I approached the quietest of the three blackjack tables. A woman with a fake gardenia in her hair got up to make room for me, wordlessly. A hooker? A shill? Or just tired of playing? We changed a couple of hundred bucks apiece into plastic-mother-of-pearl chips, and I looked around. A noisy, tanned woman in Palm Beach pink and green. A middle-aged man, dressed like a cabby, with a heap of 25s. A couple of preppy types, smoking good cigars. The usual mixed bag.

A girl approached and asked what we wanted to drink. Free. As I said, this is a class operation, not one of those nooks on the Gold Coast where they charge $2.50 for a scotch and $8.50 for a split of indifferent champagne. We settled down to play.

We shall, in due course, return to the game. But meanwhile, such activities being in no respect legal, some might wonder if these facilities are readily available. Put it this way: A stranger in town will find it rather harder to locate a game than a bus stop, but easier than understanding the subway system.

Curiously, though, the last few weeks have seen a new discretion. That lavish place in the Bronx no longer has a sign outside reading GAMING, and supposedly charitable gambling parties no

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Anthony Haden-Guest is a contributing editor of New York *Magazine.*

"...'It's been over two months now,' said Ms. Guggenheimer, 'and we've had only one application for a Las Vegas Nite license'..."

longer advertise their activities in the New York *Post*. The reasons for the boom, and for the secrecy, are at once simple and extraordinary. They lie in that inane legislative double bind whereby (a) gambling in New York has become legal, and (b) legal gambling in New York has become impossible. I refer, naturally, to the on-running farce of the "Las Vegas Nites."

A brief background: Pressure for legalization had been building for years. In 1967 the Presidential Commission on Law Enforcement and the Administration of Justice estimated that profits in illegal gambling were running at $50 billion annually nationwide, and legal profits—as recorded by Las Vegas, Reno, etc.—were somewhat under $5 billion.

In August, 1972, the Knapp Commission recommended full legalization. After which, nothing much happened until the brainstorm of a Queens councilman, Peter Vallone. Illegal, but worthy, charity gaming sessions, initiated by church halls, Elks, volunteer firemen, and such, had been going on for years. Why not legalize and make a bit of a profit? In August, 1974, Vallone and another councilman, Monroe Cohen, formally proposed the necessary amendment to the state constitution. The proposal passed. In November, 1975, the issue was put on the ballot. A statewide referendum. A New York *Times* early-edition headline announced: GAMBLING BEATEN BY UPSTATE VOTE. Actually, the pro-gamesters squeaked in by a margin of 5,274. Action would be a matter of local option.

On August 27, 1976, the bill went before the City Council. Vallone predicted that the city would derive an annual income of $400,000, a figure reached by subtracting $2.2 million in cost from $2.6 million in revenue. Elinor Guggenheimer, *capo* of Consumer Affairs, which enforces the gambling laws, believed that each year would see 10,000 Las Vegas Nites.

The bill was passed by 32 to 3. A New York City referendum was proposed. Beame approved the proposal on September 3, but only after demanding that the city take $10 out of every $25 license fee, $25 from the $50 charged to landlords, and a sweet 5 percent of the take.

The referendum, known as Proposition One, was held on November 3 and passed by a whopping 74 percent. Proponents exulted that it simply made legal what had been going on for years.

Well, up to a point. Because meanwhile another chronology had been unfolding. In October, 1970, Carl M. Loeb Jr., then president of the National Council on Crime and Delinquency, had regarded the illegal gaming take and noted, somberly, that "organized crime will have $1 trillion fifteen years from now, which means those people will own the country."

Some of Those People, of course, couldn't wait that long. In South Brooklyn, overlapping interests of the Gallo and Colombo families caused some friction. In June, 1974, Thomas Barbusca and John Coiro, supposedly taking an interest in gaming on behalf of the Colombos, were shotgunned outside a nightclub in Bensonhurst.

Just two months later, Steve Cirillo, a Gallo personage, was shot in the head while playing craps at the Congregation B'nai Israel of Sheepshead Bay.

"Things quieted down a bit," a croupier told me. But not for good. During that shadowy moral period between the opening of public debate and February 1, when the action supposedly was to move into the light of lawful day, the Las Vegas Nites revived and boomed. Still, of course, illegal, they began to attract both the attention of experts and some opposition. In November, the Rabbinical Council of America came down against the whole idea, and one Rabbi Bernard Twersky complained that synagogues in Queens, Rochester, Westchester, and Brooklyn had been approached by "undesirable elements" offering as much as $5,000 weekly to run a single table. On one occasion, when asked who they were, they said they "came from the boys."

Happily, though, the Catholic church has by and large thrown itself enthusiastically into the action (I have heard good reports of a game in Our Lady of Guadalupe), and no such improper advances have been reported by either the Diocese of Brooklyn or the Archdiocese of New York.

In the months prior to February 1, the policy of the police, at least semi-officially, was to bust the bad guys and let the goodies be. They took such places as the Camellia Caterers, a reputed Gallo house operating peaceably enough at 94 Avenue U, Brooklyn (which happens to be Colombo territory), where they confiscated $25,000 and made some arrests, not including Steve Gallo, who seemed to be there in a nonexecutive capacity. Also, the Lisa Terrace Caterers, likewise in Brooklyn, which had been pulling in estimated profits of $25,000 to $40,000 a night.

And so on and so on. Mainly, the police seem to have been aggravated by the ostentation of it all. "The public thinks, how can they be doing it if they're not paying off the cops? *That* got us excited," I was told by Inspector John Rogan, field commander of the public-morals division, which is, of course, the vice squad of yore.

The legitimate, or soon to be legitimate, games, like the one the Foundling Hospital gave at Regine's, were left pretty much alone. James Allen, who organized the game at the Garment Center Congregation, was told by the police that he might as well carry on. "They told me that since other people were doing it, we might as well go ahead and get the wrinkles ironed out."

Ah, yes. The wrinkles. Came February 1 and the Las Vegas Nites became legal. And, with the law, came the rules and regulations, devised by the New York Racing and Wagering Board.

"The law is the skeleton," Richard F. Corbisiero, the board's director of wagering systems, told me. "The rules and regulations are the sinew, flesh, muscle." He applied himself to his task with rigor. Sinew, flesh, muscle have been padded to the skeleton as follows:

☐ No professional help—croupiers or whatever—is permitted.

☐ Only charitable premises can be licensed for play.

☐ Only nine games are permitted: craps, roulette, blackjack, and—little known to this writer—big six, money wheel, chuck-a-luck, hazard, under and over seven, and beat the dealer.

☐ Scrip or chips are used, not cash.

☐ No bet can be more than $10, and no single win more than $100.

☐ The house cannot pay out more than $1,000 in winnings on any one of

Illustrated by George Stavrinos

the above games. So, should a house run all nine, it could not pay the winners above $9,000 any one "nite."

☐ No organization can mount more than twelve "nites" per year.

Interested parties who have read the rules have desisted, either raging or falling about in helpless laughter.

Corbisiero believes that his reading of the meaning of the bill left him no alternative. "It behooves you to make sure the bill is enforceable," he said. "A lot of people," he conceded, "are very unhappy. . . ."

Simply, it is believed that these rules and regulations are welcomed by people who were against the Las Vegas Nites from the beginning.

Deputy Commissioner of Consumer Affairs Robert Egan agrees with Corbisiero that "it was not the intention of the bill to open doors for commercialization. But this is overly protective. It kills the fund-raising."

He ticked off some defects in detail: "They've banned poker, which is ironical, because poker is one of the safest games. The house isn't a player. It takes a set percentage, and all it has to do is provide a table and a few decks of cards. And you can't win more than $100 on one bet. Suppose you put your $10 on a number in roulette, and it came up. You'd expect $350. You wouldn't get it. And suppose you want to play for an hour. You win, say, a hundred. You want to go on to dinner. But you don't get paid. You get a *receipt*.

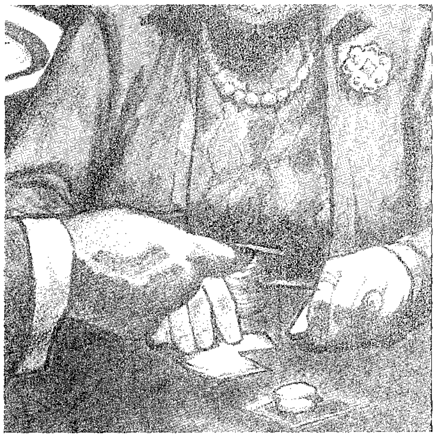
"Even then you might not get paid anyway. They don't *have* to pay out a thousand dollars. And, if they do, they might decide to pay the top ten winners $100 apiece. Although you'd won a few hundred, you might be the eleventh. You wouldn't win a thing."

The most telling comment on the legislation is the simplest. "Conservatively, we thought that 1,800 reputable organizations would want to run Las Vegas Nites," Elinor Guggenheimer told me. Consumer Affairs took on two inspectors and prepared to train 100 more. "It's been two months now," said Ms. Guggenheimer, "and we've received only one application for a Las Vegas Nite license. And it hasn't been approved. We have nowhere to inspect. We have no revenue coming in." The two inspectors have been transferred to bingo. The Garment Center game is just one of the "legitimate" ones which seem to have taken a look at the un-ironed-out wrinkles and gone into liquidation.

Corbisiero stoutly denies that charity games have been scuppered by the Las Vegas Nites bill. "You can expect that quite soon these games will be taking place," he reassured me. Egan was as definite: "There isn't one legal game in the state of New York," he said.

"Whiskey?" squealed the pouchy man in the airplane-colored suit. He made it sound as if I'd just asked Gristede's for cocaine. "Jee-zus! We're breaking the law already. If we start serving liquor, we'll be in *real* trouble."

I was in South Brooklyn, and halfway through my casino tour. Regrettably, I had missed that class act in the Bronx—where the staff wore uniforms, just like Caesar's Palace, and the craps tables were the proper $2,000 deluxe jobs, not the $750 portables currently à la mode—the reason being that the police, no doubt resenting this ostentation, had firmly closed it down. Likewise, I had steered clear of the nine Chinatown joints on and off Pell Street—one of which opens within a half hour of another's being raided—mainly because my bankroll was joining the snows of yesteryear, and I didn't fancy using the remnants to finance my education in fan-tan, twelve-card poker, and Chinese dominoes.



I had, all the same, been to enough locales to begin to get some sense of the stylistic mix. They range from an after-hours spot in midtown Manhattan where a little gaming is conducted alongside the usual business of the place (sexual arrangements of a non-altruistic nature) to a huge place in Queens with pretensions to Vegas.

Tonight our host was a religious organization which I shall call the Companions of Marco Polo, not its real name. A capacious, undistinguished hall, with a crucifix on one wall, numerous pictures of the pope, and a father wandering around, with shifty eyes and a pink, pitted nose, like one of the whiskey priests in Graham Greene.

Mainly there were . . . 300 players? Middle-aged working people for the most part, sedate ladies with bouffant hair and men whose suits have the shine of hard, continuous wear. And all of them with fistfuls of dollars.

I drifted around the makeshift poker tables. Unfamiliar games, like klondike. Seats ran at $1 an hour, more modest than most hereabouts. (At one local game, where winning pots seldom run much higher than $30, the house abstracts $5. That is, a house profit of 15 percent, hand after hand.) The craps action was lively, but I have always promised myself to steer clear of craps.

So, back to Manhattan, where there are private games which have, thankfully, no religious pretensions whatsoever, but touches of Damon Runyon and aspirations toward *Casino Royale*. Luxury is the aim. Membership cards, for instance, just like Regine's, and there are likely to be initialed chips.

The turkey traps come and go. Several are now in operation, including one high up on Park run by a man of eccentric humor. "Come in!" he bellowed when I arrived one midnight. "The cops don't get here till four. . . ."

The cops? Doubling up, he described his last raid. "*They* were drunk," he said. "*I* was drunk. What can they do? If I haven't got a license, they can't take it." What could they, in fact, do? *"Yell!"* he said with glee, adding more soberly that they could take out the equipment and, as important, the liquor.

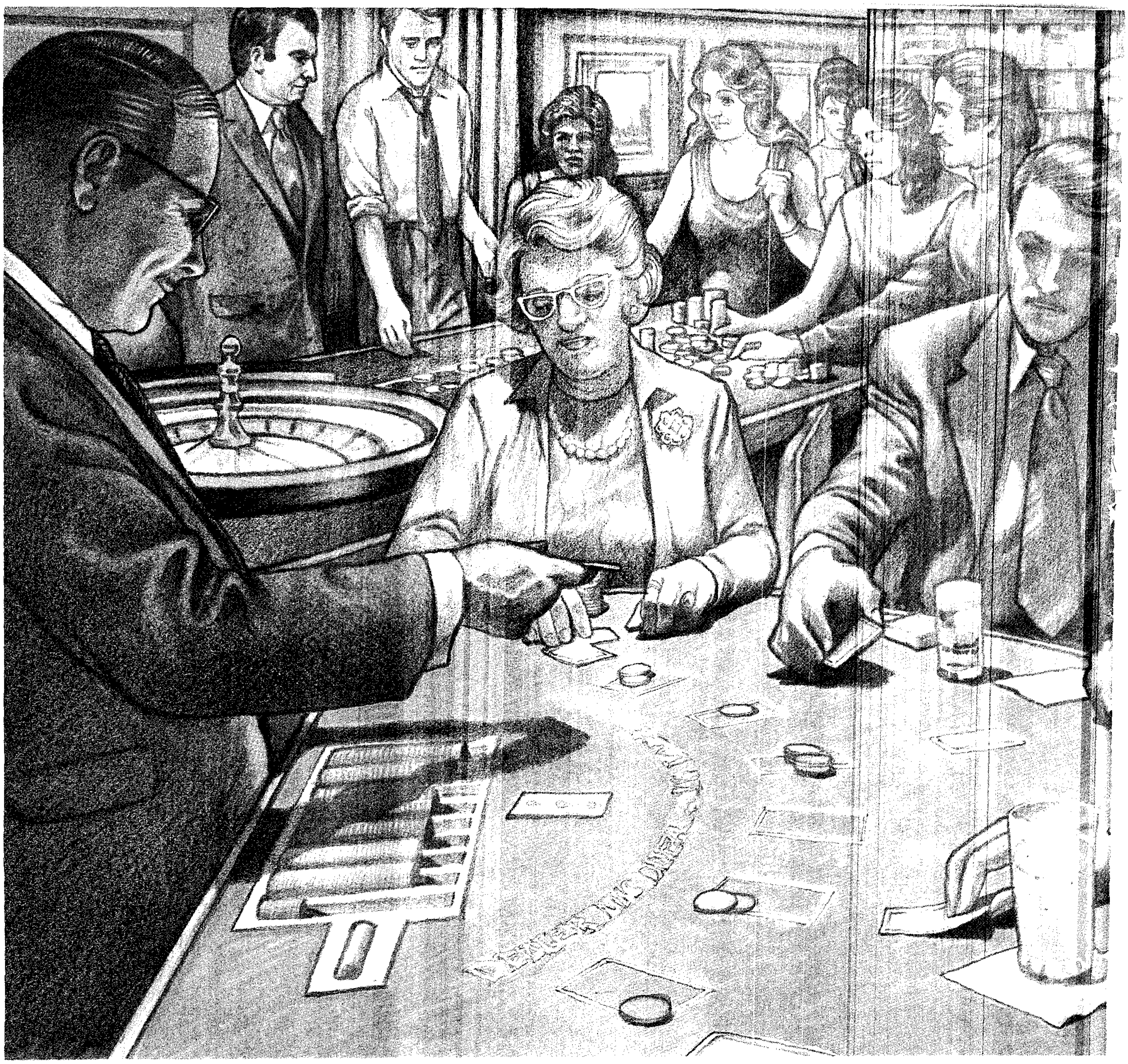
It isn't a nickel-and-dime affair, you see, getting a place like this together. He indicated the lavishly equipped bar, the all-but-mandatory chandeliers, the plush furniture. "See the love seats where the hookers are sitting? Each cost me 695 bucks at Bloomingdale's." All he wants to do is make his pile, get out quick, and go legit, he said.

What—somebody inquired, as delicately as possible—about the, uh, *crime* element in the business? (A relevant question, this. The police have told me that, in their considered opinion, the gentry whom they describe, carefully, as "criminal elements" have a piece of the action in any long-running game. "They aren't necessarily Mafia," Deputy Chief William Fitzpatrick had told me. "They'd like to be, but they aren't." Certainly one has, here and there, especially in South Brooklyn, spotted reticent fellows, accoutred in shiny suits and [one suspects] in contravention of the Sullivan Act.)

"Carlo Gambino?" the manager yowled. "Why should I work with those guys? Listen, there was this guy out of the Bronx, who made a lot of money in the liquor business. Then he thought of installing blackjack tables. . . ."

Johnny Mack, no less! The greatest! Other names were mentioned. "They weren't criminals," the manager exulted, rethought, and added, "I mean, they weren't *organized* crime."

I went to play some blackjack. And I must say that there is a plausibility to the manager's claim in at least one im-



"...The game was run with an amateurish nonchalance, hardly the sort of thing one would associate with the Mafia..."

portant respect—namely, the game was run with an amateurish nonchalance reminiscent of the old illegal games in London, hardly the sort of thing one would associate with the Mafia.

The odds, for example, were excellent. The table bore the message DEALER TAKES TIES, which happens in Brooklyn. Here, the malign message had been carefully inked out. They also permitted the players to split aces, by no means a usual practice, even elsewhere in Manhattan. More important, the dealers—a writer, a student, a pretty girl apparently equipped with too many thumbs—were obviously undergoing on-the-spot training. I played and played, and, for this glorious once, began to win.

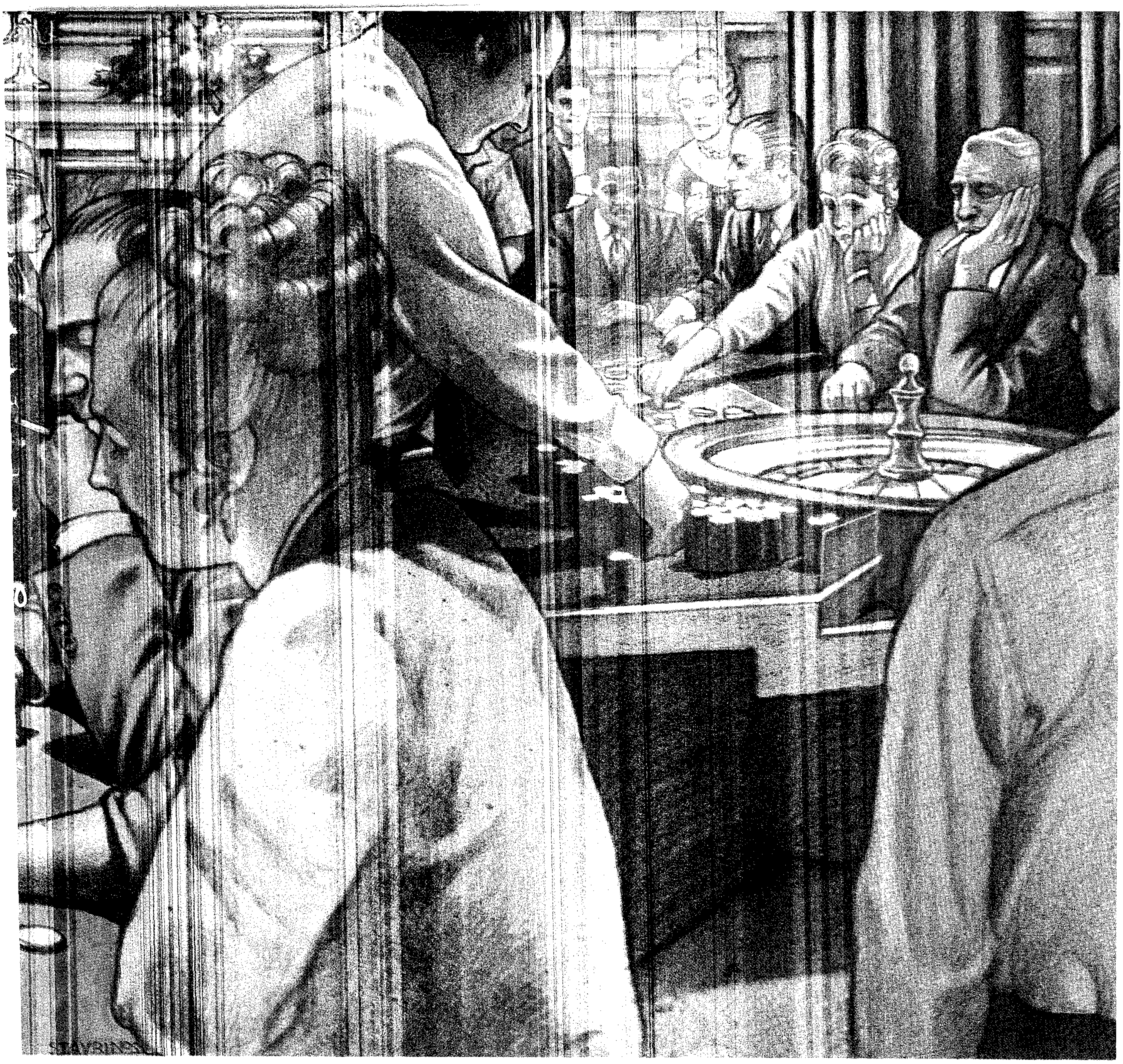
Not everybody wins. A woman had dropped twenty grand a few nights back, the owner said gloomily, fifteen of it on credit. It would never do if it got out that the house was going soft.

I left at 5:30, reasonably ahead. The cops didn't come at four. Personally, I hope they never do.

The Las Vegas Follies will not continue forever. Amendments proposed by Senator Joseph Pisani of Westchester after the recess include the following: The top single win will rise from $100 to $250, and the casino can pay out any sum it likes so long as there isn't more than a $1,000 difference between winnings and losses.

Also, license fees will increase, the prohibition against liquor will be repealed, and chips will replace scrip. The use of trained croupiers will be permitted, and games can be held in a non-"charitable" milieu. "How many

Illustrated by George Stavrinos



people would have gone to the Foundling Hospital game," asked Elinor Guggenheimer, "if it had been at the hospital, not Regine's?"

Also, "We've taken out the section that gamblers can't play against each other," Pisani told me. Which would theoretically permit poker. Unless, of course, the Racing and Wagering Board sails in with more rules and regulations.

"That's my big bugaboo," Pisani confessed. "If they decide to go haywire, we can't limit their power. But they can't vitiate our provisions." There is clandestine warfare afoot, aimed at replacing the board with the State Lottery Division's promotional hotshots.

Police zeal also seems on the wane. "We don't have a plethora of people," Deputy Chief Fitzpatrick, formerly of the morals squad, told me, wearily rational. "I can't just press a button and say, 'Give me ten men to bust a place.' "

And, if a place is busted, so what? "If we get them on felony, you can get a year. But very few go to jail. Usually it comes down to disorderly conduct or a misdemeanor. That's a $100 fine. The worst we can do is take the equipment. If we do that two nights running, it takes them out of it for a while."

And the visiting gamblers? The laws are, it seems, woolly. "We could try and get them for disorderly conduct. But in most of these places, you could hear a pin drop. They'd say it was harassment," he rumbled. "I don't get excited anymore. I just do what the law says. . . ." Inspector Rogan adds, "Personally, I think you're going to be seeing less activity on the Las Vegas Nites."

The coming of the casino is something else. This issue floated back into the realms of the practicable when Felix Rohatyn alluded to it some weeks back, off the cuff, on a TV show. On January 28, Governor Carey agreed that "it's an idea worth exploration." Mayor Beame has expressed interest, and Assembly Speaker Stanley Steingut describes himself as "an enthusiastic supporter of the legislation."

Which is unsurprising, really. A recent 36-page study by Lewis Friedman, a CUNY professor, and Gregory Kaladjian, a management analyst, sets out to show that the legalization of casinos "would directly produce 17,589 jobs, generate more than a billion dollars in new spending, and increase annual receipts for New York City's government by $105 million."

"Frankly, I don't like gambling," says Elinor Guggenheimer. Like liquor, it creates addicts. But like liquor, attempts to suppress it can lead to greater social evils than the thing itself. "We shouldn't be such a paternalistic society," she adds.

Mario Merola, the Bronx D.A., even has reservations about keeping crime out of the business. "It's got to be a tremendous minus as far as law enforcement goes," he says. "But the law can't be stronger than the morals of the people. We're overburdened with violent crimes. The judges don't waste much time on what they consider victimless crimes. Therein lies the dilemma. Gambling has public support. Can you legislate morality? The bottom line is *no.*"

"I gotta go to the john," said the bulky woman with what-turned-out-to-be-a-Miami tan. "Will somebody play this for me?"

The croupier beckoned. "Play it for the lady, Nicky," he suggested.

The snappiest-game-on-the-East Side was now ablaze with electricity and action. One of the partners, a jovial fellow in a three-piece suit, sat atop a tall chair, surveying the room, well pleased. Every now and again, he would be approached by a customer or a croupier and whisper sweet nothings into a walkie-talkie. "Five hundred dollars more for Johnson?" he would inquire, wait a bit, and nod approval.

D.K. and I were both doing tolerably well. A girl with ultramarine eye shadow and the sulky manner of a model who never got above department-store-catalog work replenished my scotch. I wandered across to the sofa, where two women were digging into a take-out Chinese dinner which, like the scotch, was on the house. Alongside them sat a septuagenarian with sunken eyes and silvery hair, who looked a bit like Meyer Lansky and a lot like the house backgammon shark lying in wait for all comers at upwards from $10 a point.

An off-duty croupier, proudly sporting an extremely worn green apron from Harrah's, Reno, regaled me with a few yarns, like the way Joey Gallo used to feed defaulting payers to his pet lion. "All right five hundred for Lombardi?" the genial man on the chair whispered into the walkie-talkie.

I rejoined the blackjack. The preppies had been replaced by an entirely expressionless young woman and a man with a Hawaiian shirt. He was faring, I was glad to see, poorly.

The house, too, was taking a caning. The pain had left D.K.'s face, even the cutie with stone eyes was doing well, and the raucous woman was, I was distressed to see, barricaded behind a couple of grand's worth of $25 chips. The croupier flicked another round from the shoe, nervously spraying one onto the floor.

The dealer had thirteen and drew a jack, breaking himself. Thus the run continued, placidly, apart from a dispute when a new arrival tried to wager more than the permitted $500.

In that same hand, oddly, the dealer drew a black jack, to the detriment of all of us. The next hand, another, and then a pair of queens. D.K. withdrew to the bar, intelligently, and was followed by the stone madonna. The tanned woman began to shed pearly 25s as a cherry tree sheds blossoms. I tried to buck it but fell, a man without a parachute.

We walked out into the street and a curious spectacle. A couple was arguing vociferously. He wanted to play, she didn't. The dealer with the Harrah's apron was trying to cool things down. Christ! Neighbors. *Beekman Place.* The argument subsided, the girl acceded. Smoothing his apron, the dealer followed them up the stairs. ■

A 'Las Vegas Nite' in Brooklyn

Of course, I had to go back. Just one more time. This particular one-more-time was April 7, a Las Vegas Nite, again in South Brooklyn. And, no, things didn't go too well. . . .

The venue was the Californian, a bungaloid sort of restaurant on the corner of Farragut Road and East 77th Street, in that relatively plush part of the borough known as the "Flatlands." I arrived sometime after nine. The restaurant was closed, but a helpful soul directed me to the game, in a basement.

A notice on the wall read TEMPLE SHAARE EMETH, and a soberly conservative affair it was. The maximum chips were $5 reds, and most of the players—including a bunch of sedate college-age kids, respectably dressed—were playing with black $1 chips, and not over many of those. The dealers at the three blackjack tables and the craps table were prematurely corpulent youths in yarmulkes.

A front for "undesirable elements"? A damned clever one, if so. Would the brilliant criminal minds of the Mafia have allowed somebody or other to shampoo the carpet so incompetently that the whole thing puddled with water wherever one trod? It never happened with Bugsy Siegel.

I looked around, poured myself the only liquid refreshment (a Styrofoam cup of brackish coffee), and refused a slice of Passover sponge cake. I moved across to the small table where a serious-looking girl, with a gold watch pinned to her decorous frontage, was exchanging chips for cash, vice versa, and selling paper tickets printed with fruit-machine emblems.

"We've got a winner," she shouted at the crapshooter, "$25."

"Tonight's big winner," responded the crapshooter.

"I already invested $2," the big winner said, modestly.

I changed $75 into black chips, and pondered the room. "Come over here," suggested the crapshooter. "Get your feet wet!" I thought about it but crossed to a blackjack table instead and removed a handful of chips from my pocket. At which point the scheduled raid took place.

"Hold it! This is a police raid," said a middle-aged man with a fatigued, pleasant face.

It was a real Elliott Ness Moment, and correspondingly unreal. We stopped, with disbelieving smiles. Half a dozen or so cops began moving amongst us. They were in plain, which is to say nondescript, clothes, with—now—a dull bronze glimmer of badge at the lapel. They, too, had half-disbelieving smiles. Let's face it, we didn't look too much like the Apalachin Convention.

"Just one moment," the lead cop cautioned, "and the *players* will be allowed to leave." There was a little more reaction now, mostly cross. An elderly man groused, "How can they bust the place? I thought this was *legal.*"

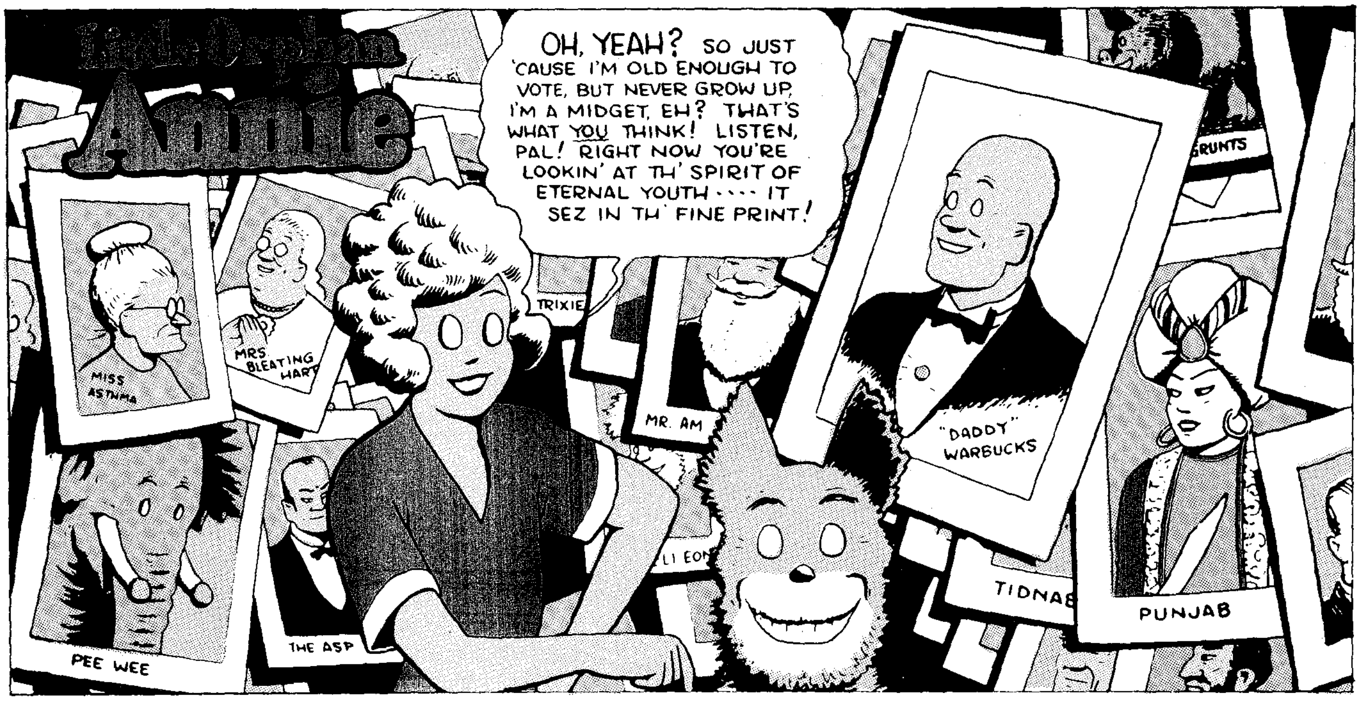
I went back toward the girl who was sitting disconsolately at the desk, with the dubious hope of getting my chips changed back into dollars. "Not now," one of the cops told me. "Come back *next week.*"

Next week? He gave me a philosophical sort of smile.

Back at my blackjack table, the stout dealer was saying, "This is the first time this ever happened to me. *The first time.*"

"I can promise you," a cop said, "you aren't gonna like it." There were ten arrests, and $840 was confiscated.

As I left, the cop at the door said merrily, "Come again!" —A. H.-G.


Little Orphan Annie
OH, YEAH? SO JUST 'CAUSE I'M OLD ENOUGH TO VOTE, BUT NEVER GROW UP, I'M A MIDGET, EH? THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK! LISTEN, PAL! RIGHT NOW YOU'RE LOOKIN' AT TH' SPIRIT OF ETERNAL YOUTH .... IT SEZ IN TH' FINE PRINT!
MISS ASTHMA
MRS BLEATING HART
TRIXIE
MR. AM
"DADDY" WARBUCKS
GRUNTS
PEE WEE
THE ASP
LI EON
TIDNAB
PUNJAB

Leapin' Lizards! Has Annie Gone Pinko?!?

By Bob Abel

"...In the musical, Daddy Warbucks, comicsdom's apotheosis of right-wing conservatism, has become a bleeding-heart liberal..."

En garde, New York theater critics: A new musical, *Annie*—inspired by, but not directly based upon, the famous comic strip "Little Orphan Annie"—is opening on Broadway April 21 with a carpetbag full of rave reviews from its out-of-town debut at the Eisenhower Theatre at Washington's Kennedy Center, where the show was so popular that the theater sometimes ran out of programs for the standing-room-only crowd. And now the bona fide Moment of Truth: the Big Apple, maker or breaker of hearts, reputations, and backers' bank accounts. But *beyond* that—beyond the bucks riding on the response of the Manhattan aisle-sitters—there is a very serious ideological question at issue here. For the "Little Orphan Annie" fans among the local critics—and I am sure they are legion—will have to confront the sight and sound of Daddy Warbucks, the apotheosis of right-wing conservatism in the comics, and Annie, his adoring earpiece, as bloody bleeding-heart liberals, can you believe it! And Annie is so lovable, according to the Washington *Post*, "you'll want to wrap her up and take her home." "The creators of *Annie* intend for us to take Annie and Warbucks to our hearts," says the Washington *Star*.

Annie "lovable"? Well, maybe. But taking Daddy Warbucks "to our hearts"? Meaning no disrespect for the dead, but Harold Gray would be calling upon Punjab and the Asp to wreak havoc on Mike Nichols's head, and on those of all others concerned, if he knew what had happened to his favorite people.

For instance, Daddy is now a self-made millionaire, from Hell's Kitchen no less. In the first part of the musical, he is preoccupied with high finance. "I turned a million dollars into 100 million. In those days," laments Reid Shelton as Daddy, "that was a lot of money." But as he becomes involved with Annie's search for her parents (she's a foundling, not an orphan, these days), he becomes humanized and, unlike the comic-strip Warbucks, he is going to stick around in his Fifth Avenue mansion and take care of Annie. But before he comes to *(Continued on page 48)*

Bob Abel is coeditor of The Funnies: An American Idiom, *editor of* The American Cartoon Album, *and, most recently, author of* The Book of Beer.

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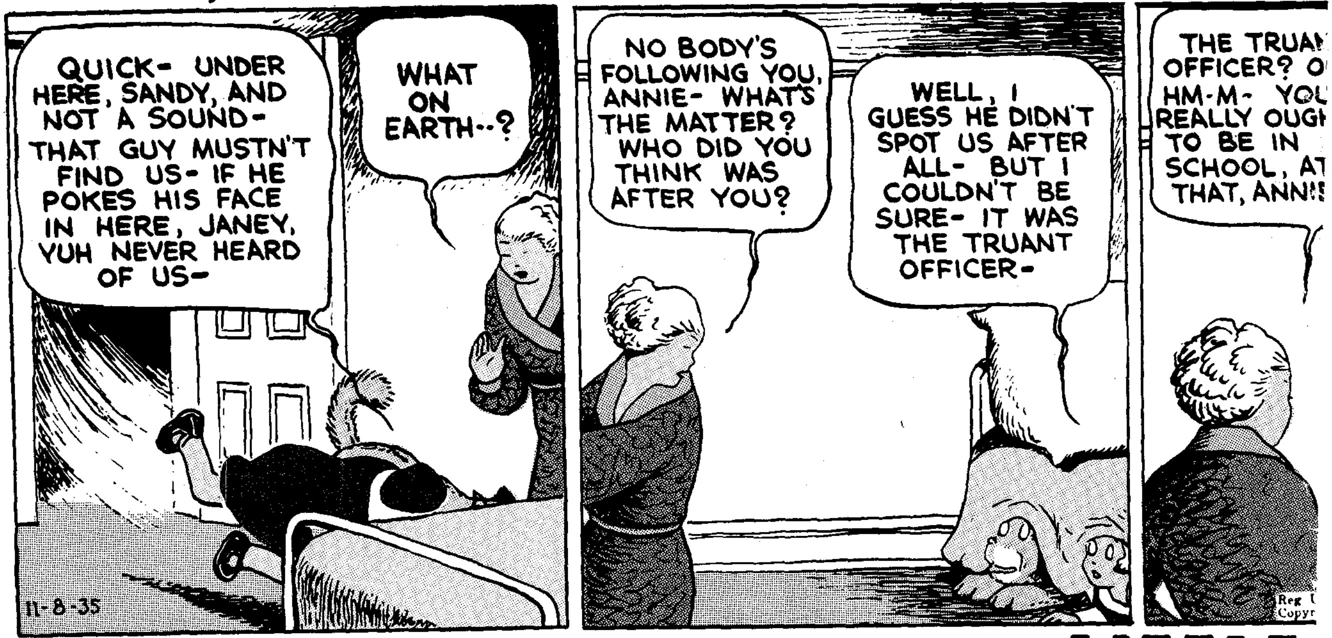
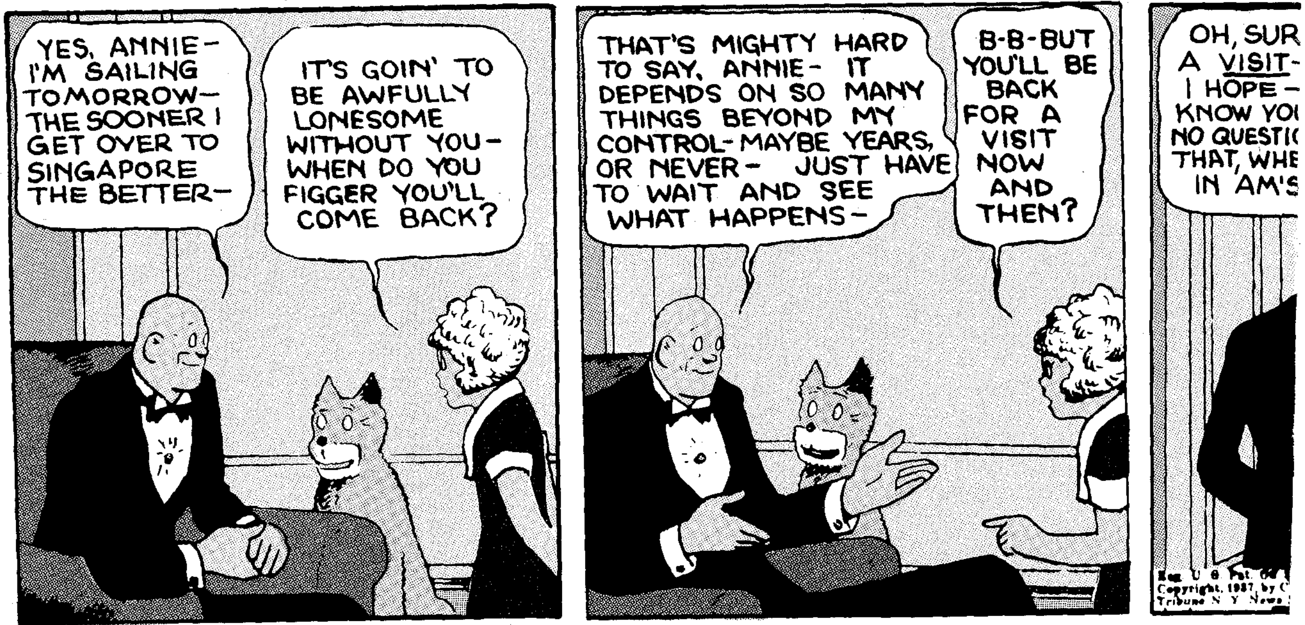
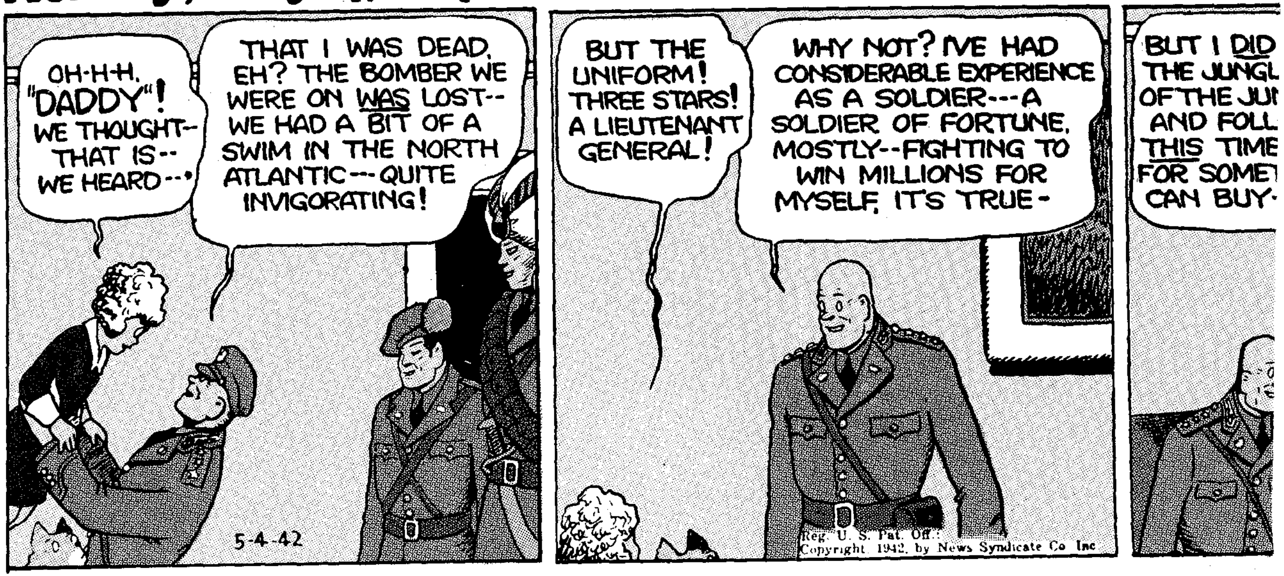
FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1935 LITTLE ORPHAN

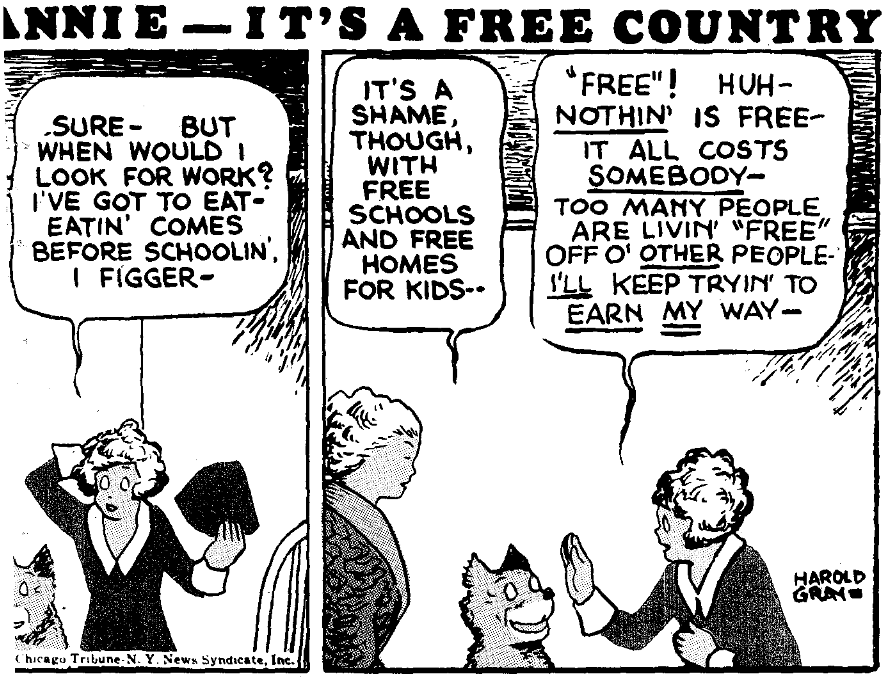

QUICK- UNDER HERE, SANDY, AND NOT A SOUND- THAT GUY MUSTN'T FIND US- IF HE POKES HIS FACE IN HERE, JANEY, YUH NEVER HEARD OF US-
WHAT ON EARTH--?
11-8-35
NO BODY'S FOLLOWING YOU, ANNIE- WHAT'S THE MATTER? WHO DID YOU THINK WAS AFTER YOU?
WELL, I GUESS HE DIDN'T SPOT US AFTER ALL- BUT I COULDN'T BE SURE- IT WAS THE TRUANT OFFICER-
THE TRUAN OFFICER? O HM-M- YOU REALLY OUGH TO BE IN SCHOOL, AT THAT, ANNI

SATURDAY, JULY 3, 1937 LITTLE

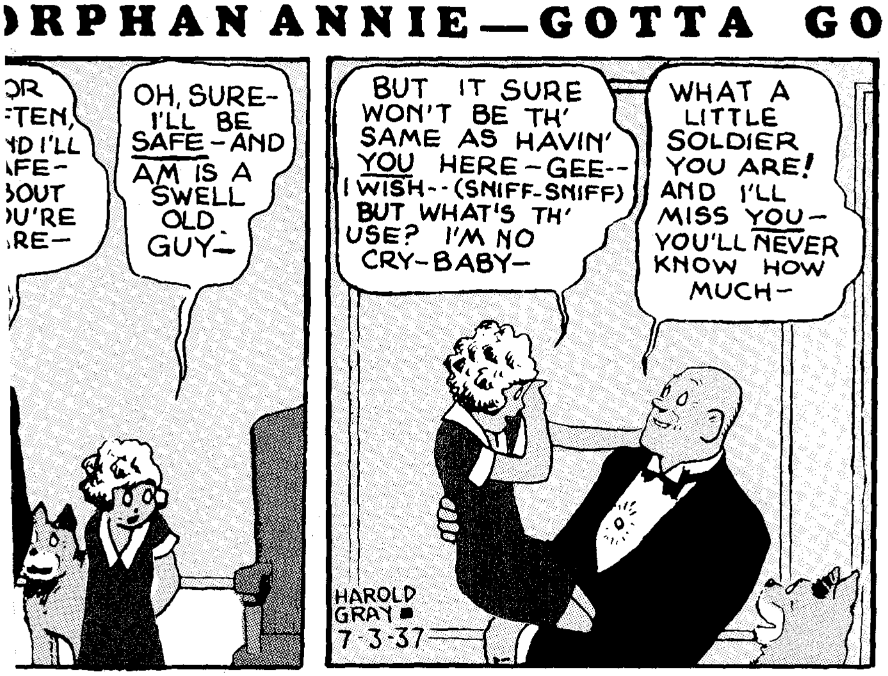

YES, ANNIE- I'M SAILING TOMORROW- THE SOONER I GET OVER TO SINGAPORE THE BETTER-
IT'S GOIN' TO BE AWFULLY LONESOME WITHOUT YOU- WHEN DO YOU FIGGER YOU'LL COME BACK?
THAT'S MIGHTY HARD TO SAY, ANNIE- IT DEPENDS ON SO MANY THINGS BEYOND MY CONTROL- MAYBE YEARS, OR NEVER- JUST HAVE TO WAIT AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS-
B-B-BUT YOU'LL BE BACK FOR A VISIT NOW AND THEN?
OH, SUR A VISIT- I HOPE- KNOW YO NO QUESTI THAT, WHE IN AM'S
Reg U S Pat. Copyright, 1937, by Tribune N Y News

Monday, May 4, 1942 LITTLE ORPHA

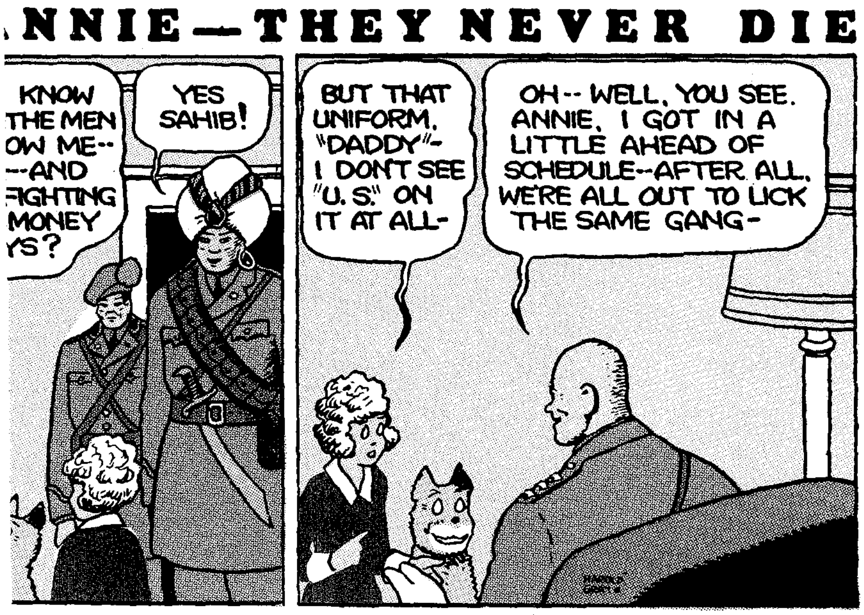

OH-H-H, "DADDY"! WE THOUGHT- THAT IS-- WE HEARD--
THAT I WAS DEAD, EH? THE BOMBER WE WERE ON WAS LOST-- WE HAD A BIT OF A SWIM IN THE NORTH ATLANTIC--- QUITE INVIGORATING!
5-4-42
BUT THE UNIFORM! THREE STARS! A LIEUTENANT GENERAL!
WHY NOT? I'VE HAD CONSIDERABLE EXPERIENCE AS A SOLDIER---A SOLDIER OF FORTUNE, MOSTLY--FIGHTING TO WIN MILLIONS FOR MYSELF. IT'S TRUE-
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Copyright 1942, by News Syndicate Co Inc
BUT I DID THE JUNGL OF THE JU AND FOLL THIS TIME FOR SOME CAN BUY-


NNIE — IT'S A FREE COUNTRY
SURE- BUT WHEN WOULD I LOOK FOR WORK? I'VE GOT TO EAT- EATIN' COMES BEFORE SCHOOLIN', I FIGGER-
IT'S A SHAME, THOUGH, WITH FREE SCHOOLS AND FREE HOMES FOR KIDS--
"FREE"! HUH- NOTHIN' IS FREE- IT ALL COSTS SOMEBODY- TOO MANY PEOPLE ARE LIVIN' "FREE" OFF O' OTHER PEOPLE- I'LL KEEP TRYIN' TO EARN MY WAY-
HAROLD GRAY
Chicago Tribune-N. Y. News Syndicate, Inc.

So young and yet so wise: *Annie, by the 1930s, had set herself up as a mouthpiece for Harold Gray, Daddy Warbucks, and good old-fashioned American right-wing conservatism. It's not that the kid was antieducation, it's just that she had a realistic sense of priorities.*


RPHAN ANNIE — GOTTA GO
OR -TEN, ND I'LL FE- OUT U'RE RE-
OH, SURE- I'LL BE SAFE - AND AM IS A SWELL OLD GUY-
BUT IT SURE WON'T BE TH' SAME AS HAVIN' YOU HERE - GEE-- I WISH--(SNIFF-SNIFF) BUT WHAT'S TH' USE? I'M NO CRY-BABY-
WHAT A LITTLE SOLDIER YOU ARE! AND I'LL MISS YOU- YOU'LL NEVER KNOW HOW MUCH-
HAROLD GRAY 7-3-37

Independence Day for Daddy: *With FDR in the White House, patriotism for Daddy Warbucks meant clearing out of the country till New Deal liberalism blew over. Over the years, Daddy was constantly abandoning little Annie. But, on the other hand, if he had been as faithful as Sandy, there would have been no story.*


NNIE — THEY NEVER DIE
KNOW THE MEN OW ME-- --AND FIGHTING MONEY YS?
YES SAHIB!
BUT THAT UNIFORM, "DADDY"- I DON'T SEE "U.S." ON IT AT ALL-
OH -- WELL, YOU SEE, ANNIE, I GOT IN A LITTLE AHEAD OF SCHEDULE--AFTER ALL, WE'RE ALL OUT TO LICK THE SAME GANG-

Daddy comes marching home: *When the Roosevelt era ended, Daddy returned. But from where? What uniform is he wearing in this strip? What army have he and Punjab and the Asp been serving in as "soldiers of fortune"? All we ever know is that Daddy made quite a pile for himself. That, at least, is true Americanism. War bucks, get it?*

"...What makes Annie so optimistic? 'She has the good fortune,' grins author Meehan, 'to meet the richest man in the world'..."

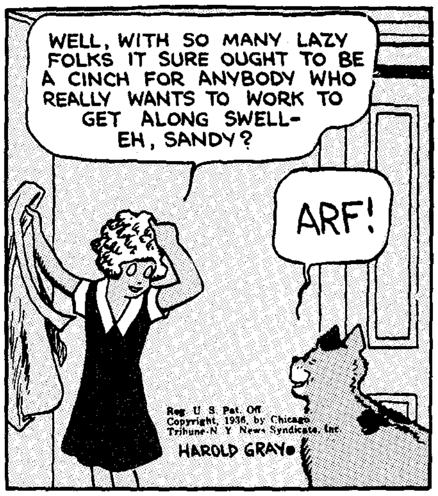
(Continued from page 45) this decision, he has enlisted the help of his good chum Franklin Delano Roosevelt, the prez himself, in the search for Annie's parents. And Annie is no ingrate: Despite her foundling status, she has optimism to burn and she helps cheer up Roosevelt's Cabinet with the hope of a better tomorrow, singing: "I love ya, tomorrow, you're only a day away." Thus, while Daddy, who is practically a member of the Cabinet, gives the New Deal a good shove in the right direction, Annie, played by thirteen-year-old Andrea McArdle, celebrates the prospect of a brighter tomorrow for America by singing "A New Deal for Christmas."

If this sounds a lot more like *A Christmas Carol* than "Little Orphan Annie," it is no accident. The people connected with the show, including author Thomas Meehan and director and lyricist Martin Charnin, were stunned when the New York *Times*'s Walter Kerr visited the show in its Goodspeed Opera House debut in East Haddam, Connecticut, late last summer and found it "ideologically treacherous." "[Kerr] took Warbucks's right-wing views as *our* views," says Meehan, a former *New Yorker* staffer and television (*That Was the Week That Was*) writer. "No one else who has seen the show has had that reaction."

In any case, Meehan and the others took steps to decontaminate the show of any conservative yearnings, and what began back in 1972 as an "up, optimistic" musical response to the Nixon government, Watergate, and the deep recession has opened in our nation's capital resembling nothing so much, in Meehan's words, as "a Jimmy Carter First One Hundred Days musical." He stresses that while the action of the show is basically "Annie's odyssey"—her search for her parents—what the show is really all about is optimism. On the political level, this can be translated into "getting the country to work again." But what makes Annie personally so optimistic? "Well," points out Meehan, grinning, "she has the extraordinary good fortune to meet the richest man in the world."

By and large, the creators of comic strips are benign fellows. They want to become successful so they can hire assistants to ink in the backgrounds and do the lettering in the balloons. When they become truly successful, they can play a lot of golf. And the one thing they do *not* want to do is offend any sector of the trinity of syndicate, editor, and readership. Pragmatists right down to the funny bone, they have traditionally paid homage to the cardinal rule of the industry: Thou shalt not compete with the editorial cartoonists of thy newspaper outlets.

True, a few high-powered types have been known to haul a soapbox onto the comics page—Walt Kelly and Al Capp come readily to mind—but in the three quarters of a century that comic strips have been part of this nation's popular culture, only one man has devoted the better part of a lifetime to political proselytism. That was the late Harold Gray, creator of "Little Orphan Annie."


WELL, WITH SO MANY LAZY FOLKS IT SURE OUGHT TO BE A CINCH FOR ANYBODY WHO REALLY WANTS TO WORK TO GET ALONG SWELL- EH, SANDY?
ARF!
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
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HAROLD GRAY

ARF! goes Sandy: *Two hearts beat as one.*

Back in 1932, when Roosevelt was elected to his first term, Gray decided he *really* didn't care for the political climate in this country and spent the rest of his career campaigning against it. Even under Republican Eisenhower, who bore a strong physical resemblance to Daddy Warbucks—or was it the other way around?—Gray found things to keep him at grouse-point. When, at some far-flung future date, if pollution, overpopulation, and men of goodwill permit, the cultural anthropologists dig up a time capsule to find out what America was like in this century, they will surely be surprised to learn that a sweet little girl in a comic strip of this period was called by two British observers "the Joan of Arc of the American right."

In the Beginning, the Captain—Captain Joseph Medill Patterson, founder and publisher of the New York *Daily News*—looked over the land of comicsdom and he saw that there were some 40 comic strips featuring little boys. Having successfully decided that the land was ready for a tabloid newspaper appealing to the working classes—his model was Lord Northcliffe's English *Daily Mirror*—he now decided that the land was ready for a little-girl heroine.

According to one account, the Captain looked upon the work being proffered him by a young artist from the Midwest, a strip entitled "Little Orphan Andy," and said, "Put skirts on the kid and call her Little Orphan Annie." As Harold Gray, the artist, dearly wanted to graduate from his job as assistant to Sidney Smith, artist of "The Gumps," he was happy to comply. Moreover, Annie would be in rather distinguished company: Maggie and Jiggs ("Bringing Up Father"), Mutt and Jeff, Barney Google, Moon Mullins, Tillie the Toiler, Skeezix ("Gasoline Alley"), Popeye ("Thimble Theatre"), and the remarkably sweet-tempered Krazy Kat were already among the famous Americans of the time.

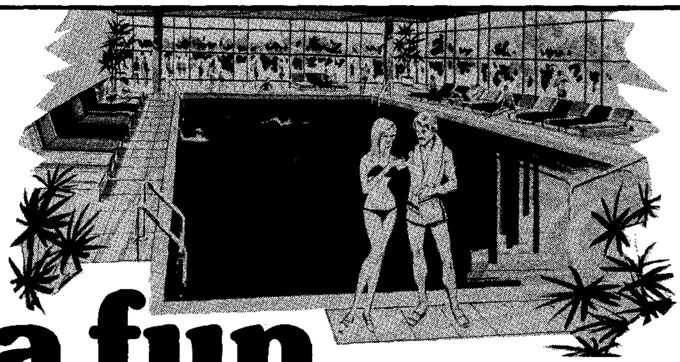
As it happened, "Little Orphan Annie" debuted, along with five other new strips, on August 5, 1924, in a special pink (hah!) edition of the *Daily News* and was the only one to escape the high mortality rate for new comic strips. But while Gray was happy with the orphan concept—"I chose an orphan," he later explained, "because she'd have no extraneous relatives, no tangling alliances, and the freedom to go where she pleased"—and believed in the appeal of his character, neither he nor Patterson was overly optimistic.

But "Annie" inspired fierce loyalty right from the start. When the Chicago *Tribune*, the second paper to carry the strip, left it out of the paper for one day in October, 1925, as a "disciplinary measure"—Annie, newly arrived at the palatial pad of Daddy Warbucks, was learning table manners, and the paper was apparently afraid that in no time at all she'd be putting on the ritz—that same day there was such a public outcry that even high *Tribune* executives had to man the phones. The paper was told to "square yourself," which it assiduously did the next day, running two "Annie" strips and a front-page apology. In 1933, when Sandy and Annie got separated, a nation worried, particularly this gentleman: "Please do all you can to help Annie find Sandy Stop We are all interested [signed] Henry Ford." Later still, when Daddy Warbucks was reported dead, a nation grieved: The syndicate received flowers and condolences from readers across the country. Yet these humanistic metaphors pale before the most imposing one of all in a capitalistic society: When Annie went on the radio in the 1930s, she sold megatons of Ovaltine!

Queried once about his formula for success, Gray whipped off his own metaphor: "Keep your characters in hot water all the time, but don't have it hot enough to scald their courage." On another occasion, however, when urged to explain the instant success of the strip, he replied in analogy rather than metaphor. "In those days," he recalled, "she was *East Lynne, Over the Hill to the Poorhouse,* and all the other favorites rolled into one and modernized. She was not a 'comic.' She didn't attempt to panic the public or send millions into hysterics with her wit. Life to her was deadly serious. She had to be hard to survive, and she was meant to survive." And in a 1951 interview with *Editor & Publisher,* Gray spelled out his personal philosophy in terms that would have made Oliver Cromwell proud of the former Kansas farm boy. "There are eternal verities easy enough for all to learn. Tell the truth; save your money to be independent; in short, keep your nose tidy." He also reiterated, in case anyone dared to think otherwise, that he just wanted to express life as he "thought it to be."

After "Annie" became indecently successful, at one stage appearing in 500 newspapers and ranking only behind "Blondie" and "Dick Tracy" in readership popularity, Gray's independent philosophy surfaced. On one occasion, when Gray had Annie being a delivery girl for a small shop, a national organization of social workers approached no less a personage than Mrs. Franklin Delano Roosevelt to ask that the strip be banned because it was undoing their good work in the area of child-labor-law reforms. Gray responded with the utmost seriousness: "I'm not a reformer. And I'm not using Annie to preach any sermons or reform anybody. I'm merely trying to teach her the philosophy of being independent, earning her own way, minding her own business, taking care of herself. In my opinion, that's a good philosophy for a kid, especially an orphan."

Leapin' child-labor laws! Not using Annie "to preach any sermons"?!? The Sunday "Annie" strip always had a quote in the title panel from one of Gray's favorite philosophers, and Gray's "Maw Green" three- or four-panel strip, which ran below the Sunday episodes, was as homily as homily can be. Moreover, a small book could be published



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"...'Liberals and intellectuals,' said Gray, 'are guys who don't do their homework'..."

of just the critiques and criticism and commentary (not a little of it satirical) "Little Orphan Annie" has launched over the years.

Some highlights:

In 1934, Richard L. Neuberger—later a United States senator—wrote an article attacking the strip for its "crusade to make martyrs out of millionaires and unscrupulous demagogues out of vigilant district attorneys and militant senators." His article, entitled "Hooverism in the Funnies," appeared in *The New Republic* and accused Gray of "doing heroic service in the cause of Andrew W. Mellon, Samuel Insull, and other persecuted philanthropists." The cause of Neuberger's ire was an "Annie" sequence appearing at the same time that both utilities magnate Insull and munitions magnate Daddy Warbucks were to go on trial; the similarity of actual events and comic-strip narrative caused thousands of readers to write Gray and ask if *he* was putting out the straight poop instead of the newspaper. Warbucks demanded of the jury, "Is this the answer to ambition? The reward for giving every ounce of thought and effort for a lifetime?" Phil O. Bluster, the prototype of the oppressive politicians Gray tossed into his plots from time to time, was prosecuting Warbucks, but not honestly: "Warbucks is innocent, but we've faked enough evidence to convict him. The grand jury is picked. The public is falling for our line of bunk."

Fifteen months later *The New Republic* published an editorial entitled "Fascism in the Funnies," which lamented the "propaganda" context in Gray's strip, including "a continued attack on the New Deal, together with a virulent denunciation of the organized-labor movement." The object of the magazine's scorn and anger was a sequence in which a group of politicians —Claude Claptrap, Horatio Hack, Phineas Plunder, and Byron Bunkum were among them—allied themselves with union organizers against the good works of Daddy Warbucks.

A few weeks later, it was *The Nation*'s turn to take offense: "Perhaps the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children should take her under control until her syndicators can demonstrate their moral fitness to be the guardians of a child as impressionable and dull as Annie."

In late 1943 the Louisville *Courier-Journal* joined the list of papers which had dropped the strip over the years because—in this instance—"propaganda against gasoline rationing was being smuggled into comic strips in the guise of entertainment."

During World War II, when Daddy Warbucks was reintroduced after a long absence from the strip, Gray said succinctly, "The situation changed last April. . . . Roosevelt died then."

He amplified on Warbucks's disappearing act to *The New Yorker*'s Roger Kahn: "Daddy," Gray explained, "got out of the country . . . he was quick to see the trend the government politicians were following. Hence, to avoid being suckered into the typical double play of strike called and government seizure, Warbucks beat the government to it and turned his plant over . . . as a patriotic gesture. Being a successful industrialist, he was naturally blacklisted from any U.S. Army or Navy commission by our government, so he hustled out to the Orient, where he became a general in an unspecified army."

In 1945, another trial sequence caused the National Lawyers Guild to cite Gray for "seeking to undermine faith in American concepts of justice by attacking the American bench and bar."

But in a 1955 *Harper's* article, Ignatius G. Mattingly explained Annie's continuing search for an often missing Daddy more romantically. "This quest myth," Mattingly wrote, "serves as the basis for an allegory. Daddy Warbucks is Capitalism; and more particularly, Capitalism of the old-fashioned type practiced by the Jew of Malta, Commodore Vanderbilt, and Al Capp's General Bullmoose: what might be called Bird Dog Capitalism. Warbucks has vast holdings, quasi-magic powers [in the persons of Punjab and the Asp], a Nietzschean contempt for regularly constituted authority, and apparent immortality, like a corporation, or, indeed, Capital itself."

In 1962, the distinguished journalist and critic Ben H. Bagdikian wrote a *New Republic* piece ripping into "Annie" on many fronts. "Still champ as political pioneer is 'Little Orphan Annie,'" he declared in an article dealing with comics and the cold war. "She has been fighting democracy, social welfare, high taxes, universal suffrage, reform, education, culture, and human love for years." And how is the good fight waged? With good old-fashioned violence: "Differences of opinion are commonly settled by mayhem. I once counted seventy-five men killed or maimed in a period of three months, all done with patriotic righteousness." And as for the strip's treatment of our cold-war opponents, Bagdikian found "another Birchist message of idiocy and treason in government, of spies everywhere, and of fighting straw enemies with magic. . . ." Still and all, Bagdikian managed to close his article on a note of wry wrath: "Hark, hark, Secretary McNamara, I hope they're not reading the funnies at the Pentagon."

To be sure, newspapers—particularly those on the left—would drop the strip whenever the sequence was sufficiently offensive, but Gray always rode out these unpleasantnesses with the staunch flintiness of a self-made millionaire. Indeed, as he grew older Gray became even feistier: "A publisher once told me that Annie should be on the editorial page. I told him that some of the funniest stuff I ever read was in the editorials, so why not put them on the comics page? . . . Liberals and intellectuals are guys who don't do their homework, they don't know history."

Gray passed away in 1968, and the syndicate took steps to continue the strip via other artists (of the major strips, only George Herriman's brilliant "Krazy Kat" was laid to rest when its creator died). However, the peculiar combination of fairy tale, melodrama, and political parable that made up "Little Orphan Annie" was not easy to duplicate and subscribing papers began dropping off, from a total of some 250 at Gray's death to 180 in the spring of 1974, when the syndicate decided that there was only one direction to go with "Annie"—backward.

Leapin' lizards, a comic-strip first! By returning to the strips of the mid-1930s, when proofs were available and worthy of good uninterrupted reproduction, the syndicate would be able to offer vintage "Annie" for many years to come, with topical political references cut.

Before you could say, "Necessity is the mother of invention," some 80 papers—many of them former subscribers—had signed up for "Annie" reruns. The competition for space on the comics pages of our nation's newspapers is fearsome these days, but the Great Time Warp Experiment with "Little Orphan Annie" has proven successful. At this writing there are still 150 newspapers hanging in there, with one notorious exception: Last May 2, our own New York *Daily News*, citing a drop in the strip's popularity, retired the moppet long before she was eligible for Social Security.

Still, let us not despair for the little wandering WASP. Kicked out of Gotham, she now returns—on the Broadway stage, no less. Sufferin' sunfish, who sez you can't go home again! ■

Spend some time with a Little Witch tonight.
The Little Witch
Pour one jigger Strega
one jigger vodka
over ice,
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Strega means witch. Strega also means a bewitching golden liqueur you can sip and savor and spend some time with. Without ever tiring of its magically unique taste.

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STREGA

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austria

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I stand in a cave of ice at Werfen and ride the funicular to the mines at Hallein. Then to the Tauern mountains and Krimml, Europe's highest waterfall. I became the sound of music . . . the music is me!

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NYM

This Polaroid SX-70 photograph is part of the collection of the Museum of Modern Art.

The work is by Lucas Samaras, one of America's foremost artists. It is part of one of the world's most important collections. It was produced using the finest instant photographic system in the world, the Polaroid® SX-70® Land camera. That same camera is owned by millions. A camera of extraordinary quality and versatility capable of exposures from 10.4 inches to infinity. A film of remarkable clarity and definition of detail whose color is among the most stable and fade-resistant in existence. Samaras' work of art from the SX-70, a work of art in itself.

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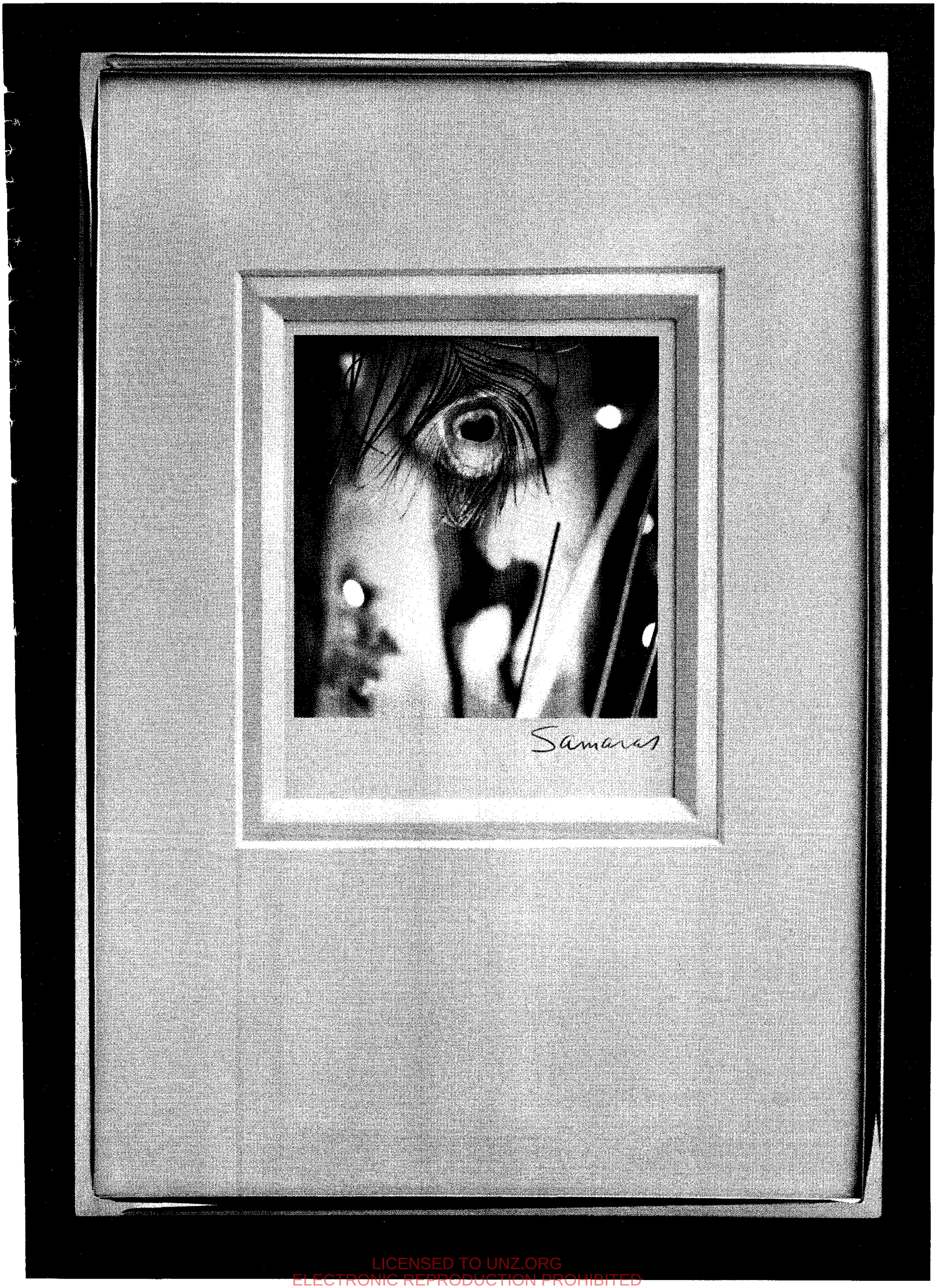
Samaras

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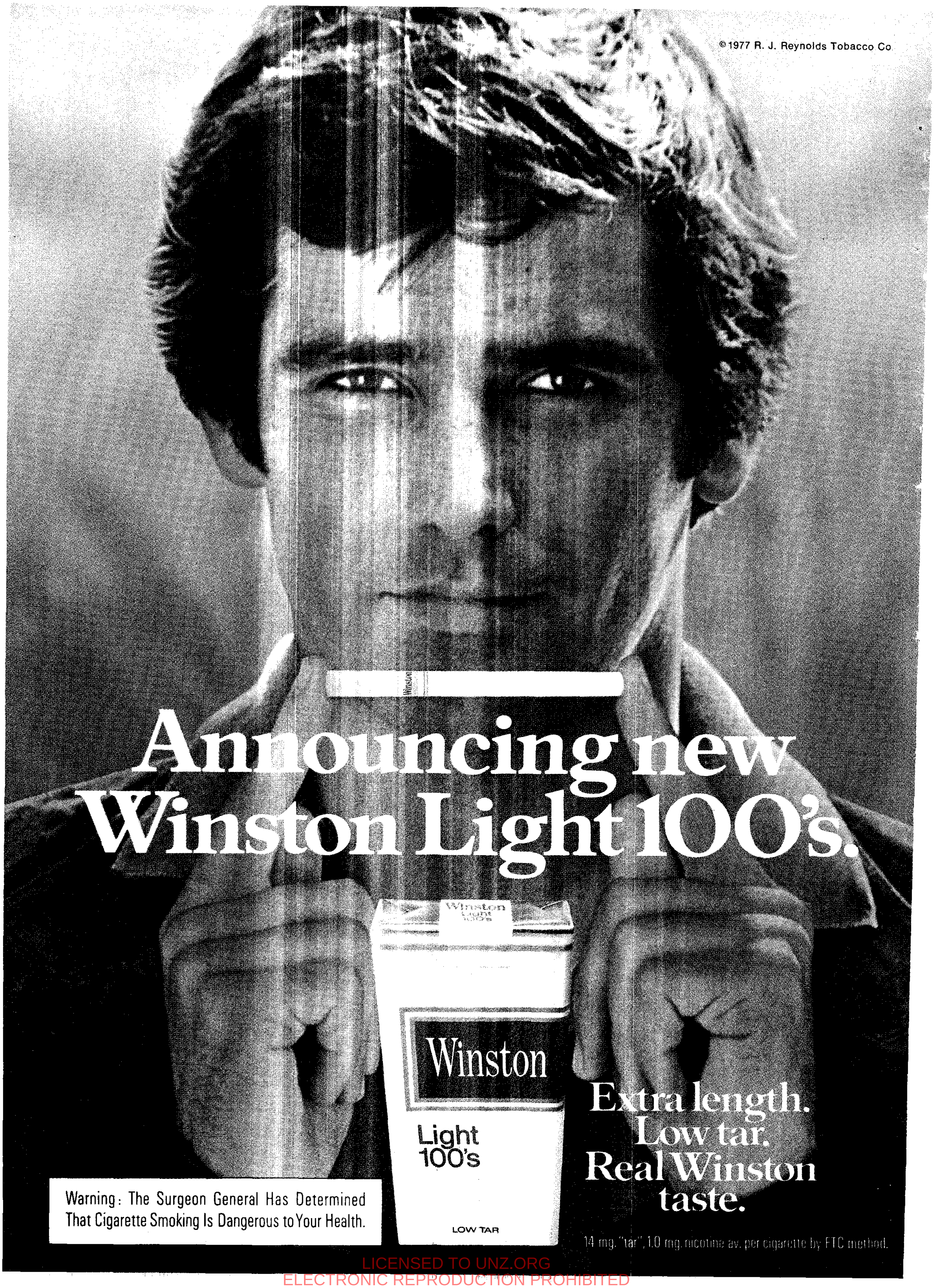
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The Upper Crusts: A Guide to Delectable Breads

By Elin Schoen

"... Le Cheesecake Elégant has revealed the name (secret until now) of the bakery supplying it with the best bread in town..."

"I remember," wrote Henry Miller, "when I used to be served a slice of homemade bread with butter and sugar smeared over it. Glorious days!"

I, too, remember the bread of my youth—not homemade, however, for no home baker could possible create the slices of snowy-soft bread that the Patio restaurant in Hess's department store in Allentown, Pennsylvania, spread with butter and cookie-cut into hen shapes to go with the kiddie chicken platter. There was a ritual to eating that bread. First I scraped away as much butter as possible. Then I pressed little bread pieces (putty in my hands) into dogs, cats, flowers, sombreros, and caterpillars. Then I ate them.

Not that I didn't know of any better bread. My mother often served rye that was probably pretty good. I just happened to prefer the all-American poreless wonders I saw on TV and in my friends' lunch boxes. This was true up until everyone finally started listening to J. I. Rodale and going stone-ground, whole-grain, and preservative-free. No matter that you could get lockjaw from some of those zaftig health-food loaves. No matter that one slice with a dab of Deaf Smith peanut butter took three days to digest. White bread was no longer beautiful. Grayish brown was.

But I am not about to jump into the ongoing debate on the virtue of white bread versus nonwhite. *Consumer Reports* declared recently that when it comes to nourishing laboratory rats, many a mass-produced white bread is superior to many a commercial back-to-nature type. This news must have shaken the health-food faction to its ginseng roots. But I am now in phase three of bread appreciation. I no longer want to sculpt the stuff. I no longer care whether or not it makes lab rats thrive. I just want it to have a marvelous aroma, a zesty taste, a robust crust, and real texture. I won't go as far as Henry Miller, who holds your average American bread responsible for the drooping wings and lackluster chirping of any American birds stupid enough to eat the crumbs flung to them, but I will say that a great—or even good—loaf is hard to find.

When it comes to sourdough, nothing here tastes as good as it does in San Francisco. Bloomingdale's has three breads called "sourdough"—the tough and awful Sourdough East, Inc., product; a round leaf that tastes like salty flour paste and has a crust with the texture of patent leather; and a long loaf that's too sour for my taste, though the crust is good. Balducci's "Swiss" sourdough bread is too redolent of yeast, and the "French" sourdough is a dead ringer for Bloomingdale's round loaf; it made my lips pucker. The only local thing labeled "sourdough" that tasted good to me was the Bread Shop's sourdough rye, which is Russian in origin and stony brown in color; it has a hint of that San Francisco flavor.

The Bread Shop (3139 Broadway, 666-4343) is as simple as its name—a hole-in-the-wall under the elevated tracks at Broadway and 123rd Street (which, at that point, is known as La Salle Street). It's amazing that the five young owners (the oldest, 35, is called "the old man") manage to produce enough bread in this tiny place to serve 75 local stores (including Balducci's and the Jefferson Market). But even more amazing is the bread itself, made by hand and untouched by preservatives or sugar (well, the cinnamon-raisin rolls *do* have a touch of brown sugar). Five-grain new bread (containing rye, wheat, oats, brown rice, barley), which is the biggest seller, reminds me of Wheatena; I'm also partial to soya loaf, golden beige with a delicate sesame flavor; onion-dill rye, known around the shop as "the most precious" because the buttermilk in it limits its staying-fresh power; and onion bread (available only at the shop itself), a rich white bread with a many-layered, poppy- and sesame-seeded, onion-studded crust.

The Bread Shop is open from 10 A.M. to 8 P.M. daily. And from 10 A.M. until 3 P.M. you can always get one bread or another hot out of the four-rack bakery oven.

My favorite white bread is available stintingly—six loaves a day—at **Zabar's** (2245 Broadway near 80th Street, 787-2000). It hails from the Victory Baking Company in Jersey City. A great white bread is like great vanilla ice cream—anything but bland, despite its virginal appearance. The Victory loaf, which is baked in stone-hearth ovens to be sliced into the classic keyhole shape, contains a high-gluten (therefore very strong and protein-rich) flour. The crust is gentle but thick. The bread makes exquisite toast, collapsing to crackerlike thinness when you apply butter. It is produced in such limited quantities because it contains no additives and therefore must be sold quickly. "It doesn't have squeeze appeal," says Mike Rubel, Victory's manager, "so it's not mass-marketable."

(Continued on page 58)

Elin Schoen is a frequent contributor to New York.

Herewith, a bread maven's favorite loaves, chosen for zesty taste...

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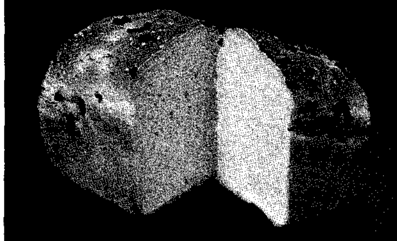
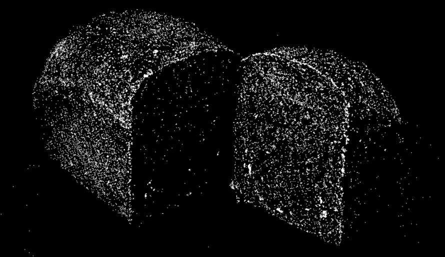
Photographed by Roberto Brosan

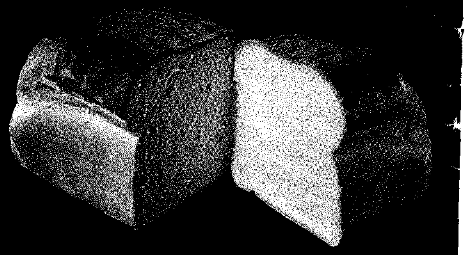
The Bread Shop's onion bread



The Bread Shop's five-grain new bread.

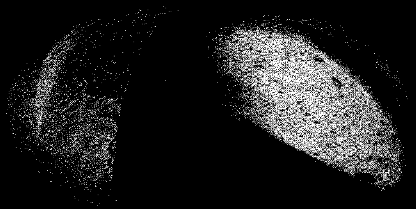


Victory Bakery's Victory loaf, at Zabar's.

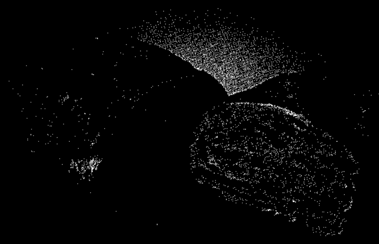


A. Orwasher's challah

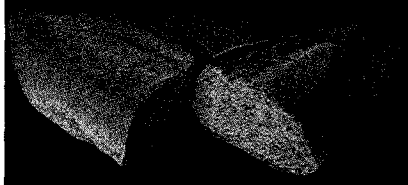
A. Orwasher's potato bread.



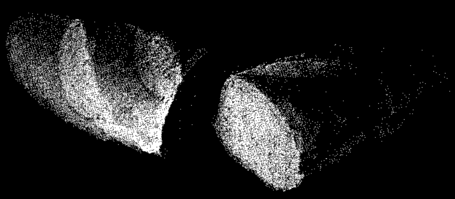
A. Orwasher's raisin pumpernickel.



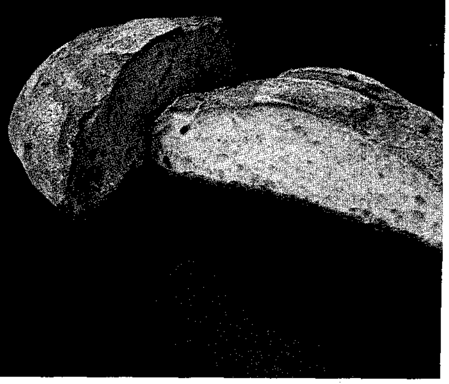
A. Zito's whole wheat



A. Zito's plain Italian bread.



D&G Bakery's round Neapolitan bread



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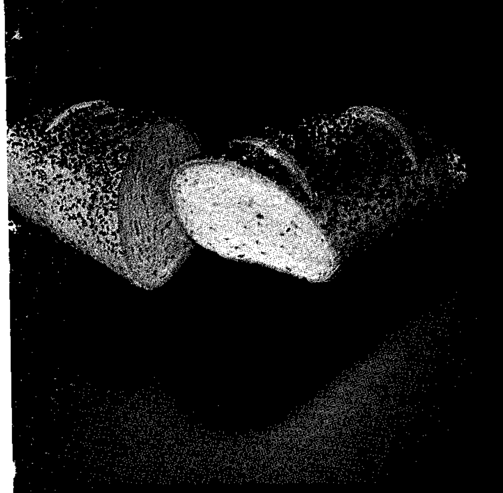
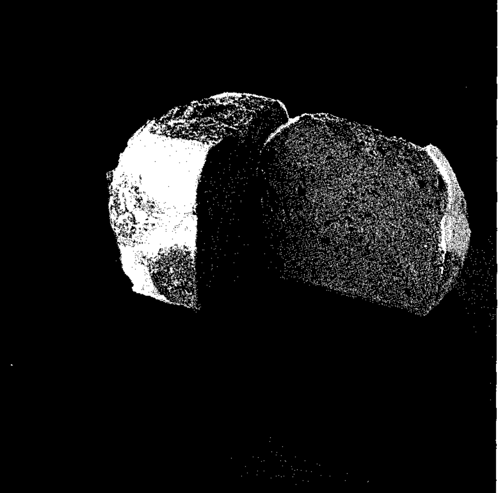
. . . marvelous aroma, vigorous crust, and for satisfying texture.

ictory Bakery's rye with caraway, at Zabar's.



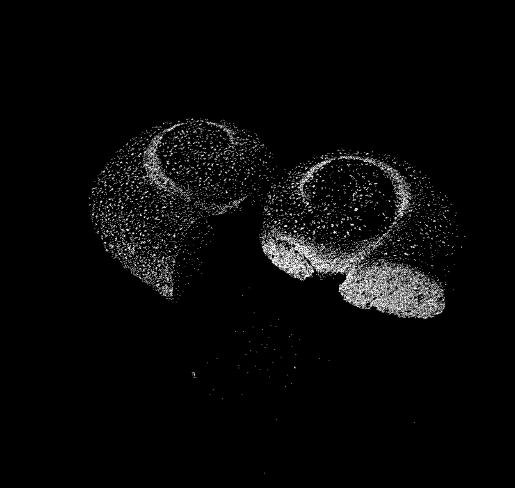
Niebylski Bakery's plain, ungarnished rye.

Niebylski Bakery's pumpernickel whole whea

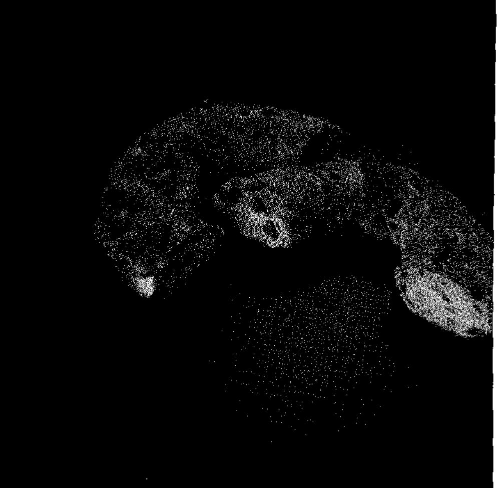


a Parisienne French bread, at supermarkets.

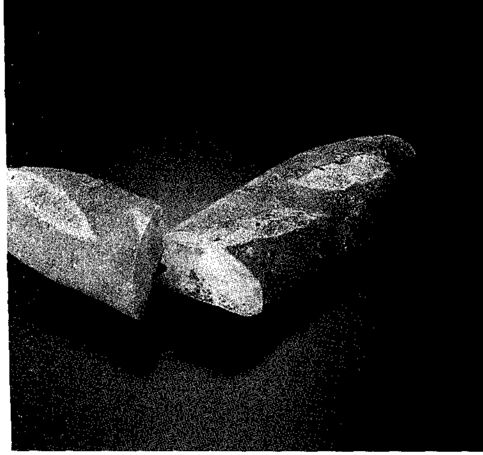
Parisi's Sicilian bread.



Parisi's lard bread with salami bits.



D&G Bakery's long Neapolitan bread.



Conca d'Oro's Italian bread.

Le Cheesecake Elégant's Swiss peasant bread

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(Continued from page 55) Zabar's, where "loose breads" have always been a staple and can often be found hanging from overhead beams among the kitchen gadgets, features larger supplies of Victory's excellent ryes and pumpernickels. And the one that goes fastest is a rye loaded with caraway seeds and sprinkled with czarnuszkas, little black seeds from Poland with a burnt caraway-pepper taste. Mike Rubel is one of the few people around who really understand czarnuszkas. "In baking they bring forth a delicious aroma. They became popular 20 or 30 years ago," he said. Although Victory ryes and pumpernickels are sold at various D'Agostino's, Sloan's, and Pathmarks, the czarnuszka-laden kind will be found mainly at Zabar's. "At Zabar's," said Rubel, "someone once wanted to order twenty pounds of czarnuszkas. I cannot imagine what he'd use them for. In supermarkets, people would think they're dirt. In fact, someone once tried to sue us because it upset his stomach to look at them." Zabar's is open Monday to Thursday 8 A.M. to 7:30 P.M., Friday to 10 P.M., Saturday to midnight; Sunday 9 A.M. to 7:30 P.M.

Of all the plain, ungarnished ryes around, my favorite is the one I found at **Tron's Brand Products** (119 First Avenue near 7th Street, 254-9109). It comes in fresh every morning at around 9 A.M. from **Niebylski Bakery** (23-64 Steinway Street, Astoria, Queens, 721-5152). "This is a mild rye, not sour like Jewish ryes," says Tony Niebylski who maintains his Polish-born father's old-country standards. His rye is very porous, with great body and a chewy crust, and you can get it without caraway seeds. Good rye bread, as purists know, does not need caraway seeds—in fact, they are often used in inferior ryes to supply the flavor that isn't in the dough. Tron also sells Niebylski's light pumpernickel, which tastes similar to the rye but is a little moister and heavier. And next door to Tron's, at the **New First Avenue Bakery** (OR 4-5699), you can get Niebylski's pumpernickel whole wheat, which is moister yet and has a hardy, flour-dusted crust. "All we use in it," Tony told me, "is pumpernickel flour, which looks like oatmeal; a hard wheat flour; salt; a yeast substance . . . and 'a little extra.' But I can't tell you what that is." All these breads, of course, are sold at Niebylski Bakery, along with onion rolls, Danish pastry, Russian health bread, and babkas (Fridays and Saturdays only). Tron's is open Friday 8 A.M. to 7 P.M., the rest of the week 8 A.M. to 6 P.M. The New First Avenue Bakery is open Monday to Saturday 6:30 A.M. to 7 P.M. Niebylski Bakery is open Tuesday to Saturday 8 A.M. to 6:30 P.M.

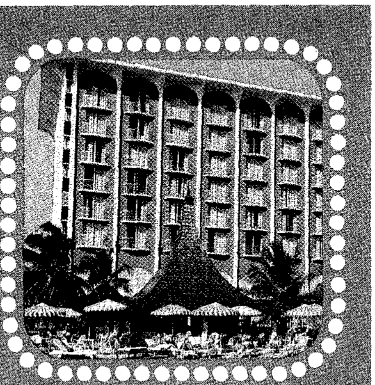
Another superb rye bread is made by **A. Orwasher** (308 East 78th Street, BU 8-6569), with or without caraway seeds. "Most people want it without," explains Louis Orwasher, "because seeds get caught in your teeth." It is based on the same recipe that Louis's father used when he started the bakery in 1926, selling, in addition to the rye, pumpernickel, white, and corn breads. (The original heavy, European-style corn bread has now been replaced by a lighter version.) At 8 A.M. you can buy hot bread, though the store's hours are 6 A.M. to 7 P.M. Monday to Saturday.

The Orwasher line has expanded considerably since 1926. On Saturdays only, there are onion boards and a marvelous cinnamon raisin bread. On Fridays only, there is challah (the best in the city, to my knowledge). And every day, there are ryes and pumpernickels in assorted sizes and shapes, in loaf or roll form. Their excellence is not just because of brick-oven baking, according to Louis, but because of the addition of certain ingredients which I swore never to reveal. One revelation, though, which applies not only to Orwasher breads, is that the larger the loaf, the longer it takes to bake, and therefore the better the bread. That's why Orwasher's "Pullman white" tastes sweeter, fuller, and more white-bready than the bakery's normal-size white loaf. But Orwasher's most outstanding breads, in any size, are raisin pumpernickel (which beats out a certain cereal in terms of raisins per bite) and potato bread, which has a vigorous crust and a taste comparable to the classiest French or Italian bread.

What constitutes a good "French" or "Italian" bread is, of course, a subject of much controversy and few conclusions—unanimous ones, that is. A lot of people go around moaning that no American bakery can produce breads that even come close to those in Paris or Palermo. They don't know why this is. Perhaps it is the European air or some as yet unidentified, magical property of European flour. Perhaps, over there, they mutter special incantations over the loaves as they go into the ovens. But I don't think it's as mysterious as all that. I think your average, simple loaf of bread in France or Italy is noble because it *is* simple—made merely of flour, water, yeast, and a little salt and then baked long and hard in a brick or stone oven.

And the real thing does exist hereabouts. **La Parisienne** bread, for instance, is available at D'Agostino's and Gristede's, as well as specialty stores like Trois Petits Cochons (17 East 13th Street). It costs 57 cents for an eight-and-a-half-ounce loaf. The manufactur-

The Aruba-Sheraton Hotel and Casino: A Showplace in the Caribbean Sun.



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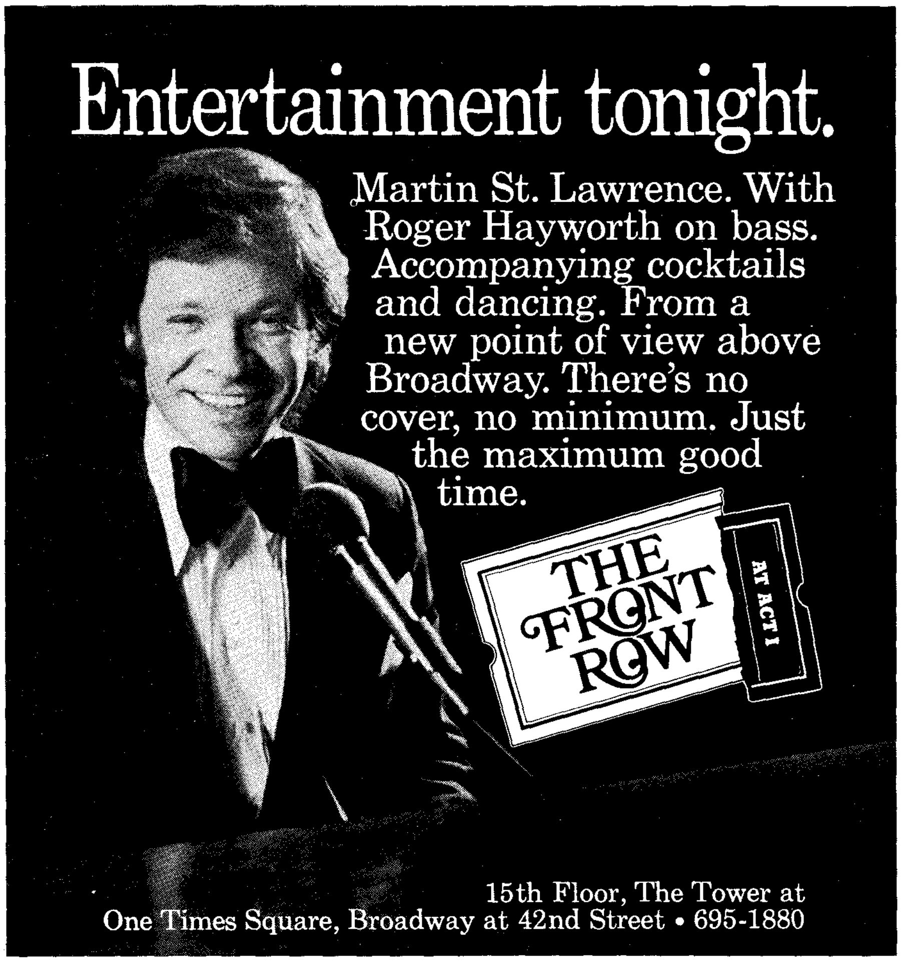

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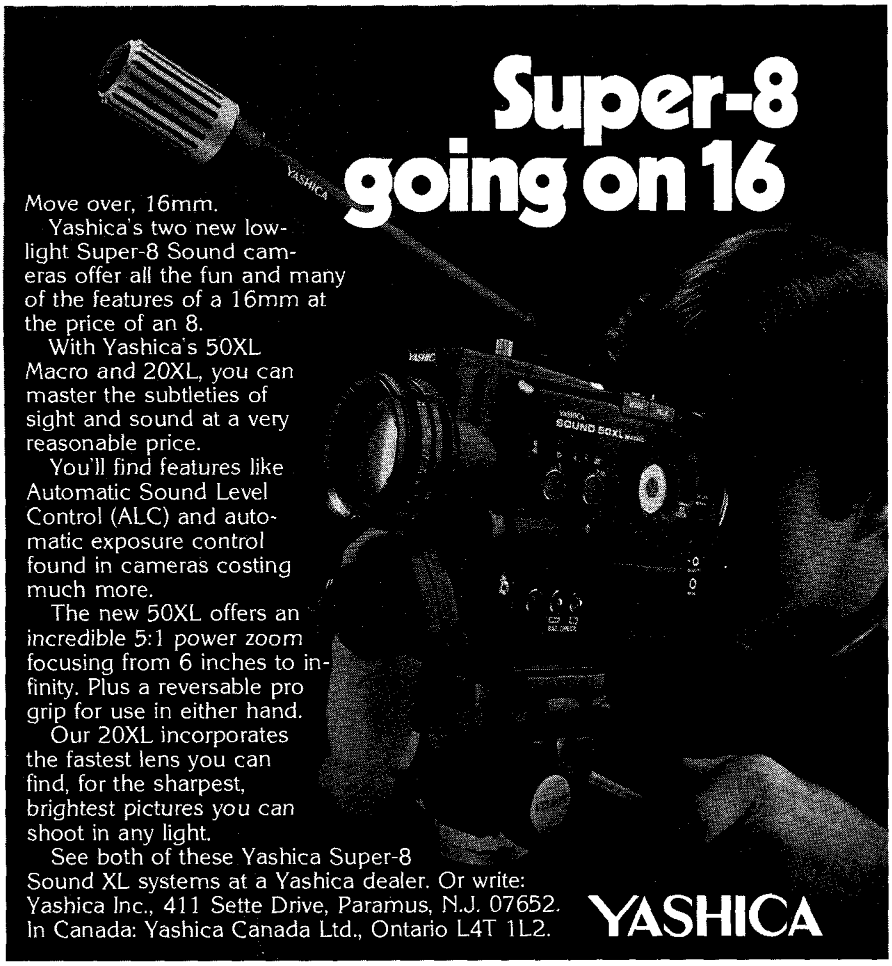

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er, Interbaco Manhattan Corporation, started out as an importer of French baking equipment; then, using their own equipment, the staff started making bread, which is very good indeed.

Although La Parisienne bread contains no lard, malt, sugar, or additives, and is as French as can be, what separates "French" from "Italian" breads at the best local family bakeries (which tend to be Italian) seems to be that the former contain ingredients other than flour, water, yeast, and salt. At **Parisi** (198 Mott Street, CA 6-6378), though, French loaves are distinguished from the Italian ones only because they come in just one shape—long and skinny. Robert Parisi, whose grandfather started the business some 60 years ago, turns out about 3,000 loaves of bread a day, serving almost every restaurant in Little Italy, as well as uptown establishments such as Patsy's and La Scala.

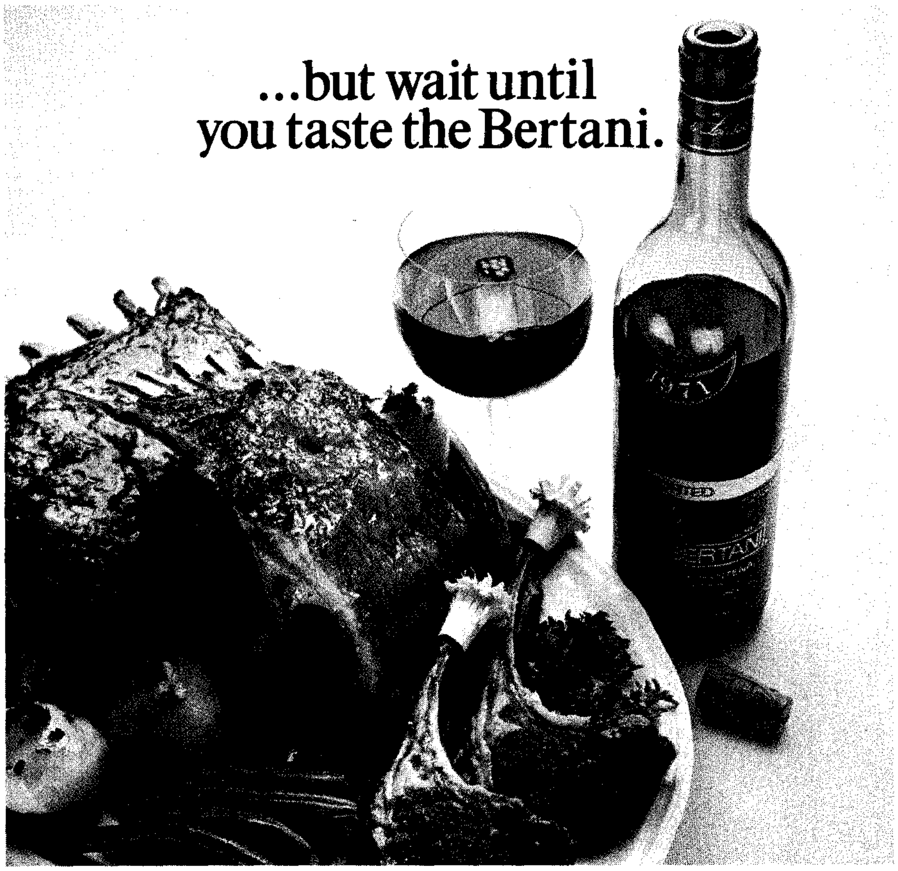
Parisi has about the lowest bread prices in town—40 cents for the two-foot-long (one-pound) French loaf, for example. There are two Italian styles—Neapolitan and Sicilian. The difference between them is in the kneading (Sicilian dough turns out drier and harder), in the smattering of sesame seeds on Sicilian loaves, and in the shapes. Neapolitan comes only in log-like or flat, round loaves. Sicilian comes in "the eyeglass," "the S," "the dog's bone," "the snake," braided, and probably in a few other configurations that I missed. There is also a nice grainy whole wheat bread with an aggressive, rough-textured crust. The lard bread is almost meaty in texture and certainly meaty in taste, since it's dotted with ham, roast pork, and salami bits—"a picnic," one of my friends called it. You can get hot bread at Parisi every hour from 8 A.M. till 2:30 P.M. Monday through Saturday (the shop closes at 6 P.M.). Hours on Sunday are 8 A M. till noon.

At **A. Zito** (259 Bleecker Street, WA 9-6139), bread comes out of the oven at 3 A.M., which is when the store opens for business on weekdays (on Saturday and Sunday, things don't get under way until 5 A.M.). And people do show up for their daily bread in the middle of the night. The shop, with its shelves full of Bertolli olive oil and the little sky-blue placard reading "Smile: God Loves You," has been a Village fixture for years. Charles Zito says that word of its excellence has ascended even to Frank Sinatra, and the bread regularly reaches restaurants such as Elaine's, Orsini's, Romeo Salta, and stores like Balducci's and the Jefferson Market.

Charles Zito carries on the family tradition of less-is-more by concentrating on plain Italian bread (no lard, etc.) that has the crunchiest, thick-yet-light crust imaginable and a fine interior. There is also a Sicilian-style loaf, which contains more yeast and is machine-mixed to a tougher consistency. The inside peels off into thin layers like mozzarella cheese. The crust has a polished appearance and a texture and flavor similar to Carr's Table Water biscuits. It is sublime with provolone cheese. But Zito's biggest seller is whole wheat, which, to me, is superior to its counterparts elsewhere because of the dramatic contrast between the delicate texture, the cereal-like taste, and the distinguished crackly crust. On weekdays, Zito's closes at 6 P.M.; on Saturday, at 5 P.M.; on Sunday, at 2 P.M.

At **D&G Fancy Italian Bakery** (45 Spring Street, 226-6688), the bread, Neapolitan only, is baked in brick ovens. Prices range from 20 cents for four ounces to $1 for a two-pound loaf, with many sizes in between. When you break the white loaves, the crust crunches very pleasingly. The interior is porous, light, flavorful, and fragrant. The whole wheat loaves, dense and chewy on the outside, have a less exuberant, but very impressive, crust. D&G is open from 6 A.M. to 6 P.M. Monday through Friday, 6 A.M. to 4 P.M. Saturday.

Another source of lovingly made Italian bread is **Conca d'Oro** (201 Bleecker Street, AL 4-0159), which is open weekdays from 8 A.M. to 6 P.M. and Saturday from 8 A.M. to 5 P.M. And as far as I'm concerned, the source of the best bread of any kind is **Le Cheesecake Elégant** (150 East 70th Street, UN 1-8740). It's open Tuesday through Saturday from 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. Every Friday and Saturday between 10:30 and 11 A.M., Swiss peasant bread arrives on the premises hot from New Jersey. The name and location of the Swiss bakery whence this bread comes had, until recently, been a treasured secret. Now, though, the shop will reveal the maker: Speikermann's Bakery in Union City, New Jersey. The bread is made with unbleached white flour, water, yeast, and salt, and baked in a stone oven. The loaves are round and plump, with a golden interior and a luxuriously crispy crust. Although no preservatives are added, it keeps miraculously well, refrigerated or not. I don't really know why this is the best bread in the city. All I know is that one day while walking from Le Cheesecake Elégant to Orwasher's I ate half a loaf of it. And it is a rare bread that doesn't need a little help from cheese, jam, or butter to be addictive. Since quite a few people besides me are addicted to Swiss peasant bread, advance reservations are recommended if you want to guarantee yourself a loaf—or three. ■



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Art / Thomas B. Hess

ACROSS THE RIVER AND INTO P.S. 1

"...The smells of envy and bitterness are absent. It's as if in Queens you don't step on Manhattan toes. You're left alone..."

Tired of this frying-pan-into-fire springtime? Does the passionate intensity of self-serving zealots depress you? Then take a couple of hours off and visit the Institute for Art and Urban Resources in its elegantly resurrected public-school building, **P.S. 1,** in Queens (just two subway stops from the Museum of Modern Art; for directions, see below). You'll get a lift, a sense of renewed optimism, from the work being done in the studios and shown in the galleries, where young artists are making it on their own, with the help of intelligent, energetic, idealistic, beautiful women (who else is going to save Western civilization?).

Consider the building itself; in a way, it embodies the institution, metaphysically as well as actually. It was beautifully built in the high beaux-arts eclectic mode—a little Renaissance, a little Romanesque, red stone, lots of fantasy. There are carved corbels and cornices, truly laid bricks and tiles, heavily strapped iron girders, ponderous wood beams, ingenious fenestration, a village of roofs, and, above all, a plan for generous interior spaces that open logically, one into the other, with processional grace. Moldings define ceilings, doors, stairwells, and other major elements with quiet tact, indicating how things are disposed, yet never intruding for the flashy, cosmetic effect. Although the school was abandoned for over a decade, there is plenty of evidence of the original structure—indeed, of the original ruin—before it was taken in hand by Alanna Heiss and Linda Blumberg, respectively president and program director of the Institute for Art and Urban Resources. The studios, for example, were merely weatherproofed; they are warm, well-lit volumes of raw space (with optional padlocks). Artists can adapt them to special requirements. In one of them, **Robert Yasuda** has carefully replastered a short corridor connecting two rooms so that perspective is contradicted and the door frame you see in the adjoining room is the same apparent size as the one in the room you're in. Seen through both doors, a painting hung at a forward tilt will, for a puzzling instant, look flat. Yasuda, whose works also can be seen at the Institute's other remarkable venue, the Clocktower (108 Leonard Street), is concerned with diagonals and with the codes for slanting space that can be generated from them through the slightest whisper of line and shift of hue. It's an art of delicacies. Because of the ample resources at P.S. 1, he has been able to develop a hermetic imagery to an impressive, architectural scale.

Intersection for art: *Institute for Art and Urban Resources in resurrected P. S. 1.*

Formal exhibition spaces have been remodeled among the ground-floor classrooms and the third-floor auditorium in the "old (or south) wing" by architect Shael Shapiro, who, with admirable restraint, has policed the area for a classic Soho allure (white walls, glistering hardwood floors). He's also moved some doorways around to obtain rooms of varying sizes as well as graceful proportions.

Richard Nonas, sculptor, trained as an anthropologist, articulates the long spaces of P.S. 1 with modules of hot-rolled steel (through 4/24). Blue-black beams, as massive as 6 by 6 inches, angle to lengths of 72 and 76 feet through the galleries. In one piece, the steel elements course through three rooms, from the edge of one doorway through the center of the next diagonally to a distant corner. In the middle room, a perpendicular branches off to claim the space. When steel gets this thick, it projects an aura of gravity and weight and strength—like an alligator.

Sometimes Nonas uses single elements butted to one another for a straight file. Sometimes he pairs them, side by side, for shorter forms that act more like planes than lines. Nonas says that while he was planning these pieces, an enigmatic rune kept jingling through his head—"half the half and double the double." He echoes the concept at its simplest in a wall piece—a shelf of cold-rolled steel six feet long, on top of which, flush right, is another piece three feet long; nearby is a shelf three feet long bearing a one-and-a-half-foot-long element. The coordinated doubling and halving in sharp white metal suggests the artist as a sort of Mendelian demiurge spreading his geometrics across space like a geneticist dreams of covering the earth with black and white mice.

The limits of Nonas's images are the limits of available space. He grabs all he can get. In the courtyard, he's set up a right triangle of twelve-by-twelve-inch hemlock beams; its hypotenuse is 42 feet long; the hypotenuse (C) rests on top of the two legs; one leg (A) is flat on the ground, the other (B) is under C and on top of A. You can walk over the piece. If you jump on C, it responds with a curiously offbeat shimmy. The

JOHN FERRARI

In an abandoned classroom, *Lucio Pozzi built color walls, swamping the space with green last month, yellow this month.*

In the gleamingly renovated first floor, *Richard Nonas lays out steel sculpture as carefully as a child builds with blocks.*

"...Nonas's sculptures could be moved to the outside world of commissions and patronage. I hope they have a worldly success..."

structure expresses with blunt accuracy the rough square of the courtyard and rear façade. It could be considered an instrument of precision for calibrating the psychic energy in this specific volume of lambent, Atlantic light.

Nonas's pieces are put together in the simplest, most efficient way—like a child carefully building with his blocks. The arrangements are stable because the units are so heavy. They relate to Carl Andre's work and especially to Richard Serra's. Serra was the first (as sculptor Alexander Liberman points out) to systematically and radically sweep away the conventional (and expensive) techniques of assembly. There are no rivets, dowels, or joints to his sculpture; no forging, welding, or epoxying. Heavy sheets and chunks of metal or timber are leaned on each other, or stacked, or left to snooze on the ground. The rest is up to the ever helpful Third Law of Thermodynamics —entropy, friction. In time, of course, the sculptures will wear themselves away. In, say, 100,000 years.

So it's appropriate that, in the Piranesian attic of P.S. 1, there's a piece by Richard Serra, a "positive-negative" band of steel I beam, half on its side, half on its back—half gutter, half lid. The band runs along the floor to connect an iron girder with a wood beam. The result is a complex triangular plane in empty space. It's nonfunctional, useless as a poem or a dance, and as exact in its revelation of specific energy—of the physics that sustain the roof on its walls and the earth on its axis. Nonas's triangle in the courtyard is an elegant and friendly echo of Serra's under the scaffolding. Both pieces are tuned to the building's spaces—its intellectual texture—and to each other. Which brings up another attractive side of P.S. 1—it operates outside the usual museum and commercial-gallery rat races and the studio-society circuits. The pieces done there couldn't be done anyplace else. The smells of envy and bitterness—odors of urine and adrenaline—are absent. It's as if in Queens you don't step on Manhattan toes. You're left alone. The works made and shown are, by and large, unsellable. They're what the artist wanted to do, images he wanted to look at, to study, without the inhibitions of economics and other designs on life.

Nonas's. sculptures could be moved to the outside world of commissions and patronage. Indeed, I hope they have a worldly success. They deserve it. David Rabinowitch's circles, on the other hand, are engraved into certain plaster walls, having become parts of the environment—like frescoes. New relics. Alan Saret has hammered a peephole high in one wall; he traces the progress of sunbeams that fall through it to the side walls at various times of day. It's a task in which the simple magic of counting is revalued, as if Saret felt a need to prove the solstice.

Lucio Pozzi, one of the most brilliant of the younger conceptual artists, also has made an environment, but he keeps it disposable. When his scheduled time is up, it will be thrown away. In a studio that faces west, he extended four arched windows to a deep, canted, interior arcade of board and lath. You think you're inside some Romanesque fortification with masonry two yards thick. He paints the construction a different color each month. It's been white and red. In March, it was green. This month it's yellow (to 4/24). Later he hopes to try blue and black. A chair is fixed in front of each bay. You look out from a color-drenched space, across the street, to a neoclassic post office with chastely blank pediment.The color inflects and underlines every detail. You notice small things, like the reflection of a molding in colored profile on a pane of clear glass. From a distance outside in the corridor, green glowed on the old floors like a radium stain. From a distance outside in the street, the windows were as suspiciously green as a mad scientist's laboratory. It's an extraordinary piece, at once witty, theatrical, and mysterious. Pozzi says he's still studying it, figuring out how color affects scale and architectural surfaces. Or why details of the post office seem a bit too sharp and too gray—almost alien. After such a flood of chroma, most reality looks hung over.

Farther upstairs is the auditorium. It, too, has been reclaimed, under Shael Shapiro's supervision, for bright wood floors, clean white walls. Its ample space probably doubled for basketball and dances; you can almost hear the daily assemblies, the songs and announcements.

Elyn Zimmerman, of Los Angeles, has mounted three four-foot glass squares on the floor (through 4/30). One is a clear transparency; it proposes a hair-fine outline of a plane, a sort of crystalline moment within the light-struck space. A second square is a mirror; it presents your own legs rushing back at you across the complications of boards and walls. The third is opaque —a glass plate mounted over the mirror backing—grayish, or sleek mercury. When you cross to the other side of the room, the opaque piece becomes a mirror, and vice versa. Zimmerman's idea has a cousin in Smithson's mirrors set in a beach, and there are other relationships to Serra and Robert Morris. Still, her sophisticated manipulations of light and direction have a handsome shining effect, well suited to the handsome 5,000 square feet of shining floor.

On top of P.S. 1 is a loggia—a couple of tons of Umbrian Renaissance whimsy. It commands a sweeping view of Manhattan—the 59th Street bridge, Citicorp's parody of Oldenburg's lipstick, and other homely grandeurs. You lean over the parapet to check some pigeons and notice that your elbow almost has bruised a teeny archaeological site abandoned by Charles Simonds's weeny people. This one looks a bit Mycenaean, a bit Gold Rush.It's getting so you can't kick a Coke bottle across a vacant lot or lounge in a museum without endangering one of Simonds's miniscule red-clay fantasies. I'm thinking of smuggling in some tiny bulldozers and cement mixers.

P.S. 1 brims with art—from basement to rooftree. The cement blocks that line one corrdior were evolved from Carle Andre's dismantled *Lament for the Children,* one of his most impressive works; he's given them to the Institute. There's a small room with eldritch closets (you sense the spirits of janitors past) which await plaster sculptures by George Segal. Segal wants to mold Alanna Heiss and Linda Blumberg. They object. I think they owe it to art history to submit, to inhabit P.S. 1 "so long as men can breath, or eyes can see. . . ."

The one problematical aspect of the project is that it may urge an excessive theatricality on its residents (poets, actors, musicians, also have studios). There are so many wonderful spaces, so many opportunities. Still, as Barney Newman said, every artist is entitled to be exposed to all temptations.

P.S. 1 is at 46th Road and 21st Street, Long Island City, Queens (233-1096); by car, take the Midtown Tunnel, exit just past toll booth; by subway, take the IRT 7 train (Flushing Line) to Hunters Point, or take the IND E or F train to 23rd Street and Ely Avenue. Hours: Thursday to Sunday, 1 P.M. to 6 P.M.

NEW YORK INTELLIGENCER

'Fortune'-Telling: A Fortnightly Future?

Fortune's move to a twice-monthly format is now a near-certainty, according to reports from members of the Time Inc. task force studying fortnightly publication for the grandfather of business magazines. Introduction of a handsome new design with this publication schedule may come as soon as six weeks from now, early in June. Time Inc. editor in chief Hedley Donovan is said to have told the task-force members confidentially, "We can't keep the staff waiting." The official line from Time Inc. continues to be that no decision has been reached.

The proposal to publish *Fortune* once every other week is not new. At least two earlier attempts were made and abandoned more than a decade ago. It was then decided that the more than twenty writers on the staff could not be made to produce more than four or five articles a year in the exhaustive, backgrounder style that has made *Fortune* famous, if rather dated. (*More* reports this month that an article at *Fortune* takes some two months for a two-man staff to prepare and comes in at an average of $15,000.)

The latest proposal for 24 issues a year is being pushed by new publisher Clifford Grum, a protégé of powerful Time Inc. director Arthur Temple, and ad director James B. Hoefer. Temple is said to be much impressed with the moneymaking success of *People* magazine. While *Fortune* has turned a profit every year of the last 25, and advertising revenues have increased, it has seen other business publications—most notably *Forbes* and *Business Week*—bring in substantially greater advertising volume. The monthly *Fortune* has simply been unable to fully exploit the now more frequent placements available from the schedules of larger corporate advertisers.

The reborn *Fortune* will look much like the current design. The prototype, we're told, is more elegant than the product now put out under the supervision of art director Ron Campbell. Task-force members report there will be much more white space inside, possibly the introduction of a brand-new European headline type that has not yet appeared in the United States, and bolder use of photographs. The dummy presented recently to the task-force members also contains much shorter articles than is customary at *Fortune,* continuing the move of managing editor Robert Lubar to cut back from the more usual and unwieldy 5,000 to 6,000 words. (As many as ten mid-book articles in the twice-monthly format might run only 2,000 to 4,000 words.)

The new direction, we understand, has sharply divided the magazine's top editorial and art personnel, and substantial staff changes are likely to result.

A Tea Party Down on the Farm

ALFRED EISENSTAEDT

Trudeau: Gadding about as a photographer.

More adventures of the ubiquitous "Madcap Margaret" Trudeau: With cameras swinging around her neck, and accompanied by a writer and photographer from *People* magazine, Margaret turned up recently at John Warner's Virginia farm, where they were invited in for tea. "After all," said Mrs. Warner, aka Elizabeth Taylor, "she and her husband have been very hospitable to me." The tea went very pleasantly. Once or twice Margaret started to ask "reporter questions," according to our source, but Elizabeth tactfully steered her back to social subjects. Regardless of the visitors' intentions, the gathering was purely social.

Incidentally, fans of Margaret Trudeau have begun sending her letters in care of this magazine. We are puzzled as to whether we should forward them to Ottawa or to *People.*

A Report on the Current State of Richard Nixon's Wit

Connoisseurs of Nixonian wit will be pleased to learn that the former president has lost none of his timing.

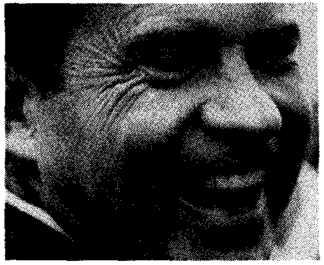
During the David Frost taping out on the coast, Nixon came upon photographer John Bryson drinking a can of Fresca.

"Aha," Nixon is reported to have said (very much one of the boys), "Fresca. Saccharin. Cancer." Members of the crew doubled up in glee over this witty thrust.

At another lull in the taping, Nixon found publicist John Springer whiling away the time by reading Brooke Hayward's book *Haywire.*

"Aha," declared Nixon, "so you're haywire?"

BLACK STAR/DENNIS BRACK



Nixon: Hasn't lost his timing.

More uncontrollable laughter. What no one thought to mention to the ex-president was the one reference to him in the book: Ms. Hayward quotes her mother, actress Margaret Sullavan, as saying there were two people—on television—who drove her up the wall: Joe McCarthy and Richard Nixon.

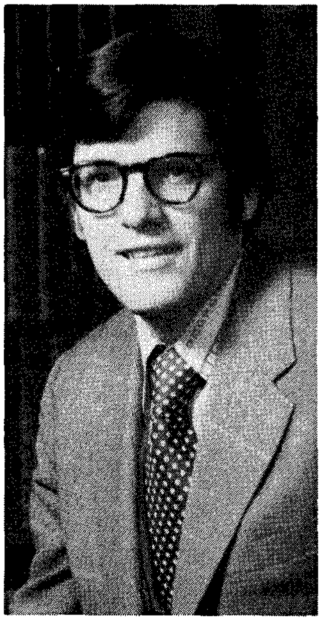
'Advertising Age' Goes International

Beginning in May, *Advertising Age*, the trade bible to Madison Avenue, will launch a separate international edition for Europe and the Middle East. According to our sources, it will *really* be an abbreviated United States edition with an international multipage wraparound containing foreign marketing and advertising news and features.

The international undertaking, set up by *Ad Age*'s Rance Crain, the trade-press tycoon, and consultant John Thomson, includes a new network of international correspondents. Eleven stringers in Europe and three in the Middle East have signed on for a pittance—Crain is reportedly paying them a $100 monthly retainer.

Crain also plans to expand international coverage for the more than 96,000 readers of his two U.S. marketing publications—*Ad Age* and *Industrial Marketing.*

While Crain Communications' board of directors had spirited discussions, we hear, about the new international adventures, young Rance, together with his mother and brother Keith, control the company and its eleven trade publications. But the company is not only expanding internationally. Crain Communications, it's rumored, is also considering the acquisition of a group of U.S. publications, including its first in the consumer area—a major automotive magazine.



Crain: Expansive moves.

Relatively Speaking

TRANSWORLD FEATURE SYNDICATE

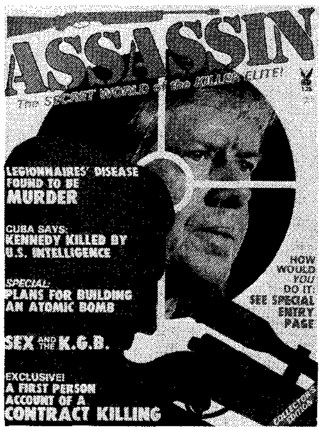
Horne: In a bewitching role.

Sidney Lumet, who's directing the movie version of the Broadway show *The Wiz*, has, we're told, cast Lena Horne to play the role of Glinda, the Good Witch. Sidney happens to be married to Lena's daughter, Gail, and it occurs to us that this may be the first time a director has cast his mother-in-law in a leading role.

And We Thought We'd Seen It All

Well, we hope First Amendment zealots are ready for this one. Latest addition to the wonderful world of specialist magazines is one called *Assassin*, subtitled "The Secret World of the Killer Elite!" The cover of the first issue, just out, shows President Jimmy Carter, caught in a serious mood. This is just as well, because he is seen through a telescopic rifle sight. A red-and-blue headline inquires: How Would *YOU* Do It?

Goodies include stuff on "Killing a Head of State"; "A First Person Account of a Contract Killing," by one of the very best hit men in the field; and the special, entitled "Be the First on Your Block to Build a Nuclear Weapon," which comes complete with diagrams and shopping list (don't forget the three plastic bags and the gloves).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EXCLUSIVE! A FIRST PERSON ACCOUNT OF A CONTRACT KILLING
HOW WOULD YOU DO IT: SEE SPECIAL ENTRY PAGE

Assassin: *A sick magazine?*

Curious about the thinking behind the venture, we had a word with 30-year-old David Kornblum, the publisher and editor in chief, who says he is a former managing editor of a Dell publication. *Assassin* is not, he insists, an exploitative magazine. Heavens, no!

"I want to show the difference between the real world and the world of Channel 7. *Baretta!* I want to stay away from fantasy. . . ."

How does he acquire this "real world" information? A note of caution enters the conversation. "Let's just say I've known the wrong kind of people for a long time—spymasters, people who design coups . . . or assassinations." No, he didn't run into them while at Dell, but their shadowy expertise is backing the project. Indeed, the masthead reads, "Contributing Editors: XXXX."

What's next? The second issue of *Assassin* is scheduled for June, and then—a new project. "I want to start a magazine about babies. I'm calling it *New Mother.*"

From Fiction To Reality

Life imitates art, or so they say. At least it certainly did recently for playwright Bob Randall (*6 RMS RIV VU, The Magic Show*). His first novel, *The Fan*, which was published several weeks ago, deals with a psychopathic fan who sends increasingly bizarre and frightening letters—signed "Your Greatest Fan"—to an aging Broadway star. The book builds to a startling ending. Randall told us the book is his fantasy based on other people's experiences. Being around the theater, he has talked with many stars who have faced "problems" with overzealous fans. "Some stories were really quite horrifying," he said.

The first few days the book was out, Randall became the target of just such fan letters and calls. People found the novelist listed in the phone book and started to call him. "At first the calls were flattering," he recalls. "I had one from a retired man in Tenafly, New Jersey, who reads ten books a week, and he told me it was the most exciting afternoon he'd spent in years. One woman wanted to go on a date. But then the calls started to become very peculiar and unnerving." He had a few "breather" calls and others from people saying they were *his* greatest fan. "Some calls," Randall says, "were from friends clowning around, but the ones that scared me definitely were not." In fact, they spooked him so much that he had his phone number changed. Maybe next time he'll use a pseudonym.

© 1977 JUDI BUIE

Randall: Being spooked by fans.

Photographed by Dan Wynn

The Insatiable Critic / Gael Greene

1 RM, NO RIV VU

"... At the Cellar in the Sky, dinner is highly cerebral, elegant, beautifully paced, serious—but it's not good enough ..."

What do you do with an ugliness or an awkwardness or an inescapable liability? Well, you can advertise it as a joy. Call it a treasure. Bill it as sheer thrill. Given a large and unconventional nose, you can surround it with a Barbra Streisand and cry Nefertiti. Given a cul-de-sac in the core of a tower restaurant celebrated for the splendor of its dinner-with-a-view, you can call it the **Cellar in the Sky** . . . and charge folks a stiff premium to sup there.

Preposterous? Yes, of course. To think acrophilic voyeurs can be wooed from diamond bridges, steel fretwork, concrete arteries, harbor blue—all the optic magic that has helped make the World Trade Center's Windows on the World the overnight-success phenomenon of the restaurant industry. Will we be lured blindered to dinner 107 stories above the world? That is WTC feeding-genius Joe Baum's newest notion: the $35 Cellar in the Sky dinner . . . six courses, five wines, no choices, and a mellow guitar . . . a gastronomic exercise both sensual and intellectual.

The concept is bold, if not mad. And it may work. But first you must be willing to turn away from Windows' crystal eye on miniaturized Manhattan—perhaps after absorbing the splendor in a stroll through the restaurant's parlor or over aperitifs in the bar. Then you must accept that serious dining permits an international mingle of food and wine, that a Sicilian white may precede a Beaujolais and a great Sauternes follow a Zinfandel. If you can overcome these two prejudices that mildly trouble me, the reward will be an elegant evening, spiffy ocean-liner service, a chance to sample wine and food in combinations not likely to be encountered anywhere . . . some of it, quite frankly, flawed, some quite glorious.

On this particular evening, one prejudice is instantly overcome. There is no view. The tower is muffled in fog. How cruel. It looks as if someone has drawn gray silk curtains. Not a pinpoint of light breaks through. Interestingly, Windows itself holds up handsomely without the celestial stage set. And now I can judge the Cellar without ambivalence or longing.

There is one sitting; space for just 35; a sense of sailing on the Mediterranean in a private first-class dining salon; an echo of a white-stuccoed *taverna* in the mat white arches and bleached-wood tables, light bouncing off racked wine bottles and moving like reflected surf or sequins on the walls. Pepe, in tailored gold-braided white, is the amiable steward on this highly stylized voyage, warm, human (not intrusively so), reciting the wines and their pedigrees as he pours.

There are olives on the bare blond wood of our table—dull-green olives and beautiful burgundy olives—and chorizo, spicy Spanish sausage, sliced thin. No flowers to interfere with the perfume of the wine. That's how serious all this is. Pepe pours sherry—Wisdom & Warter special reserve solera 1908—golden and mellow.

Perhaps there is a rigid timetable. Perhaps not. But after just so many sips of sherry and so many olives and just a comfortable ration of prelude, cream of asparagus soup is ladled into white china bowls: a sedate green cream, restrained and unremarkable, with cuts of fresh asparagus neither too crisp nor too soggy. Proper and unexciting. Like a woman in white gloves.

Now the white wine is poured: a Corvo di Salaparuta 1974 from Sicily, fresh and light, with a hint of almond in the aftertaste. Risotto is presented in its heavy cooking pot. Poor risotto. The seafood is not overcooked, but everything—clam, mussel, and shrimp—is tasteless. The rice itself is not so much the moist pudding a risotto ought to be as a gummy mess, its only spark from a fresh grating of Parmesan performed by a waiter cranking a handsome plastic cheese mill.

Filet de boeuf à la ficelle is the main course—thick slices of rare, spectacularly tender filet poached with homely vegetables in broth. A waiter offers coarse salt, no sauce. (I'm fussing here. A purist serves no sauce with boeuf à la ficelle. But a little innocent excess—mustard cream or horseradish—wouldn't hurt.) The wine is a lightly chilled Beaujolais, Château de la Chaize '75 in magnum. Again, perfectly proper. But what a bore. It's a wine one can drink anywhere. If tasting wines is the provocation for this dinner, the choice ought to be more of an adventure.

After a fresh, serious, and unremarkable salad come glorious cheeses—creamy explorateur, a mild mellow goat, Port du Salut, and blue—with a Clos du Val Zinfandel '73 from California's Napa Valley—a big ruby-red wine made in the Bordeaux style, with a wonderful taste but, curiously, no perfume at all.

Dessert—long-stemmed California strawberries, in their natural state and in a magnificent silken sherbet—is altogether equal in majesty to the molten gold of the '67 Château d'Yquem. And then a dazzling coda—a box carved and molded in chocolate, overflowing with chocolate truffles. Plus weak restaurant coffee.

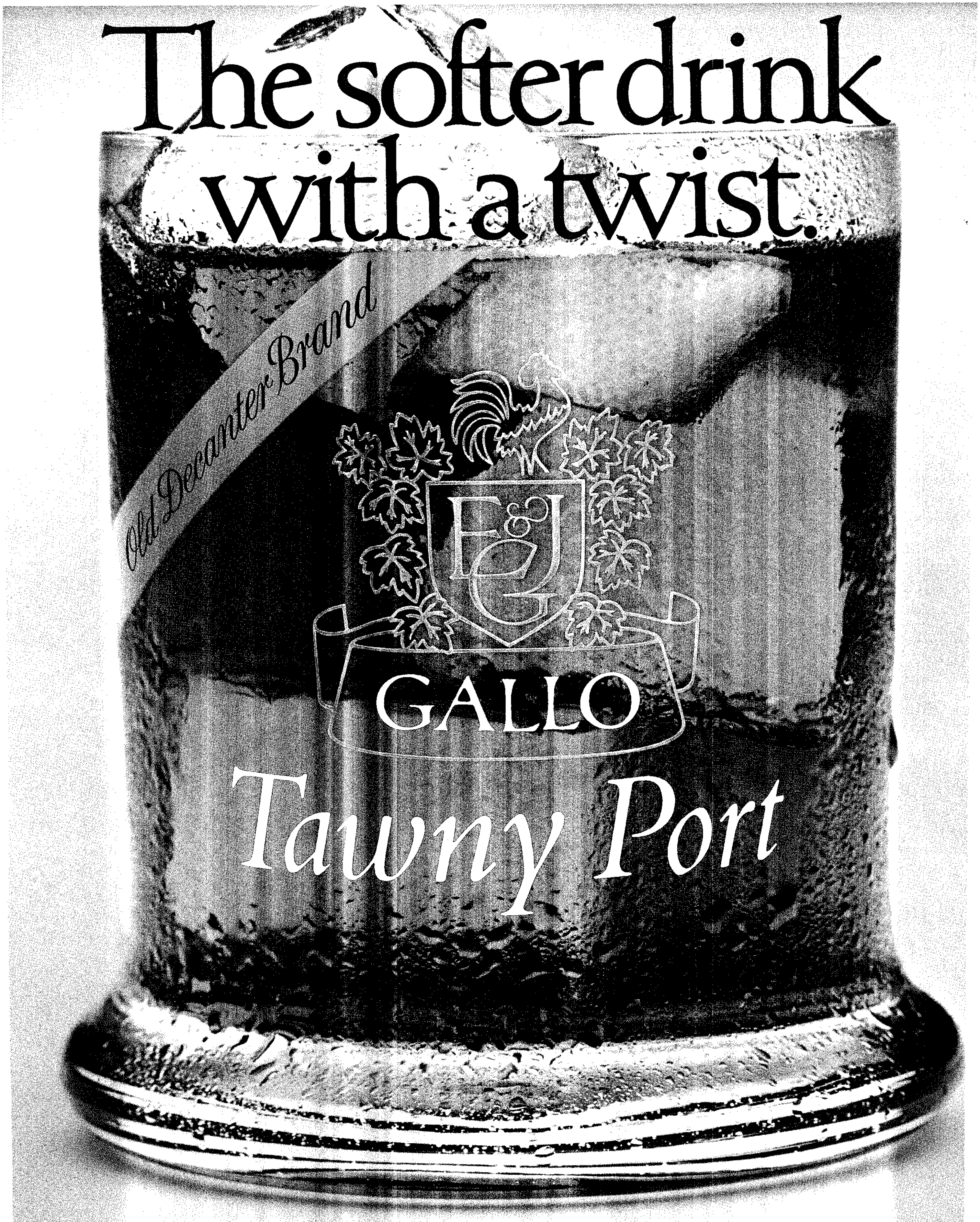
The Cellar dinner is new. With Windows itself booked weeks ahead, tables in the Cellar are sometimes free at the last minute. This week's menu—it will change every ten days or so—revolves around saddle of lamb with minted baby carrots and braised Chinese mushrooms; there's spinach consommé, shad roe in a baked potato, and orange soufflé to grace a satin-sweet Beerenauslese.

Dinner in the Cellar is highly cerebral, elegant, beautifully paced, serious. Perhaps it is too serious. It definitely is not good enough. At the price—$90 or so for two with tax and tip—it must be perfect. Better coffee, better bread, stirring soups, more unusual cheeses, more moving wines. If the chef can't be trusted with the demands of a perfect risotto, he should do something less ambitious.

It's reassuring to discover a costly gourmand evening free of hype and fraud . . . but, oh, the soul cries out for a tiny bit of excess, the mouth demands perfection. ▬

Cellar in the Sky, 107th floor, 1 World Trade Center, 938-1111. Dinner Monday through Saturday at 7:30 p.m. American Express, BankAmericard, Carte Blanche, Diners Club, Master Charge.

At your service: *Cellar in the Sky staff present this week's menu: lamb, shad roe in baked potato, spinach consommé, chocolate truffles, orange soufflé, chorizo, cheeses.*


The softer drink with a twist.
Old Decanter Brand
E&J G
GALLO
Tawny Port

The newest thing on the rocks is something soft: Gallo Old Decanter Tawny Port. You'll enjoy its deep, rich taste. Add a twist of lemon for a fantastic cocktail. Have it before dinner, after dinner, anytime you're in the mood for something new. The softer drink with a twist; Gallo's American Tawny Port.

Excellence from people who care. Ernest & Julio Gallo, Modesto, California.

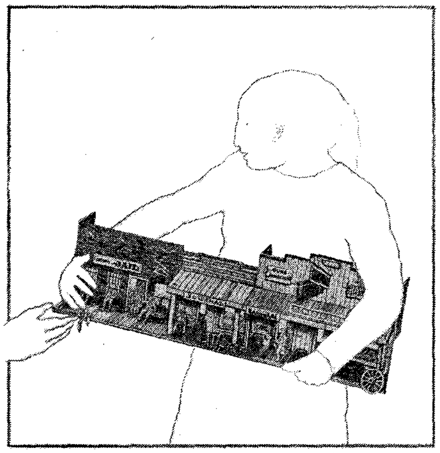
Theater/Alan Rich

JUNGLE LAW IN A TEXAS DESERT

"...*Ladies at the Alamo* has problems, but it gives off a great deal of wisdom about what it means to work in the theater..."

Ladies at the Alamo isn't exactly about Davy Crockett's girl friends at the famous Texas shoot-out, but it isn't entirely *not* about them, either. The Alamo in Paul Zindel's play isn't the old embattled fortress; it's a new embattled fortress, specifically the New Alamo Theater in a place called Texas City. (That may be a fictitious name, although there *is* a Texas City, or used to be, and a terrible explosion once occurred there. I'd better not confuse you with too much information right off, however.) Anyway, Mr. Zindel's Alamo in Mr. Zindel's Texas City was founded, he tells us, some years ago by a backwoods type named Dede Cooper, a good-hearted vulgarian with some vague ideas about serving the arts. Her theater has flourished, in its own way, and so has Dede's ego. The theater has moved into new quarters, a replica of the old Alamo, and Dede is making fitful overtures toward big time. Now her chief local moneybags—who, in traditional moneybags fashion, has contrived to have the theater's boardroom named after her—wants to take the theater from Dede and hand it over to her own girl friend, a faded Hollywood type now starring in TV Westerns.

Mr. Zindel's play has many problems, but also much to admire. In its best moments, it gives off a great deal of wisdom, along with much infectious love, about what it means to work in theater. The Alamo is, beyond doubt, a fairly low-grade operation, surviving mostly on an interlock of egos and irrationality. From time to time Dede flicks on the monitor switch and lets us in on a performance of Chekhov's *The Seagull* which is happening on the stage during Mr. Zindel's play. It—the Chekhov—is, to invoke the kindest word that comes to mind, terrible. Clearly, we are not involved here with high-class regional theater of the sort we in New York are supposed to envy. We are into a very small-time scene. Yet, Mr. Zindel has observed his power struggle very well. His Alamo is just the kind of theater over which battles for control can rage on a local level, where getting his hands on local culture becomes the millionaire's only absolution for owning all those dollars. Dede gets to keep her theater, and, of course, loses the checkbook of her Lady Bountiful. But at the end—and *here's* a nice Texas touch—she simply pulls out her long list of available local millionaires to find herself a replacement.



The play suffers from vast stretches of overwriting. It is depressing to see a man of Mr. Zindel's qualities stoop, probably for no other purpose than to pander to a Broadway audience, to the easy gag and the ready caricature. His cast numbers a mere five, but even so, one whole role—that of Dede's somewhat sozzled, earthy sidekick—is totally a throwaway. As it happens, the role is thrown away in the direction of Miss Eileen Heckart, who runs with it like a longhorn stampede—in her knockout silver lamé, which should tell you almost everything you need to know about Texas. Miss Heckart is very nearly a show in herself, but that's not what *Ladies at the Alamo* is about.

As Dede, Estelle Parsons has herself a big, brassy ball; there is something quite touching, and harrowingly real, in the mixture of pure hick and dedicated amateur she projects. Rosemary Murphy's millionaire is also portrayed with considerable depth; she is obviously a lady who has traveled enough to discover class at the wellspring, without having taken enough of it aboard to dull her bitchcraft. As the aging starlet, Jan Farrand contributes a splendid study of self-delusion and self-destruction, and Susan Peretz is fine as a slavey of slippery loyalty.

Frank Perry (of *David and Lisa*, et al.) makes his Broadway directorial debut with a decent enough job, without making any notable effort to control what is obviously weak about the play. He is aided enormously by a quite hilarious atrocity of a set by Peter Larkin, a cutaway of the theater in garish plastic which, like the best moments in the play, mirrors a lifestyle, founded on delusion and pretension, with glorious accuracy.

Ronald Ribman's latest play, now at the American Place, is called **Cold Storage**, which is where it belongs. It is yet another of those eternal-wisdom-among-the-dying pieces, set on a hospital porch. Martin Balsam plays (acceptably) an Armenian grocer dying of cancer; Michael Lipton plays (wretchedly) a Jewish intellectual possibly dying of an ulcer. As they natter on, it becomes clear that both have been misdiagnosed; terminal boredom is more like it, and it is highly contagious. Mr. Ribman had also better check his medical facts; barium exploratories are administered before breakfast, not after lunch.

Jockeys is (or, I would presume by now, *was*) your basic Mickey Rooney scenario about the boy who has to ride the horse in the Big Race to claim the hand of his lady—translated into up-to-date *salsa*, inept, inane, and insufferable. Hordes of famous people joined forces to produce this appalling venture, but to name one of them in this context might be to court libel action.

Better than all the above is the show now at the Bijou: not pure mime, theater, or dance, simply **Mummenschanz**. Three outrageously talented young people from abroad, with a load of props including body bags, rolls of toilet paper, and Ping-Pong balls, run through a repertory that may (or may not) include the history of Creation, the ways of modern love, and anything else you choose to find in their work. I loved these people at first sight at Spoleto last summer, and remain steadfast. ■

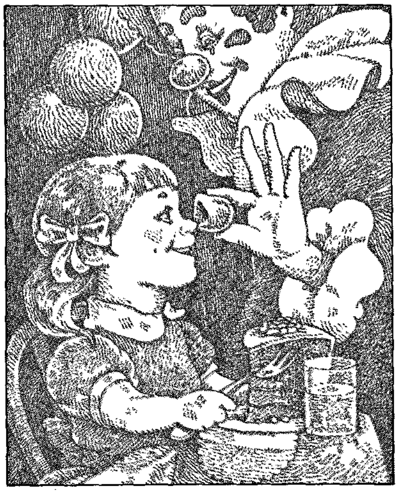
Illustrated by Alexa Grace

BEST BETS

Recommendations of events, places, and phenomena of particular interest this week

By Ellen Stern

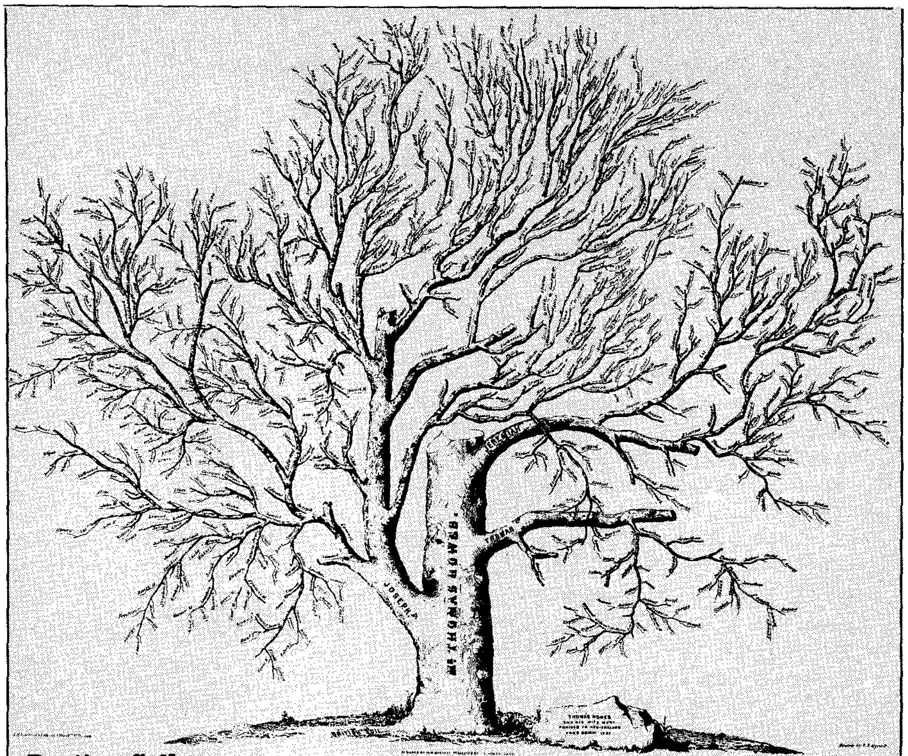
FRED WINKOWSKI



Be a Clown

Caroline Kennedy (when she was a tot), the Lawford kids, and Hal Prince's kids have been Littlest Clowns. And so can yours be when Judith Ann Abrams's Pixie Judy Troupe—which has been performing children's musical theater in New York and in London for the past ten years—settles in downstairs at the Copa with a lunch/theater performance on Saturdays and Sundays. The food will be junk food (which Abrams herself deplores) because *The Littlest Clown* is a circus show and junk food is apparently what's called for. The big moment in the show comes when the head clown (played by Andy Phillips, an alumnus of Clown College and Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey) selects a child from the audience and brings him onstage; then the cast costumes and makes him up.

THE LITTLEST CLOWN/*Kids' Kopa Copacabana/10 East 60th Street Saturdays at noon and Sundays at 1 p.m. starting April 23*

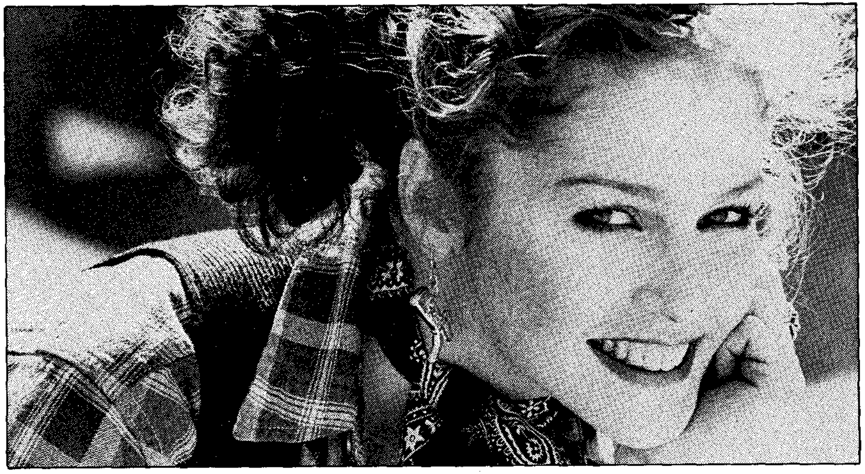


Rooting Gallery

"It's easy to find stuff if you know what you're looking for," says Karen Stinehelfer, who runs the Genealogists Bookshelf. She won't trace your history for you (unless you've got lots of time and money), but helps you do it yourself by kind advice, research aids in specialized areas (such as *Sources for Genealogical Searching in Kentucky, Irish Family Research Made Simple, Your Ancient Canadian Family Ties, Directory of Census Information Sources, Where to Write for Marriage Records*), books on heraldry, family trees, etc. Her own story: "I got into this at thirteen through my maternal grandmother, who had a strong sense of history. Summers, we'd go out to the cemetery with a picnic and then walk among the relatives' gravestones. I felt as if I knew them all." Already Karen has traced her mother's family back to the 1400s in Northern Italy, and her father's to the 1600s in Germany. "Anyone with a detective spirit likes the chase," she says.

GENEALOGISTS BOOKSHELF /*330 East 85th Street/879-1699*

STEVE PREZANT



A Kick in the Head

There is no taking the gold cowboy boot out of fashion this year. This latest fantasy of the new West, the gold cowboy-boot earring ($2), is by the people at Born Yesterday. **—Priscilla Tucker**

SHADY LADY/*2205 Broadway near 78th Street and 626 Hudson Street near Jane Street*

SY JOHNSON

I Hear America Plinking

"We know about Federal art and architecture. But music of the Federal period—played at the time of Washington, Jefferson, and Franklin—has been lost." Until now. Now comes Frederick Selch (shown here, playing a serpent made in London around 1805) with the Federal Music Society and a concert of Federal music played on Federal instruments. The program includes Benjamin Carr's "Federal Overture" (1794), containing such popular political tunes of the day as "Yankee Doodle" and "La Marseillaise"; "When Brazen Trumpets From Afar" (1807), the first piece of music published in America with separate parts for instruments; and Pélissier's incidental music to "The Voice of Nature" (1805), which Mr. Selch unearthed at the New York Public Library.

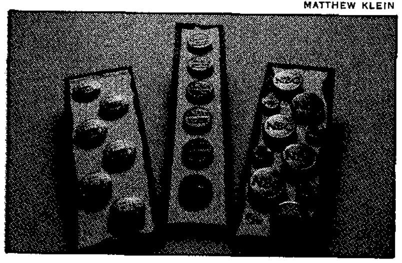
FEDERAL MUSIC SOCIETY
April 25 at 8 p.m./Town Hall

Off the Cuff

Down at Leitner's, where old uniforms never die but just fade, there are cards of old buttons never used by cops, bellhops, waiters, and doormen at Radio City, the Empire State Building, U.S. Customs, the Boston Police, NBC, etc.

LEITNER UNIFORMS/*26 Bowery*
267-8740

MATTHEW KLEIN



Behind the Seens

James Stirling's Florey Building in Oxford. The Wren Library at Cambridge. Thamesmead, the Tower Hamlets, and the London docks. An evening visit to the Stedelijk Museum in Amsterdam. A stop at Schröder House in Utrecht. Chats with Herman Hertzberger and Gerrit Oorthuys. These are some of the people and places not accessible to the public but very definitely so to the twenty travelers who will take a special architectural tour ($875) in May.

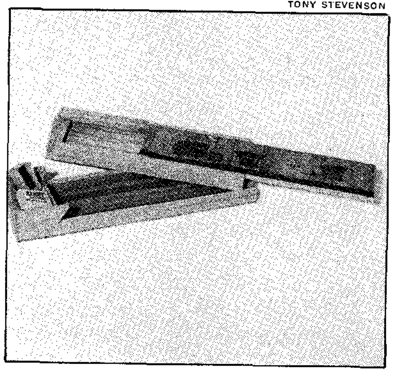
A TOUR OF TWO COUNTRIES: THE ARCHITECTURE OF HOLLAND AND ENGLAND/*Make reservations with Ms. Frederieke Taylor/The Institute for Architecture and Urban Studies*
8 West 40th Street/398-9474

Box Score

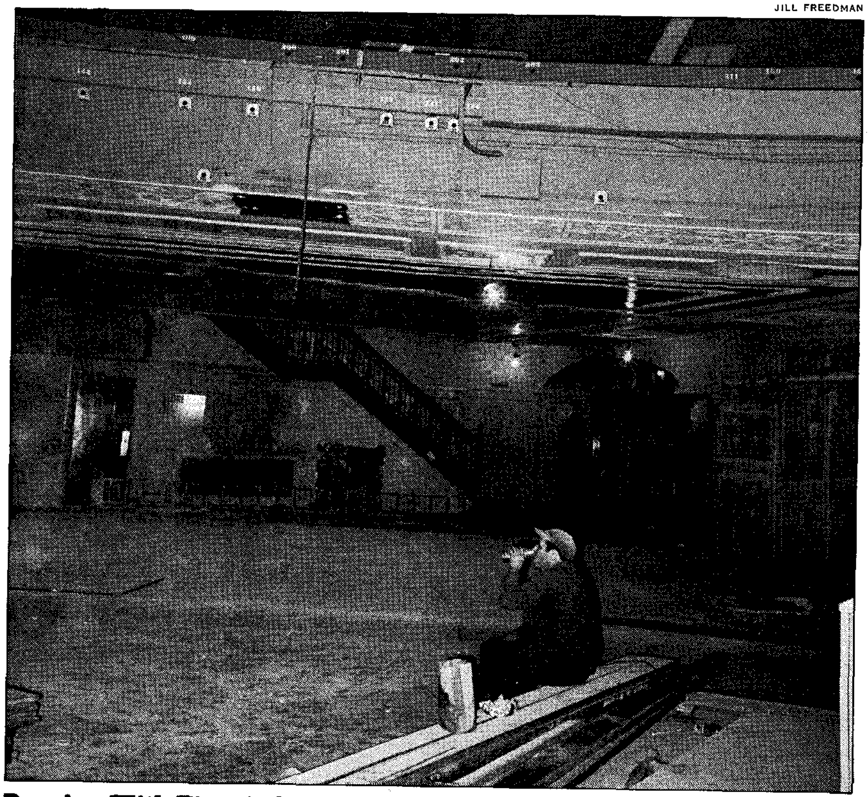
"I was thinking that we all learn by experience," Peter De Vries wrote in *Tunnel of Love,* "but some of us have to go to summer school." This is for those.

HENRI BENDEL/*Paper Shop/$6*

TONY STEVENSON



JILL FREEDMAN



Dancing With Tiers in My Eyes

"We looked at old churches, we looked at old firehouses, and the Shuberts were even trying to unload the Belasco. Then we saw this," says Stephen Rubell, leading a tour around the forgotten theater that is, even as we write, becoming New York's newest discotheque. With design by WPA's Ron Doud (which, in this case, means claret walls, silver-vinyl-covered floating platforms, black-and-silver Astroturf, many mirrors, and bolsters in the balcony for the weary), with lights by the theater's own Jules Fisher, and with sets and scrims denoting fog, wind, and snow which will drop among the 2,000 dancers as they dance . . . it could be interesting. Different, certainly, from the halcyon days when this was the Gallo Theater (which opened in 1927, with *La Bohème*), then the New Yorker, the Casino de Paree, the Federal Music Theater, and a studio for CBS-TV—whence emanated *Your Hit Parade, The $64,000 Question, College Bowl,* and *What's My Line?*

STUDIO *54/254 West 54th Street/Opens April 26*

The Urban Strategist / Nancy McKeon

THE COMPLETE GUIDE TO NEW YORK TENNIS—PART II

"... An afternoon of tennis high above the Hudson or with the Atlantic salting the air can seem like a country outing ..."

The Bronx and Brooklyn have a number of things in common: Each boasts a botanical garden. Each has a legendary baseball background. What's more, each has a city tennis-court complex that is operated commercially under night lights.

The Parade Grounds Tennis Center in Brooklyn's Prospect Park provides the nighttime activity there; in the Bronx, the lights will probably shine once again this year over courts at Mullaly Park, just north of Yankee Stadium, even though the facility has been dropped by its longtime operator, Stadium Tennis, and it remains to be seen just who will pick up the concession.

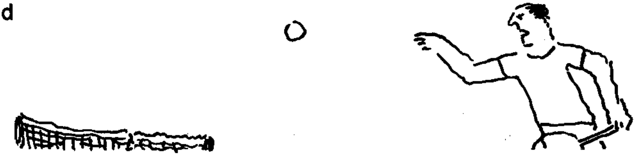
For sheer numbers, Brooklyn has all the boroughs beat, edging out even Queens in the number of city tennis installations (although not in the number of actual courts). But Brooklyn also has the largest number of "low usage" courts, where permit requirements have been removed by the Parks Department and where maintenance ranges from barely adequate to abysmal. Moreover, many of the better facilities cling to the watery rim of the borough, some of them most easily accessible by car.

The transportation problem exists for some of the Bronx parks also. While the bulk of tennis activity is north of the borough's blighted southern end, many of the nicer facilities are ranged along the highland overlooking the Hudson, a number of blocks from the subway lines that serve the area.

There is a suburban feel to many of the outlying courts in both boroughs, and a weekend afternoon spent playing tennis at one of them—high above the Hudson or with the wet wash of the Atlantic salting the air—just might seem like an outing in the country.

TENNIS COURTS IN THE BRONX

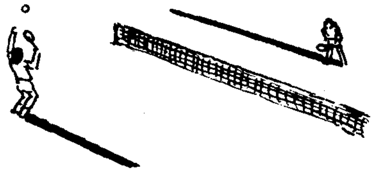
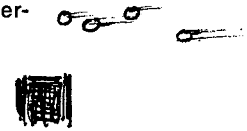
Name and address	Facilities	Hours	Rates	Instruction	Comments
Bronx Park Bronx Park East and Brady Ave. IRT 2, 5 trains (Bronx Park East–White Plains Rd. stop)	6 hard outdoor courts	8 a.m.–dusk	City courts; no permit required	No official pro	
Bronx Whitestone Indoor Tennis 900 Brush Ave. (863-2278) IRT 2 train (East Tremont stop), then Bus Q44	7 Uniturf indoor courts; lockers and showers, sauna, pro shop, ball machines, parking, free baby-sitting	7 a.m.–11 p.m.	Winter open time, $16–$22;* summer open time, $10–$14; summer season, May 15–September 18, $150–$220	Private lessons, winter, $28–$38 per hour; group lessons, $55–$85 for 6 hours; summer rates not yet set	Air-conditioned permanent structure; members get $7 summer-evening open-time rate.
Century Racquet Club 2600 Netherland Ave. (548-4700) Riverdale express bus	4 indoor, 1 outdoor Elastaturf courts; lockers and showers, sauna, swimming pool, gym, 2 squash courts and instruction	Weekdays: winter, 9 a.m.–midnight; summer, 4 p.m.–midnight; Sat., Sun., 8 a.m.–11 p.m., winter and summer	Winter open time, $14–$22; summer open time, $12; summer season, May 15–September 15, $200	Private lessons: winter, $28 per hour; summer, $26 per hour; summertime 2-week group clinic, $225 (with use of swimming pool and health club)	Health-club facilities are available to season players on their scheduled day of play; air conditioning; free baby-sitting for season players.
Crotona Park East 173rd St. and Crotona Ave. (822-4502) IRT 2 train (174th St.–Southern Blvd. stop), then Bus Bx40	20 clay, 5 hard outdoor courts; lockers	8 a.m.–dusk	City courts requiring city permit	Private lessons, $14 per hour; group lessons, $4 per hour	Major city facility; quite busy, especially on weekends.
Haffen Park Gunther and Hammersley aves. IRT 2 train (Gunhill–Seymour stop)	6 hard outdoor courts	8 a.m.–dusk	City courts requiring city permit	Private lessons, $14 per hour; group lessons, $4 per hour	



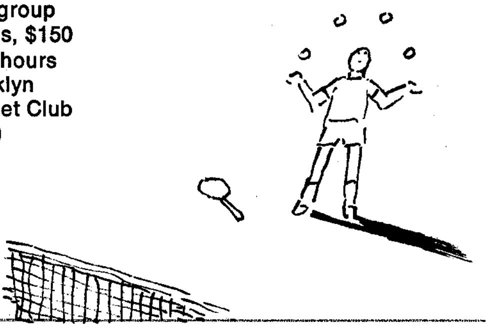
*All open-time rates are per hour unless otherwise indicated.

Illustrated by Guy Billout

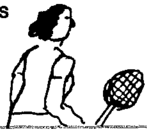
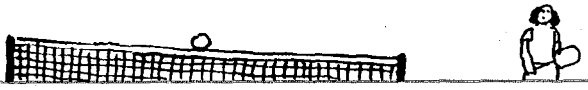
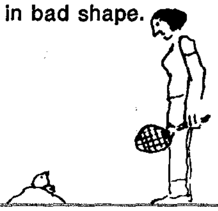
TENNIS COURTS IN THE BRONX

Name and address	Facilities	Hours	Rates	Instruction	Comments
Mullaly Park East 164th St. and Jerome Ave. (822-4382) IND D train (161st St.–Yankee Stadium stop)	7 clay, 8 hard outdoor courts (bubbles come down end of April)	8 a.m.–dusk; commercial operator will probably keep open, under lights, till midnight	City courts requiring city permit during day; after 4 p.m., rates not yet set	Private lessons, $14 per hour; group lessons, $4 per hour	Busy courts; nighttime operation has been run by Stadium Tennis, which has not renewed its lease; permit-holders may reserve an hour during the day a week in advance for $2.
Pelham Bay Park Rice Stadium Bruckner Blvd. and Middletown Rd. IRT 6 train (Buhre–Westchester aves. stop)	10 hard outdoor courts	8 a.m.–dusk	City courts; permit required weekends and holidays only	No official pro	Courts fairly quiet during the week. 
Riverside Racquet Club 3671 Hudson Manor Terr. (West 236th St.), Riverdale (549-3506) Riverdale express bus	2 Har-Tru outdoor courts (bubbled till the end of April); lockers and showers, small pro shop, ball machines	Winter, 7 a.m.–midnight; summer, 7 a.m.–dusk	Winter open time, $15–$19; unlimited-play summer season, May 1–October 1, $150; 28-week winter season, $400–$510	Private lessons: winter, $25 per hour; summer, $17 per hour; group lessons, $60 for 6 hours; summer group rates not yet set.	No summer open time sold at this membership club; summer memberships are readily available, but the winter-season situation is a little tighter; summer members can play as long and as frequently as they want if court is available.
St. James Park Jerome Ave. and East 193rd St. (822-4301) IND D train (Kingsbridge Rd. stop)	8 clay outdoor courts; lockers	8 a.m–dusk	City courts requiring city permit	Private lessons, $14 per hour; group lessons, $4 per hour	These are among the best clay courts in the city.
Seton Park 232nd and 235th sts., Palisade Ave. and Independence Rd. Riverdale express bus	6 hard outdoor courts	8 a.m.–dusk	City courts requiring city permit	Private lessons, $14 per hour; group lessons, $4 per hour	Very busy, very good new courts; no special facilities.
Tennis Club at Horace Mann Barnard 246th St. and Tibbett Ave., Riverdale (681-0080, 884-1922) IRT 1 train (242nd St.–Broadway stop)	8 Laykold outdoor courts; lockers and showers, ball machines, gym, handball court, free baby-sitting weekdays	Dawn–dusk	Open time, $8; summer season, May 7–October 2 (guaranteed one hour of play daily); monthly membership, $50–$90	Private lessons, $16–$22 per hour; group lessons, $40–$60 for 9 hours 	Summertime use of school courts and facilities; junior camp and adult tennis week available.
Van Cortlandt Park (playground) 233rd St. and Jerome Ave. IRT 4 train (Woodlawn–Jerome stop)	8 clay outdoor courts	8 a.m.–dusk	City courts requiring city permit	No official pro	
Van Cortlandt Park Stadium 241st St. and Broadway (546-9679) IRT 1 train (242nd St. stop)	4 hard outdoor courts	8 a.m.–dusk	City courts requiring city permit	No official pro	
Williamsbridge Oval 208th St. and Bainbridge Ave. (822-4508) IND D train (East 205th St. stop)	8 hard outdoor courts	8 a.m.–dusk	City courts requiring city permit	Private lessons, $14 per hour; group lessons, $4 per hour	

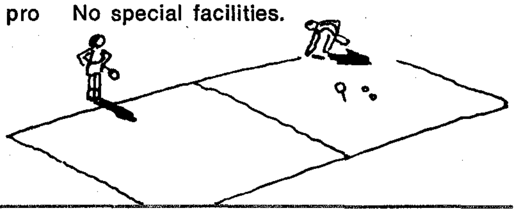
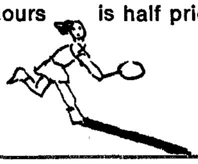
TENNIS COURTS IN BROOKLYN

Name and address	Facilities	Hours	Rates	Instruction	Comments
Bay 8th St. Park (Dyker Beach Park) Bay 8th St. and Cropsey Ave. (256-5200) BMT RR train (86th St.–Fourth Ave. stop), then Bus B64	9 hard outdoor courts	8 a.m.–dusk	City courts requiring city permit	Private lessons, $14 per hour; group lessons, $4 per hour	A lot of serious tennis here; cracks in the surfaces don't disturb play; very busy courts.
Belt Parkway Racquet and Health Club 2629 Cropsey Ave. (946-5900) IND B train (Bay 50th St.–Stillwell Ave. stop)	3 Plexicushion courts (bubbled till May 5), 2 platform-tennis courts by May 10; lockers and showers, ball machines	8 a.m.–midnight	Open time, $13–$18; starting May 15, $8–$12; winter season, October 4–May 5, $195–$550	Private lessons, $25–$30; group lessons, $80 for 10 hours	Players who buy winter 1977–78 season will get free 1977 summer open-time play; complete health-club facilities under construction; fourth court opening soon.
Bensonhurst Park Cropsey Ave. and Bay Pkwy. IND B train (Bay Pkwy.–86th St. stop)	8 hard outdoor courts	8 a.m.–dusk	City courts requiring city permit	Private lessons, $14 per hour; group lessons, $4 per hour	
Brooklyn Racquet Club 2781 Shell Rd., off Belt Pkwy. (769-5167) IND F train (Van Sicklen–Neptune stop), then walk	7 outdoor, 7 indoor Har-Tru courts; lockers and showers, sauna, pro shop, free baby-sitting 8 a.m.–5 p.m. weekdays	6 a.m.–1 a.m.	Open time: winter, $10–$16; summer: indoor, $10–$16; outdoor, $6–$10; mini-season, May 9–June 19: indoor, $60–$96; outdoor, $48–$60; summer season, June 20–October 2, $75–$135, indoors and outdoors	Private lessons, $25–$30 per hour; group lessons, $150 for 20 hours (Brooklyn Racquet Club Clinic)	Indoor courts are in a non-air-conditioned bubble; $5 membership fee. 
Deauville Tennis Club 3939 Shore Pkwy. (891-9800) IND D and BMT M, QB trains (Sheepshead Bay stop), then Bus B21	5 Dynaturf courts (bubbled till May, outdoor thereafter); lockers and showers, pro shop, game room, parking	9 a.m.–midnight	Winter open time, $12–$18; summer open time, $7–$9 (no summer packages sold)	Private lessons: winter, $23–$29 per hour; summer, $14–$19 per hour; group lessons: winter, $7.50–$9 per hour; summer, $3.50–$4.75 per hour	Summer night play under lights; there are lower prices on summer open time for winter-season players.
El Caribe Country Club 5945 Strickland Ave. (CH 1-1200) IRT 3, 4 trains (Flatbush–Nostrand aves. stop), then Bus B41 (Kings Plaza stop)	2 indoor Sportface, 2 outdoor cement courts; lockers and showers, discotheque, catering facility, marina	9 a.m.–midnight	Winter open time, $11–$16; summer open time: indoor, $4–$6; outdoor, $2–$4; all open time in summer	Private lessons: winter, $10 per hour; summer, $8 per hour; group lessons, $16 per hour, divided by group members	Indoor courts are under a bubble at this beach club; open-time players have access to the swimming pool by paying daily admission fee; summer memberships available.
Fort Greene Park DeKalb and South Portland aves. IND D train (DeKalb–Flatbush stop)	6 hard outdoor courts	8 a.m.–dusk	City courts requiring city permit	Private lessons, $14 per hour; group lessons, $4 per hour	
Fort Hamilton Pkwy. and 95th St. Playground BMT RR train (95th St.–Fourth Ave.–Fort Hamilton stop)	10 hard outdoor courts	8 a.m.–dusk	City courts; no permit required	No official pro	Surfaces not very good.

TENNIS COURTS IN BROOKLYN

Name and address	Facilities	Hours	Rates	Instruction	Comments
Friend's Field Avenue L and East 4th St. (965-6575) IND F train (22nd Ave. stop)	3 hard outdoor courts	8 a.m.–dusk 	City courts; no permit required	No official pro	Surfaces not very good. 
Gateway Golf and Tennis Range 3200 Flatbush Ave. (253-6816) IRT 3, 4 trains (Flatbush–Nostrand stop), then Green Bus Lines	8 lighted outdoor Plexipave courts; pro shop, golf range adjacent	9 a.m.–midnight	Open time, $6–$8; time can be reserved in advance	Only beginners' clinic (group) available	No lockers or showers.
Glenwood Racquet Club 4400 Glenwood Rd. (951-6516) IRT 3, 4 trains (Flatbush–Nostrand stop), then Bus B6	3 Har-Tru indoor courts, 1 indoor teaching court; lockers and showers, sauna, pro shop, ball machines, parking	8 a.m.–2 a.m.	Winter open time, $10–$19; summer open time, $6–$12; summer season, May 15–October 2, $120–$240	Private lessons: winter, $25 per hour; summer, $16–$18 per hour; group lessons: winter, $45 for 5 hours; summer, $50 for 6 hours	Permanent air-cooled structure with high, domed ceiling; women's leagues the big attraction here.
Gravesend Playground Eighteenth Ave. and 56th St. IND F train (Eighteenth Ave.–McDonald Ave. stop), then Bus B8	8 hard outdoor courts	8 a.m.–dusk	City courts; no permit required	Private lessons, $14 per hour; group lessons, $4 per hour	Surface not terrific; pro available for instruction.
Hi-Way Tennis Courts 5381 Kings Hwy. (GL 1-0404) IRT 3, 4 trains (Newkirk–Nostrand stop), then Bus B8	14 Har-Tru, 3 hard outdoor courts (4 bubbled until end of April); lockers and showers, pro shop, equipment for rent	Winter, 7 a.m.–1 a.m.; summer (after April), 8 a.m.–dusk	Winter open time, $11–$18; summer open time, $2–$4 per person; winter season, October 30–April 30, $250–$450	Private lessons, winter, $12–$25 per hour; summer, $14–$16 per hour; group lessons available	Reservations are necessary here; winter bubble and outside courts (open year-round, weather permitting) are run by Barry Hiway Indoor Tennis (629-2222); no summer package rate.
Kaiser Park Neptune Ave. and West 25th St. (266-5007) IND D or BMT QB trains (Stillwell stop), then Bus B74	12 hard outdoor courts	8 a.m.–dusk	City courts; permit required weekends and holidays only	Private lessons, $14 per hour; group lessons, $4 per hour	Courts are in bad shape. 
Kelly Memorial Playground Ave. S and East 14th St. IND D train (Ave. U–East 16th St. stop)	7 hard outdoor courts	8 a.m.–dusk	City courts requiring city permit	Private lessons, $14 per hour; group lessons, $4 per hour	
Leif Ericson Park Eighth Ave. and 66th St. BMT N train (Eighth Ave.–62nd St. stop)	9 hard outdoor courts	8 a.m.–dusk	City courts; no permit required	No official pro	Courts are in bad shape; some players bring their own net (some courts have wire-mesh nets).
Lincoln Terrace Park Buffalo and Rochester aves. IRT 2 train (Sutter Ave. stop)	8 clay, 3 hard outdoor courts	8 a.m.–dusk	City courts requiring city permit	Private lessons, $14 per hour; group lessons, $4 per hour	

TENNIS COURTS IN BROOKLYN

Name and address	Facilities	Hours	Rates	Instruction	Comments
Linden Playground Linden Blvd. and Vermont St. IRT 2 train (Van Siclen–Livonia aves. stop)	8 clay outdoor courts	8 a.m.–dusk	City courts requiring city permit	No official pro	Courts not in much use; unless refurbished very recently, they are 95 percent dirt and unlined.
Manhattan Beach Park Oriental Blvd. and Ocean Ave. IND D train (Brighton Beach–Brighton 6th St. stop), then Bus B21	6 hard outdoor courts	8 a.m.–dusk	City courts requiring city permit	No official pro	No special facilities. 
Marine Park Fillmore Ave. and Stuart St. IRT 3, 4 trains (Flatbush–Nostrand stop), then Bus B44	12 hard outdoor courts; lockers	8 a.m.–dusk	City courts requiring city permit	Private lessons, $14 per hour; group lessons, $4 per hour	Courts are busy on weekends.
McCarren Park Driggs Ave. and Lorimer St. IND GG train (Nassau–Manhattan aves. stop)	7 hard outdoor courts	8 a.m.–dusk	City courts requiring city permit	No official pro	
McDonald Ave. Playground McDonald Ave. and Ave. S IND F train (Kings Hwy. stop)	7 clay outdoor courts	8 a.m.–dusk	City courts requiring city permit	Private lessons, $14 per hour; group lessons, $4 per hour	Popular courts.
McKinley Park Seventh Ave. and 75th St. BMT N train (Eighth Ave.–62nd St. stop), then Bus B70	9 clay outdoor courts	8 a.m.–dusk	City courts requiring city permit	Private lessons, $14 per hour; group lessons, $4 per hour	
Paerdegat Racquet Club 1500 Paerdegat Ave. North (531-1111) BMT LL train (Rockaway Pkwy.–Glenwood Rd. stop), then Bus B17	8 Elastaturf indoor courts; lockers and showers, sauna, whirlpool, exercise equipment, pro shop, ball machines, videotape, serving trainers	7 a.m.–2 a.m.	Open time: winter, $12–$20; summer, $8–$17; special student weekday rate, $8; summer season, May 16–September 24, $160–$300	Private lessons, $25–$30 per hour; group lessons, $60 for 12 hours 	There's open time readily available at odd hours; permanent facility with high ceilings and air conditioning; summer weekends—Fri., Sat., Sun.—second hour is half price; $1 for baby-sitting.
Parade Grounds, Prospect Park (Parade Grounds Tennis Center) Parkside and Coney Island aves. (438-3435) IND GG train (Fort Hamilton Pkwy. stop)	10 fast-dry outdoor courts (8 bubbled till April 28), 4 lighted outdoor courts in summer; lockers and showers	Summer, 8 a.m.–dusk (till 12:15 a.m. on lighted courts); winter, 24 hours a day	City courts; summer daytime, city permit required; summer evening, $8 with permit, $10 without	Summer: private lessons, $14 per hour; group lessons, $4 per hour; winter: private lessons, $25–$28 per hour; group lessons mainly for junior development	In winter, this facility becomes Parade Grounds Tennis Center (633-5400), which bubbles 8 courts in winter and operates 4 lighted outdoor courts on summer nights; courts are very popular day and night during the summer; in winter, they are busy between 8 p.m. and 10 p.m., but after 10, there's always a court.
Shore Road Park Shore Rd. and 95th St. BMT RR train (8th St.–Fourth Ave. stop), then Bus B16	4 hard outdoor courts	8 a.m.–dusk	City courts requiring city permit	No official pro	

Records / Alan Rich

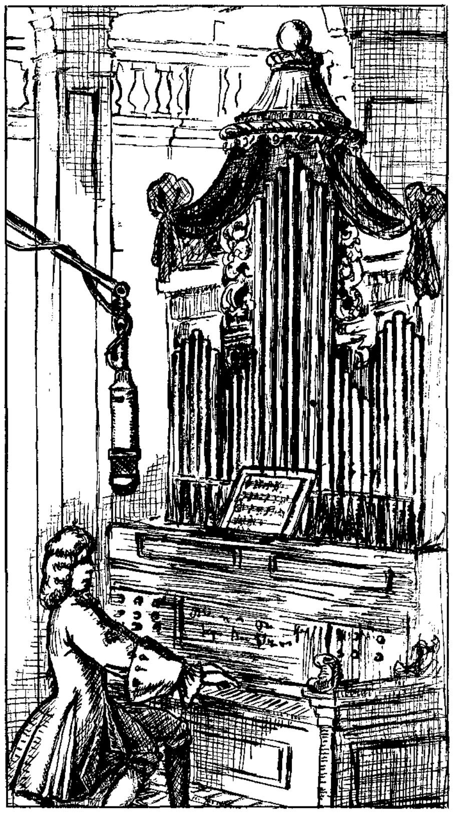
MEDITATIONS ON INFINITY

"... In Bach's cantatas, above all his other music, the art and spirituality of this sublime musical genius come together..."

During his lifetime, Johann Sebastian Bach composed (or at least produced) some 300 cantatas for church use, of which 200 have survived. I had to use that parenthesis in the last sentence because it is now known that, in a few cases, works once attributed to Bach were actually composed by someone else. Since the start of the LP era, 165 of these 200 cantatas have been recorded, although some of these records are now out of print. Before LP—before 1948, in other words—a mere eight of these works had been given complete recordings; of these, no more than three could be reckoned as respectful to the style of the music.

These figures may be dull, but they are also impressive—not merely as a reflection of Bach's prodigious output in the field, but as a way of dating how recent widespread access to this rich and varied repertory actually is. In this country, when I was growing up, the chance to hear a proper performance of a cantata came rarely. The Robert Shaw Chorale performed and recorded a couple; the Bach Aria Group, even though it began life by performing mere excerpts (and with such dubious Bach stylists as Jan Peerce and Eileen Farrell among the soloists), was virtually a pioneer in the field. Even today, with the vast selection of this music available, exactly three of the hundreds of performances listed in *Schwann* are by American ensembles. The music of the Bach cantatas came to this country, by and large, when tape recording made it possible to pick up cheap European performances.

Yet, for all this difficulty of access, it becomes increasingly clear that this repertory is not only the crown of Bach's own output, but an artistic corpus of unassessable splendor. It is the music, above all other, in which the art and the spirituality of this sublime musical genius come together. The fact that there are, among these works, many that are merely studies in good workaday craftsmanship is of no consequence. Bach was, as everybody knows, a very busy man.



As "Cantor" (i.e., choirmaster, organist, composer, and music director) of the two major Lutheran congregations in Leipzig from 1723 until his death in 1750, Bach was required to supply a cantata for every principal religious service of the church year—59 such events altogether. The service was a lengthy affair, starting at about 7 A.M. and breaking around noon. The Lutheran chorale, to be sung by the congregation, was the spiritual core of the service. The cantata was placed about midway in the service, before the sermon. Its purpose was not only to provide a musical break (no doubt welcome), but also a musical meditation on the text and music of that day's chorale. Bach produced, all told, five complete cycles of cantatas, for a total of 295. Some, as I mentioned above, were probably taken from other people's music; others Bach had composed, for one reason or another, before coming to Leipzig. Even so, during his 27 years there he must have composed at least one cantata a month.

This relationship between the chorale itself and Bach's use of it—as the basis for an extended composition in several movements, lasting usually about half an hour, for chorus, solo singers, instrumental ensemble, and organ—tells us more about Bach than any other kind of music he wrote. He wrote many kinds of cantata, but there isn't one that doesn't reveal volumes about a musician, himself imbued with a religiosity that guided his heartbeat, able completely to translate that inner passion into artistic design.

I cannot write here about all 200 extant works, but let me dig around a little. My favorite at the moment, because I heard it last, is No. 8, "Liebster Gott, wann werd' ich sterben." (The numbering of the cantatas, by the way, has nothing to do with chronology, simply the order in which they were published and cataloged in the Bach-Gesellschaft edition in the last century.) The chorale, by Kaspar Neumann, is for the sixteenth Sunday after Trinity; it is a meditation on the certainty of death, and also on the certainty that Jesus will someday reawaken us from death. Bach's setting is in six parts: an opening chorus with orchestra, four solo sections, and, as usual, a final statement of the unadorned chorale melody in Bach's own harmonization. It is the first movement that I want to tell you about.

Here, Bach has taken the melody of the chorale and the import of its words and expanded them both into a meditation of almost piercing beauty. Neumann's tune itself, a brusque, rather foursquare melody, is here garlanded with new melodic adornment, passing tones and turns, played off against itself in counterpoint, generating harmonies that (quite accidentally, to be sure) point ahead to, say, Schumann. The phrases of the chorale are separated in time, and to fill in these gaps the orchestra—the solemn, dark sounds of the oboe d'amore, the flute used like the insistent, distant dinning of a small bell, the strings in a halo of lightest texture—plays a slow, celestially quiet melody. This is Bach's translation into tone of the idea of solace, set off against the troubled words

Illustrated by Dean Reiter

"...Telefunken's Bach series is a high-minded, scholarly enterprise, but the performances tend to be brisk and inflexible..."

of the text. Remember: The text and melody of the chorale itself were familiar beforehand to Bach's congregation. Listening to a Bach cantata today, especially a movement as complex as this one, it is worth the while to hear the simple chorale first and then to start over from the beginning.

This, as I said, is but one kind of cantata-writing. Another piece of great wonderment is the whole of No. 4, "Christ lag in Todesbanden," one of the Easter cantatas. The chorale here is Luther's own, adapted from a Gregorian Easter chant ("Victimae paschaili"). As compared to the luxuriance of No. 8, here Bach bears down on the stark tragedy of the text with a set of seven movements, each of them an artful and different kind of variant on the tune which is finally heard in its simplest form at the end. We hear the tune first, broken up into short, sighing fragments, in an instrumental setting; later, chorus and soloists develop the idea, sometimes stark, in one section quite elaborate. It's a somber, obsessive piece, and, again, one of Bach's glories.

It is also interesting to observe how Bach, being both busy and practical, constantly reuses material from one work to another, or from one genre to another, each time casting new light on his technique. The Cantata No. 12, "Weinen, klagen," uses as its initial chorus the same music that was later to appear as the "Crucifixus" in the B Minor Mass, but, in this first setting, without the wrenching modulation that makes that moment in the Mass so astounding. No. 29, "Wir danken Dir, Gott," starts with an orchestral setting of the virtuosic Preludio of the E-Major Partita for Solo Violin, and continues with a chorus that later became the "Gratias agimus" in the Mass. No. 174, "Ich liebe den Höchsten," starts with the first movement of the Third *Brandenburg*, with Bach now adding horns and oboes to the original strings.

As to recordings of these works, the general level is remarkably high. I admire greatly the Deutsche Grammophon–Archiv performances by Karl Richter with his Munich Bach Choir because of the compromise Richter has found between the need for honoring the proportions of "authenticity" and his own robust, "modern'" communicativeness. Unfortunately, Richter's performance of No. 8 (DGG ARC-73145) has been deleted; it is one of the most beautiful recordings I own. But he has equally splendid versions, still available, of No. 4 (DGG ARC-198465), the wondrous No. 78 (DGG ARC-196197, coupled with the *Magnificat*), and the justly popular No. 106 (DGG ARC-198402). Any Bach performance by Richter is a rewarding investment.

The German Telefunken company (distributed here by London) has, for some years, been engaged in a complete recording of the cantatas, and the series has reached fifteen albums, covering the works in numerical order up to No. 60 (the astounding, mystical "O Ewigkeit du Donnerwort," whose chorale was incorporated by Alban Berg into his Violin Concerto). Each album contains two discs, along with printed scores (from the Bach-Gesellschaft edition) and copious program notes. This is a high-minded, scholarly undertaking, to the extent of using exact copies of Bach's instruments, and of using boys' voices instead of women's in both choruses and solo arias. Two conductors share the project, both profound Bach scholars: Nikolaus Harnoncourt and Gustav Leonhardt. They share a tendency toward brisk, somewhat inflexible performances; one could never, for example, accept Leonhardt's version of No. 8 after knowing the radiant Richter performance. This is not to deny the importance of the project, or the presence of some good readings of works not otherwise available.

On the mail-order Musical Heritage Society label, some 135 of the cantatas have been released, and the series will doubtless be completed some fine day. Again, there are splendid works on this label not otherwise available (No. 180, for example). The performances are by various German ensembles, conducted by Helmut Rilling, Fritz Werner, and Franz Gönnenwein, names not too well known except to Bach freaks. The performance level is reasonably high, but few of the soloists are on the level of the people working with Richter. With far better soloists (Elly Ameling, Janet Baker, and Hans Sotin, notably), Gönnenwein has also produced a few splendid discs on Angel, best of all a coupling of the joyous No. 79 ("Gott der Herr ist Sonn' und Schild," with its whooping horn fanfares) and No. 80 (based on Luther's famous chorale "Ein feste Burg") (Seraphim 60248).

So brief a run-through of the available glories can only get you started, of course. It is enough, I hope, at least to suggest what you may have been missing if awareness of this astounding repertory has yet to enter your life.

Beach Cantatas

Enough has probably already been written about Brian Wilson's years in exile, his years as troubled genius or manic millionaire; in any case, with the release of the first album of totally new material since he crawled into bed in his home in Malibu and refused to come out, the exile is now officially ended. **The Beach Boys Love You** (Brother/Reprise MSK 2258) is at heart just what the Beach Boys have always done best. It creates a total harmonic texture, a wall of happy-sounding sound, and the listener doesn't have to pick out the individual instruments, or even listen to the words. A close listening *will* reveal, however, especially on the first side, the childlike innocence of *Surfer Girl,* or *Wouldn't It Be Nice,* or *Be True to Your School,* combined with an increased technical sophistication, lots of synthesizer sounds, and Phil Spector–ish production. (Spector even gets a lyric tribute on a song called *Mona.*) This is also an album that served as a form of therapy for its author. Brian Wilson's psychiatrist took him into the recording studio one day last year and directed him to write songs. He wrote a song a day for fourteen days, and this record is the result. But the titles of the songs tell the story. To say that the record contains *Roller Skating Child, Honkin' Down the Highway,* and *Good Time* tells us all we need to know.

Back from another kind of exile is Muddy Waters. In his case it was an artistic one imposed by those in charge of making Muddy Waters records, who thought they knew what people wanted to hear. They let his music get soft and predictable, and they reduced him to sounding like his imitators. But Muddy Waters is **Hard Again** (Blue Sky PZ 34449) and at the age of 61 he sounds young again. Produced by Johnny Winter, whose own guitar-playing on the record is both prominent and perfectly styled, and whose credits on the jacket include "miscellaneous screaming," and aided by James Cotton, "Pine Top" Perkins, and Willie "Big Eyes" Smith, the album is a combination of the right songs, the right people, and the right time. There are dirty blues, and funky blues, and down-home blues, and Muddy Waters (né McKinley Morganfield, in case anyone's interested) proves again, for all to hear, that he's the king of them all. **—Tom Bentkowski**

TRAVEL SERVICES

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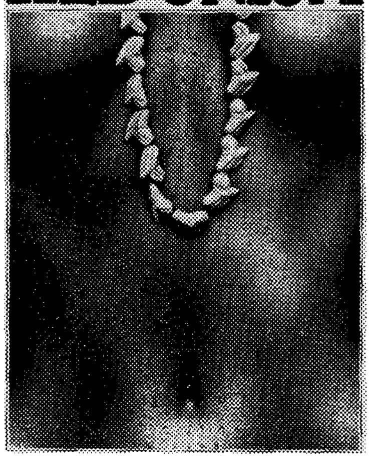

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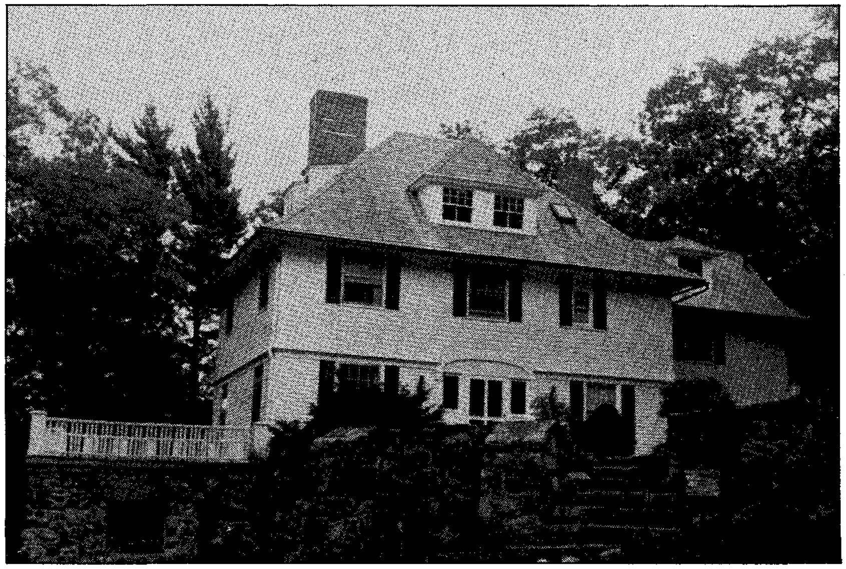

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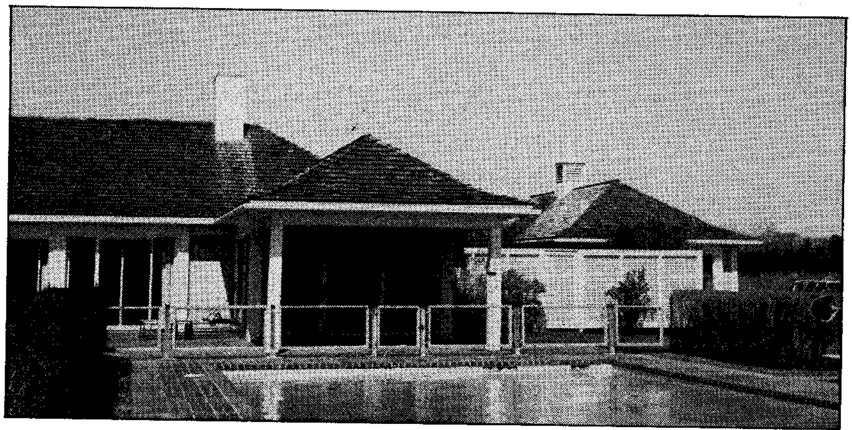

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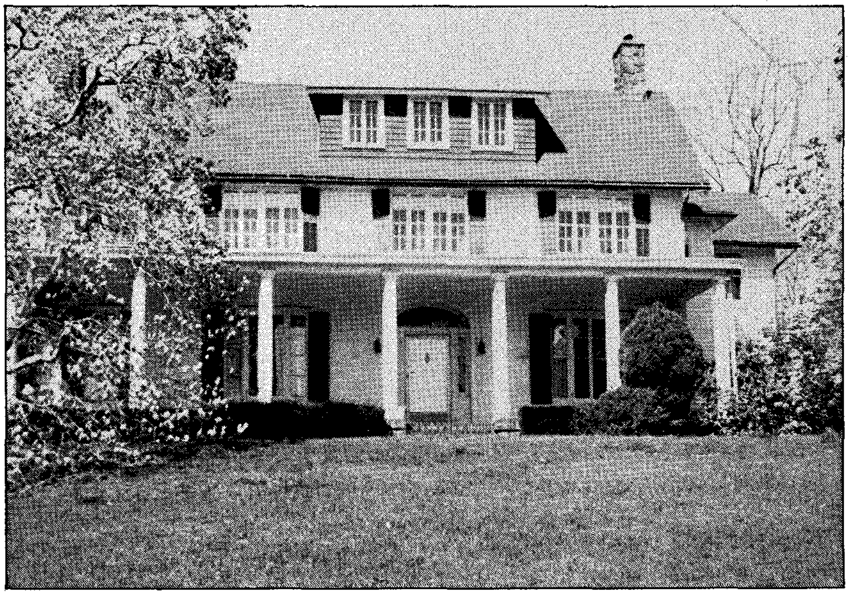

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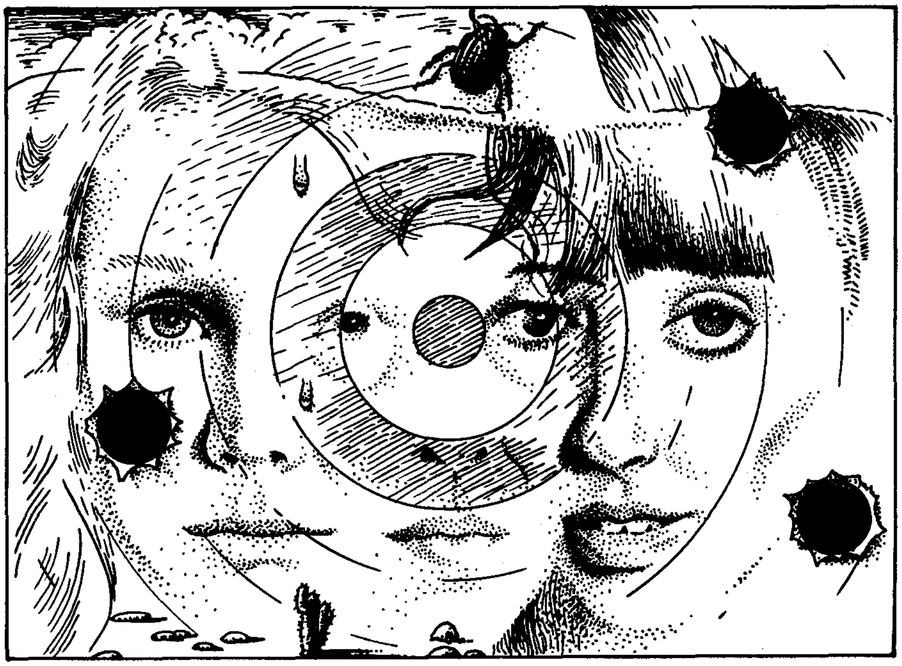
"... There are more improbabilities in *3 Women* than I can begin to list, but Altman does manage some funny lines or situations ..."

Even though I do not consider **3 Women** a good film, there are three good things about Robert Altman, who wrote and directed it. He is an accomplished technician; he can get remarkable performances from actors; he takes chances and keeps striking out in new directions. Sometimes, as in *3 Women,* he just strikes out. But his failures merit attention.

Actually, *3 Women* is not an entirely new tack; it is a film based on a dream of the director's, much as were *Images* and *Brewster McCloud.* It may just be that this is Altman's least rewarding vein, even if it is possibly his most audacious one. Dreams, a natural thing for the novelist and painter, have always been a hazard for the playwright and filmmaker, because the presence of real people in their mediums makes it harder to achieve the distancing of dreams without resorting to effects that can become either arty or confusing.

There is, however, the additional problem (which holds for writers as well) of how to justify the inclusion of dreams in one's work. For dreams are rather like children—infinitely fascinating when they're your own, but apt to be a bore and a nuisance when they're somebody else's. To be sure, the great romantic writers figured out how to make major use of dreams: as a way to tell parables or subvert the bourgeois stodginess of their time; as a mode of conveying the previously misunderstood or concealed irrational, neurotic side of human beings. In their works the dream became a symbol: It was shaped, controlled, and transformed until it achieved more than private significance.

It is the surrealists, alas, who ruined the dream for literature and possibly even for the cinema. By setting down what they dreamed in literal and solipsistic terms—and by gaining recognition for it—they turned out effusions in verse and prose of use to nobody but academicians, who can convert them into writing for profit without pleasure. Does anyone still read André Breton or René Char with the delight to be derived from Novalis or Nerval?



But back to *3 Women.* Briefly, it concerns the adoration by Pinky Rose—an awkward newcomer to the ranks of the physiotherapists in a Palm Springs spa for the affluent, aged, and afflicted—for Millie Lammoreaux, a fellow Texan, who is really a silly and gauche girl full of *Cosmopolitan-Redbook* notions about life, but whom the cipher-like Pinky regards as the ultimate in sophistication and grace. They end up rooming together at the Purple Sage singles' apartment complex, where Pinky, except for secretly reading Millie's diary and putting on Millie's clothes, is a worshipful drudge sweetly overlooking the rebuffs Millie gets from practically everyone. Both girls frequently visit the Dodge City Ranch, a bar and amusement park of sorts where local policemen enjoy target practice and dirt biking. It is run by Edgar, a movie stunt man who mostly drinks and womanizes, and his pregnant wife, Willie, who gives off equally pregnant stares and never talks, only covers every conceivable surface, from walls to pool bottoms, with murals of half-human, half-animal creatures acting out a savage battle of the sexes.

When Pinky is relegated to the roll-away bed in the living room so Millie can booze and sex it up with Edgar in the bedroom, she attempts suicide by jumping into the pool. In the hospital, she remains comatose for a long time; Millie, bitterly repentant, tracks down Pinky's parents and summons them to the girl's bedside. The parents turn out to be benighted rubes—the father downright cretinous—and when Pinky comes to, she claims never to have seen them before. Out of the hospital, Pinky undertakes systematically what she played at earlier: She assumes Millie's identity. It is she who dominates now, drinks and has sex with Edgar, consigns Millie to the small bed, fraternizes (much more successfully) with all the Purple Sage's men, and becomes crueler than Millie ever was.

Willie is about to give birth but is abandoned by Edgar. The two girls rush to her cottage, and while Millie acts as midwife, Pinky is supposed to seek medical help, but instead stays to watch, mesmerized. When Millie discovers Pinky's presence, she strikes Pinky with hands still bloody from delivering a stillborn male baby. In the final scene, Millie has become a mother figure who quietly bosses around the other two women. Pinky has clearly

Illustrated by Marvin Mattelson

"... Interestingly, in all three Robert Altman dream films a woman or female fantasy creature causes a man's death ..."

turned into a daughter, though it is unclear whether Willie is another daughter or a grandmother. As the camera withdraws from the cottage, we see masses of abandoned motorcycle tires. Earlier, a piece of awkward exposition informed us that Edgar died of gun wounds (from one woman or all three?), and this final image may imply the death of all the men who swaggered around on dirt bikes, and the coming of matriarchy.

There are more improbabilities here than I can begin to list. No one can be as blank as Pinky and, on top of that, a physiotherapist; Millie is so perfectly average that there is no reason for either her idolization by Pinky or repudiation by everyone else; no Dodge City could be run by the ineffectual Edgar and Willie without outside help; there is no possible medical explanation for Pinky's coma: The leap from not very high might result in a freak death or fairly prompt resuscitation, nothing in between. Again, Pinky's parents are too old, their behavior subhuman, and they would have to be proved either real or impostors, not just fade out of the picture. When a woman left alone is about to have a baby, she calls an ambulance; at the very least that is what Millie would have done for Willie instead of dispatching Pinky for help. There is no credible reason for the first sudden reversal of roles between the girls, still less for the next one—a palinode's palinode. And so on and on.

But, Altman or somebody is bound to say, this is a dream—not meant to make logical sense. Very well, let's see what other kind of sense it makes. Even though much about the film leads us to believe that it is reality, let us assume it is all a dream and ask what it tells us. Can we derive a symbolic meaning of general applicability? That woman comes in three aspects: mother, daughter, and wife or whore? This could be conveyed better through a single woman than through a trio, and is, in any case, a hoary platitude. That women keep changing roles? Maybe, but so do men, and surely not so quickly, blatantly, extremely, and not *à trois*. That women will eventually join in destroying a shared man, or indeed all men? Though a man who hates women or feels guilty toward them might come up with this absurdity, it is very hard to make art or even sense of it. Whichever way you twist Altman's dream (interestingly, in all three Altman dream films a woman or female fantasy creature causes a man's death), it yields unearnedly sordid or shallow meanings, or no meaning at all.

There is worse, however: derivativeness and pretentiousness in large doses. The spa sequences, with young people moving against a background of the decrepit and deformed, are out of *8½;* much of the suppressed violence, framed by bleached-out desert, stems from *Zabriskie Point;* making a whole film into a kind of dream containing more-explicit dream sequences is dredged out of *Hour of the Wolf;* the transference of identities between women of unequal sophistication is lifted from *Persona.* In this film, you might say, Altman tries to elevate into art what is merely creative kleptomania.

The liftings are from the most prestigious sources: Fellini, Antonioni, Bergman. Here, among other places, is where pretensions bordering on megalomania come in. The transfer of identities in *Persona* comes about slowly and credibly between women who have genuine, conveyed identities; each has a past, a position in life, recognizable relationships with others. One woman, moreover, is a canny, even cunning, artist; the other is a naïve but decent bourgeoise; their fusion—enriching, demeaning, frightening—expands into the problem of the artist and the cultural consumer in their disturbing symbiosis, raising moral questions of some import.

But to whom does Altman transfer this transference of identities? To Millie, a dimwit; Pinky, a nitwit; and Willie—who paints dismal murals, says nothing, and cannot even call a hospital—a halfwit. A fine cast of characters through whom to make significant utterances. But they are figures in a dream, you protest. Sorry; utter nonentities are utter nonentities, even in a dream. Actions that are idiotic, hopelessly arcane, or self-consciously dipped in viscous ambiguity are unsatisfactory even in a dream context. To bestow the strategies of the subtle and profound *Persona* on these shallow or inchoate pygmies is a case of terminal pretentiousness.

There are extenuating circumstances. Altman does manage some funny lines or situations, and he knows how to convey the pettiness of certain strata and institutions as they flourish, especially in the Southern California climate. Yet even here Altman's vision is unsteady and veers into excess or schematism. Tom, the neighbor who keeps dismissing Millie with a cough, coughs one time too often. If Pinky overhears Millie's diatribe against tomatoes, she later throws it back at her with a much too schematic exactness; if one character finds a California landscape very much like Texas, another is bound to find it totally unlike Texas. If a snotty set of twins is introduced as Pinky's nemesis once, this is soon reiterated x times, and further rubbed in when Millie alleges the twins' concern for Pinky's recovery. If Pinky is terrified of guns in the first half of the movie, she is sure to relish them in the second. Even the murals crop up with ponderous predictability, always heralded by the portentous music of Gerald Busby, meant, like Bodhi Wind's artwork, to be classy, but emerging as hollow posturing.

It would be easy to go on listing defects; I would rather point out a few genuine accomplishments. Thus Altman shows his usual technical command here, whether he uses protracted takes with a meditative fluency, or jolts us with rapid, dramatic cutting; he admirably suggests the atmosphere of a place by the choreography he devises for his camera and characters. From Chuck Rosher, his cameraman, Altman gets top-notch work, except in the clumsy dream-within-a-dream. And what impressive performances!

Sissy Spacek has already demonstrated her ability to shuttle between utter innocence and troubled quirkiness with the utmost ease, or to grow from ugly duckling into radiant maturity. As Pinky, she reconfirms it stunningly. Even more remarkable is Shelley Duvall, who improvised some 80 percent of Millie's dialogue, and deserves scriptwriter's credit. With gentle yet harrowing accuracy she embodies a submediocrity with delusions of mediocrity. And she creates an amiably aggressive gooniness that expertly allows charm and pathos to shine through—idiotic charm, but charm still.

Altman belabors his points hammer and tongs. Thus the girls whose nicknames are Pinky and Millie are, he tells us, both called Mildred; and Willie is only Millie with the initial upside down. But when Shelley Duvall learns that Spacek became Pinky in order to escape from a hateful name, she asks Pinky what she imagines Millie to stand for. As Spacek becomes aware of her gaffe, Duvall gives her a look—a short, quick look, yet brimful of amusement, exasperation, condescension, and complicity. *That* is art. ▬

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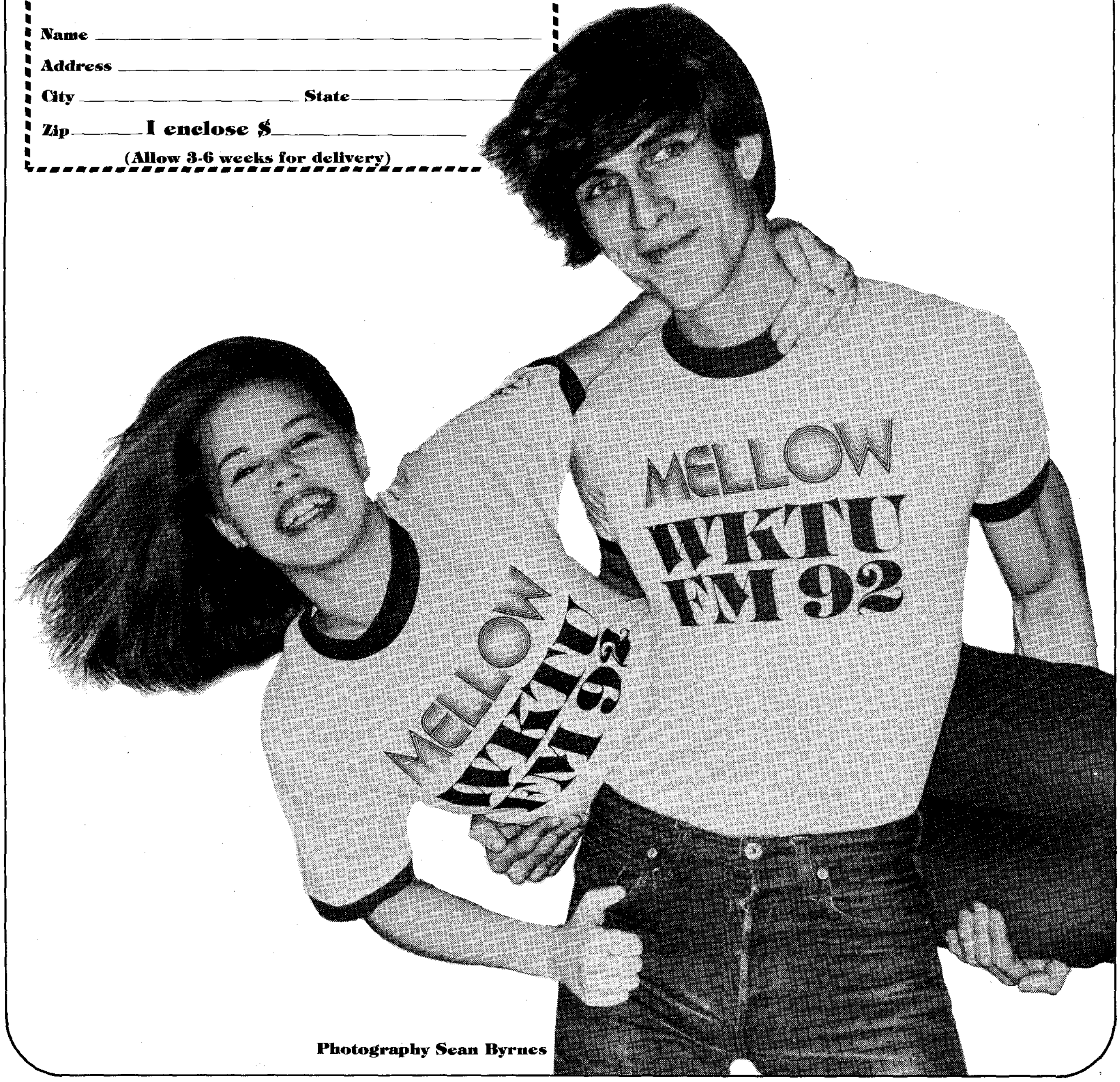


Photography Sean Byrnes

SALES & BARGAINS

BY LEONORE FLEISCHER

NOTES ON MARKDOWNS, MONEY-SAVERS, AND RIPOFFS

Candy is dandy—especially at this charming Village store that makes fresh popcorn and cotton candy right on the premises. Besides the nostalgic junk candy of our youth, it carries better stuff and a line of X-rated lollipops. A 1-week sale offers: 5-lb. bag of colossal pistachio nuts, natural or red, was $15.99, now $12.99; roasted cashews, salted or unsalted, were $3.29 a lb., now $1.89; chocolate stem cherries, dark or milk, were $4.98 a lb., now $3.69; and homemade fudge, vanilla or chocolate, with or without nuts, and maple walnut, was $2.39 a lb., now $1.29. Cash-and-caries only. *Pop's, 58 West 8th St. off Sixth Ave. (677-9499); Mon.–Thurs., Sun. 11 a.m.–10 p.m., Fri. 11 a.m.–11 p.m., Sat. 11 a.m.–midnight; thru 4/24.*

Meat—Attention, carnivores! This classy Madison Ave. meat emporium is having a 1-week spring beef sale. Whole prime fillets of beef, average 7–10 lbs., usually $5.98 a lb., now $3.75; uncooked stuffed sirloin burgers or stuffed meat loaf (the stuffing is a secret Lobel recipe involving sautéed onions, ground chicken, and bread crumbs), were $4.98 a lb., now $3.50; whole prime briskets, well trimmed (approximately 8–14 lbs.), were $3.89 a lb., now $2.98. Fillets and briskets butchered and trimmed to your order. Also, the Lobels' own cookbook, *Meat,* which lists for $7.95, now $4. Master Charge. *M. Lobel & Sons, Inc., 1096 Madison Ave. at 82nd St. (RE 7-1372); Mon.–Sat. 8 a.m.–6 p.m.; thru 4/23.*

Wine sale—The D. Sokolin Co. always has something going on in its wine-cellar windows. For a limited time, it's a case sale, and you can climb in and pick your own. In the $24 window, the wines have a value of $29–$36; in the $35.88 window, $40–$50; 12 bottles (some liters) to a case. The cases come ready-sorted; no substitutions allowed. California reds, whites, and varietals; French châteaus; Spanish or Italian premium reds or whites (no varietals). Cash-and-carry, checks accepted; $2 delivery charge in Manhattan, elsewhere more. *D. Sokolin Co., Inc., 178 Madison Ave. between 33rd and 34th sts. (LE 2-5893); window hours: Mon.–Sat. 9:45 a.m.–6:45 p.m.; sale 4/22–30.*

Send suggestions for Sales & Bargains to Leonore Fleischer, New York *Magazine, 755 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017, a month before the sale. Do not phone.*

Wickery dickery dock—The Wickery, home of imported bamboo, willow, and rattan furniture and accessories, is celebrating its tenth birthday with a storewide clearance of 20 percent off everything and even more off several things: a high-back willow chair with cushion, was $50, now $37.50; matching end/lamp table, was $40, now $30; 3-tier willow bathroom shelf, was $11.95, now $9.60; rattan rocker, was $99.50, now $80; 24-by-30-in. rattan framed mirror, was $40, now $32; plus 20 percent off every kind and size of plant basket imaginable, bathroom accessories, good-looking wastebaskets, etc. *The Wickery, 342 Third Ave. at 25th St. (889-3669); 1718 Second Ave. near 89th St. (427-4338); 209 Sunrise Hwy., Rockville Centre, L.I. (516 536-6260); Mon.–Sat. 10:30 a.m.–6:30 p.m. (the L.I. store open Fri. till 8 p.m.); thru 4/30.*

Coffee—A retail coffee-and-tea store in SoHo has been gaining ground with coffee drinkers who go out of their way to find superior beans. Now, for 5 days only, 2 of its specialty blends are reduced in price to make new friends: house blend, was $5.10 a lb., now $3.95; imperial blend, was $5.25 a lb., now $4.25; 2-lb. limit on sale blends. Also, Seb automatic multigrind coffee mill from France, was $12.95, now $9, and 12-cup Cory Connoisseur automatic coffee maker, was $30, now $21.50. For tea lovers, half lb. of good Darjeeling, was $2.50, now $1.50. Honey on sale here all year round at 89 cents a lb. In the pretty little café in the back, the "cupping room," you can sample the teas and coffees and munch pastries. Cash-and-carry only. *The Coffee Connection, 359 West Broadway at Broome St. (226-3178); Mon.–Fri. 4/18–22 only, 9 a.m.– 10 p.m.*

Antique chandeliers—Make Light of It has nearly 100 choice one-of-a-kind chandeliers, all French, all newly wired with American wiring, and all dating from the 1920s and 1930s, with a couple from the forties. They are now 50 percent off, as the company wishes to concentrate on turn-of-the-century or earlier. Lalique-type carved, opaque glass, in perfect condition, many signed (Müller Freres, for example), were $300–$700, now $150–$350; handsome large end-of-day glass chandelier, was $600, now $300. Other ceiling fixtures from the late nineteenth century, some of which were originally gas fixtures: large copper street lantern, was $400, now $200; rustic brass 6-armed one, was $150, now $75. Master Charge, checks accepted; exchanges made. *Make Light of It, 400 Bleecker St. at West 11th St. (741-2184); Mon.–Fri. noon–7 p.m., Sat. noon–6 p.m.; while stock lasts.*

Food, glorious food—is available at Irving's Food Center, which is in the heart of the television-studio district and supplies TV shows with shelves of groceries for sets. Bargains thru the end of May: 49 cents for 23 oz. of Perrier water (we've paid 69–99 cents locally); coffee beans—Brazilian, Colombian, Costa Rican, Haitian, Javanese, Kenyan, Mexican, mocha, Venezuelan, Viennese, French, Our Own Blend, mocha-java, Copenhagen—$3.99 a lb.; Weston Stoned Wheat Thins, 89–99 cents elsewhere, here 69 cents. Also, Melitta coffee filters (in packs of 100): #101, $2.09; #102, $2.19; #4, $2.39; #6, $2.49; 3-oz. Tobler chocolate bars, all flavors, 69 cents each; fresh homemade quiche (6 varieties), $5.99 for 9-in. pie, $4.99 for plain cheese; Swedish La Petite safety matches (10 small boxes of 25 each), 29 cents. Phone orders filled; cash on delivery. BankAmericard. *Irving's Food Center, 867 Ninth Ave. at 56th St. (PL 7-3220); Mon.–Sat. 7 a.m.–7 p.m.; thru 5/31.*

Consumer Aware

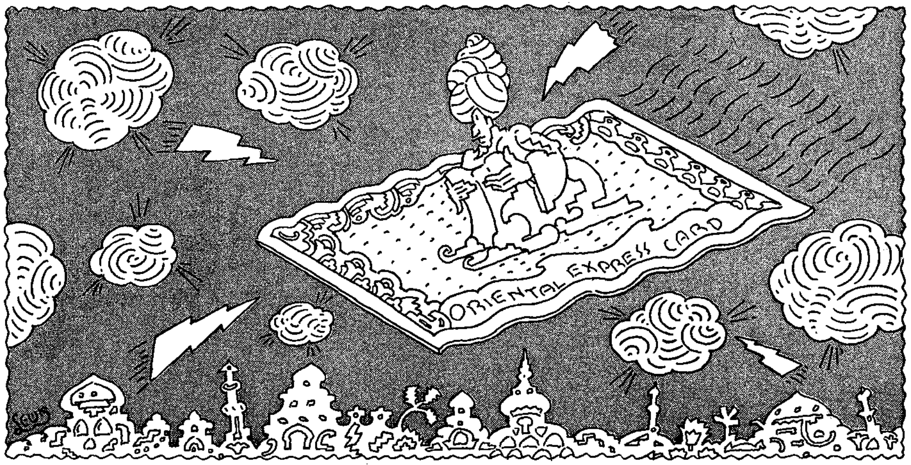
Food Day—It's April 21, sponsored by the Center for Science in the Public Interest. A national day of education and action on domestic and world food issues, this year it will focus special attention on personal nutrition, examining how the typical American diet—fatty, sugary, and overprocessed—contributes to such widespread diseases as cancer of the colon, heart disease, obesity, diabetes, and tooth decay.

On Food Day itself, Senator Mark Hatfield (R., Ore.) and CSPI will cosponsor a conference on Capitol Hill on the underlying causes of world hunger. As another observance, CSPI is circulating a petition among health professionals asking the Federal Trade Commission to ban the advertising of sugary, sticky foods from children's television. Lending their support to Food Day are the United Auto Workers, National Council of Churches, Children's Foundation, and other groups. *Food Day: Action and Education on Food Issues, 1757 S St. N.W., Washington, D.C. (202 332-4250).* ■

Your Own Business / William Flanagan

IF THE COMPUTER DUNS YOU WRONG

"...Thanks to the Fair Credit Billing Act, it is now possible to fight over a bill without fouling up your credit rating..."



All to Your Credit

They have computers the size of Asia and platoons of clerks whose numbers rival the Chinese army's. But credit-card companies are still subject to Murphy's Law: If something can go wrong, eventually it will.

Until recently, if you wound up with a mistake on your American Express, BankAmericard, Diner's Club, Master Charge, or other statement, you—not the creditor—took the heat. The cardholder had to pay first, then fight to get the money refunded or credited. If you refused to pay, you ran the risk of a black mark on your credit rating, or at least loss of that particular card.

Finally, things have changed, thanks to the Fair Credit Billing Act. It is now possible to take up the fight over a particular bill without necessarily fouling up your credit rating or losing your credit card.

Before the new billing act, which took effect last fall, taking on a credit-card company over a charge was courting disaster. Consider the plight of Arie L. Kopelman, a senior vice-president with Doyle Dane Bernbach, Inc. His monthly statement listed a charge he had not made or authorized, and he withheld payment of that portion of his bill, explaining in an accompanying letter that the statement was in error. After having received several dunning letters, he called the company and was assured the matter was settled.

But a few weeks later, Kopelman took a new client to dinner at O. Henry's, in the Village. He whipped out his credit card to pay the bill. Presently, the captain appeared, stern-faced, and proceeded to break the card in half. "This card has to be confiscated," said the captain. "You will have to pay in cash."

Naturally, Kopelman had only a few dollars in his wallet and had to borrow from his guest, who, fortunately, was amused. The bill that was in dispute had not been settled, it turned out, and the card had been blacklisted.

The new law, in effect, puts the onus on the credit-card company to clear up disputes. Specifically, the law defines as a billing error:

☐ Any charge not made by you or someone authorized to use your account.

☐ A charge that is poorly identified, is of a different amount, or was made on a different date from that shown on the statement.

☐ A charge for something which you did not accept on delivery, or which was not delivered according to agreement.

Billing errors also include failure to credit your account properly, computational or accounting mistakes, and failure to mail your statement to your current address, provided you reported your address change at least ten days before the billing period ended.

The law also establishes procedures for ironing out billing errors. If you think there is something amiss on your statement, you have 60 days to notify the creditor—in writing. Your letter should include your name, account number, a statement to the effect that you think there was an error, plus the amount, date, place, and the nature of the charge.

While you await a reply, you do not have to pay the amount in dispute—or any minimum payments or finance charges that pertain to it. You are still obligated to pay all parts of the bill not in question, of course.

Upon receipt of your letter, the creditor has 30 days to reply, and a maximum of 90 days to either correct the error or tell you why the original bill was correct. If he is right, you must pay all charges, including interest.

But—and ad exec Kopelman will appreciate this—while the suspected error is being investigated and the dispute worked out, the creditor cannot queer your credit rating by reporting you as delinquent to the local credit bureau. Nor can the matter be turned over to a collection agency. Nor can the card be canceled for that reason.

That is the gist of the new law—but all that correspondence and time spent composing letters and awaiting reresponses can usually be avoided by simply picking up the phone.

According to Thomas J. Madden Jr., a regional vice-president with American Express, over 90 percent of customer complaints and inquiries can be handled by simply talking to a customer-service representative. The service rep can punch up your account history and statement on a desk-top computer terminal. (The number to call is printed on your American Express statement. And note that there is no longer a mythical man behind the number. "We don't use fictitious names anymore," says a spokesman.)

To see if complaints and inquiries actually can be handled all that easily by phone, one morning last week I sat in next to Collette Dunphy and eavesdropped. She is one of about 250 representatives in the New York regional office at 770 Broadway who answer

Illustrated by Tim Lewis

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some 76,000 American Express phone inquiries per month.

I was astonished at the ease with which even fairly complicated problems were handled. A bookkeeper had a "mysterious" credit of several hundred dollars explained in seconds: It was for airline tickets that were charged, then later turned back. "That's one of the problems we often have," said George R. Wolff, a regional director with the company. "We have more headaches with airline tickets than almost anything else. Cardholders are constantly changing itineraries and wind up with credits or charges that they cannot reconcile."

Madden and Wolff had a few tips to pass along if you have a problem with your credit-card company:

☐ Call first, before writing. It's faster. Call in the afternoon and at the end of the week, when lines are freer. They are busiest on Monday mornings.

☐ Hold on to your own receipts when you make charges, and check them against your monthly statement.

☐ Check large tabs carefully before charging them. This is especially true of hotel charges, which account for many disputed bills.

Sheepskin

Ask almost any cabdriver: The value of a college degree is not what it used to be. But it still has solid economic value, according to a study just published by the Conference Board.

According to Leonard Lecht, who prepared, the study:

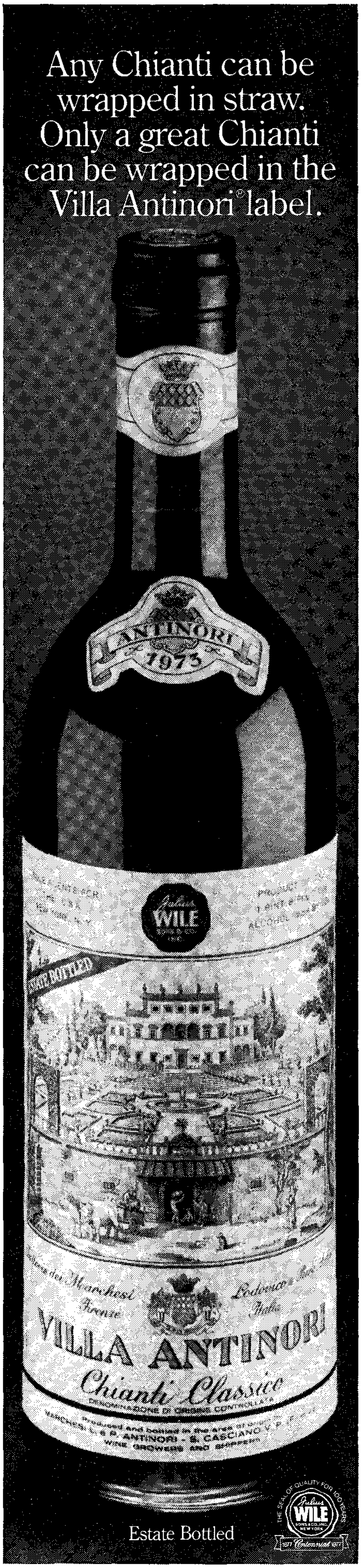
☐ Persons holding a college degree are only one third as susceptible to unemployment as are others.

☐ College men over 25 make about 36 percent more than their high school counterparts.

☐ People receiving college degrees over the next decade should retain an economic advantage because fewer young people—with or without degrees—will be entering the labor market, thanks to the declining birthrate.

☐ Between 1974 and 1985, about 2.1 million jobs will have opened for college graduates, including some totally new ones—physician's assistant, legal paraprofessional, and many types of managerial and specialized technical positions.

☐ Professional and technical employment is expected to grow more rapidly than blue-collar employment. Jobs for professional and tech-school grads will increase by 29.5 percent between 1974 and 1985, against 20 percent for all occupations. Jobs in teaching, however, will continue to be scarce in the coming decade. ■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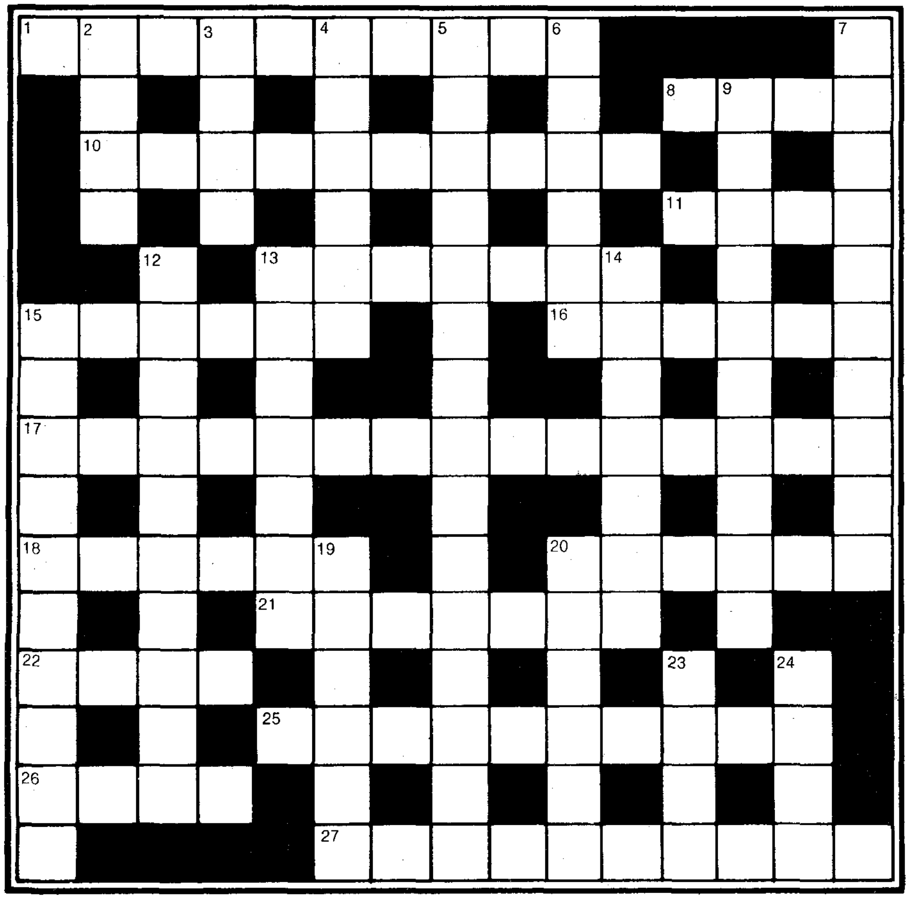
WORLD'S MOST CHALLENGING CROSSWORD

FROM THE SUNDAY TIMES OF LONDON



Solution To Last Issue's Puzzle.

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Clues

ACROSS

1 Frustrate Diana's show. (10)
8 Mineral in box. (4)
10 Cure me and bend perhaps when burdened. (10)
11 Considerable bet for a horse. (4)
13 Weapon reversed obtains lumps of precious metal. (7)
15 Rare non-U bric-a-brac. (6)
16 Semi-quixotic character? (6)
17 Home business *might* be love business! (8, 7)
18 Creature belonging to a party. (6)
20 Wanderers from Blackburn not Bolton! (6)
21 Tramp has to know the Scottish way in America. (7)
22 Instrument put back in sack. (4)
25 Possibly 15 poets with love in their hearts manufacturing furniture! (10)
26 Made for players? (4)
27 Woman poet in a religious community? (10)

DOWN

2 One brief month back, it's so cold! (4)
3 Familiar fellow and bird. (4)
4 I'm coming down from the north by public transport in a cloud. (6)
5 The legislative strength you need when the electricity fails suddenly? (9, 6)
6 Discusses entertainments. (6)
7 Dismal animals? Not necessarily. (4, 6)
9 No amateur writers or outlaws! (10)
12 Whodunnit? (5, 5)
13 Unique refusal in France beforementioned. (7)
14 Orange-yellow flavouring. (7)
15 Arranges deft coils around lake fish. (3, 7)
19 The highest in charge takes on society subjects. (6)
20 It may be all right in a dream abroad, but don't do it at cards. (6)
23 Cunning bit of building? (4)
24 Unusual solo—capital! (4)

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IF INGE NIELSEN WERE A DRINK, SHE'D BE AKVAVIT.

Don't let that innocent look deceive you. There's passion close to the surface; a hint of spice and mystery; a breath-taking zest and liveliness that's typically Danish.

For if any people have an unabashed love of life it's surely the Danes.

Generations of lucky Danes are born with it, and the sheer enjoyment of life is a national pastime.

A drink for lovers of life.

The Danes celebrate life with Aalborg Akvavit (pronounced Aqua-veet) which means "the water of life."

For more than 500 years Akvavit's been the national drink and a natural accompaniment for just about all the pleasures that the Danes enjoy.

Some common ways to enjoy an uncommon flavor.

Unlike many spirits you're accustomed to, Akvavit's distinctive flavor imparts a light, clean, fresher taste.

In Denmark, it always comes well-chilled. And because it complements food so well, Akvavit is usually served with Smørrebrød, those delicious little open-face sandwiches.

The unique flavor of Akvavit also blends surprisingly well with such favorites as tomato juice, bitter lemon and even tonic. A refreshing change of taste for some old standards the next time you're doing the mixing. And Akvavit makes a terrific first impression on its own, on the rocks.

Before you sip, some tips.

But the classic way to enjoy Akvavit is to combine it with another of life's enjoyments—good beer.

Both Akvavit and beer should be chilled. Sip some Akvavit, then follow it with a sip of beer. Repeat. You'll discover the beer tastes deliciously different from any beer you've ever had.

You'll agree with the Danes. Akvavit's flavor is down right lip-smacking.

And what's more, you'll even begin to feel a bit Danish in your outlook on life.

Copenhagen is just around the corner.

You don't have to go all the way to Denmark for Akvavit. It's at your neighborhood package store, in the green bottle with the red, white and gold label. Why not take some home and drink a toast on Inge.

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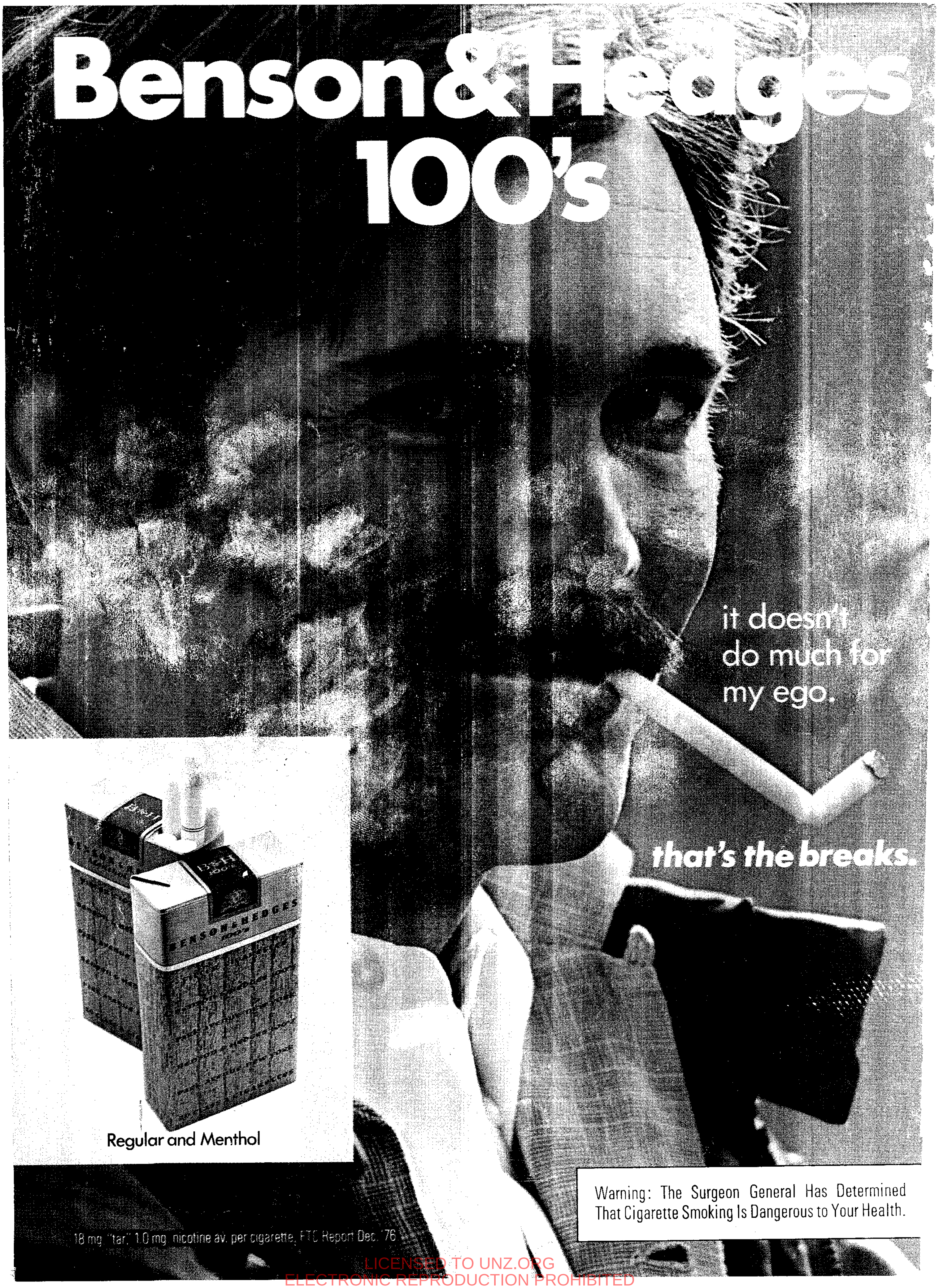
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